Dames and Daughters of the Young Republic

Brooks, Geraldine

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Dames and Daughters of the Young Republic

By

GERALDINE BROOKS

"There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry which nourishes only a weak pride. . . . But there is, also, a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart."

—DANIEL WEBSTER.

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PREFACE.

THE early years of the young republic are peculiarly interesting, because the period they represent was a formative one in the history of our nation. Manners and customs were changing and, in the growth of a slowly developing Americanism, the men and women of the young republic were expressions of the time of transition in which they lived. The dames and daughters of the young republic had much of the stateliness and conservatism of their colonial predecessors, but they were more democratic and less formal, as was consistent with the new order of things. Side by side with the old-time aristocratic lady of the manor appeared the more liberal-minded matron who could ignore class distinctions and make herself a universal friend, and the breezy pioneer girl who played so large a part in the settlement of the West.

These narrative sketches of certain dames and daughters of our young republic are designed

to show the varying types of character and conditions of society that governed life in America a century ago, and to follow in natural sequence, as a companion volume, "DAMES AND DAUGHTERS OF COLONIAL DAYS."

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DAMES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE YOUNG REPUBLIC.

I.

DOROTHEA PAYNE MADISON,

BETTER KNOWN AS "DOLLY MADISON," WIFE OF JAMES MADISON, FOURTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Born in North Carolina, May 20, 1768.
Died in Washington, D.C., July 12, 1849.

"The years when Mrs. Madison held sway in the society of the capital will ever be looked upon as the golden age of Washington society." — *Anne Hollingsworth Wharton.*

DURING the second administration of our Republic, in Philadelphia the capital, a certain pleasant boarding-house was to be found under the management of a lovely gray-haired Quaker widow, Mrs. Payne. Mrs. Payne's boarders had cause to congratulate themselves. While other lodgers at the capital, representatives, senators, and even the vice-president, were raising many a despairing cry because of the wretched taverns and hotels where they were forced to stay, the guests at Mistress

Payne's were cosey and well cared for. Moreover, their good fortune had brought them under the same roof with the most "entrancing of spirites."

Her name was Dolly Todd. She was Mrs. Payne's daughter and a widow like her mother, a beautiful girl-widow, with the dark blue eyes and curling black hair of her Irish forefathers. Some of the Irish merriment, too, that was her heritage lurked in her eyes and played about the corners of her pretty mouth. And a glance of those blue eyes from under the long lashes worked havoc in the heart of the beholder.

Indeed, so famous did Dolly become because of her charms that, as one of her girl friends declared, "gentlemen would station themselves where they could see her pass." "Really, Dolly," remonstrated the same young woman laughingly, "thou must hide thy face, there are so many staring at thee."

There was dwelling in the capital at the same time with Dolly a famous little representative, one of those remarkable men who had been prominent in the framing of the Constitution. James Madison was his name. Quiet, pale, reflective, a great scholar, he was quite the reverse of gay Mistress Dolly. Moreover, he took little interest in women folks. It was whispered as an excuse for his indifference that he had suffered from a love affair in his earlier days and now, at the mature age of

forty-three, he was pronounced an unreclaimable bachelor.

But even seemingly unreclaimable bachelors have hearts. And Madison was not without his. As he happened to be strolling along the Philadelphia streets one day, thinking of some momentous problem, there flashed by him a wonderfully fair young Quakeress. Madison started from his reverie. The momentous problem was forgotten and the rest of that day he was haunted by the vision of a beautiful young face, with blue eyes, black curls, and blushing cheeks. If his friends could but know it, James Madison was no longer unreclaimable.

Mistress Dolly was well known in the little capital. "'Tis the widow Todd," they told Mr. Madison in answer to his inquiries concerning the lovely Quakeress. Then, when he had discovered her name, he could not rest satisfied until he had found some one who would give him the honor of her acquaintance.

Among the guests stopping at Mistress Payne's was a friend of Madison's, a brilliant, fiery-eyed young senator. Aaron Burr it was and to him Madison turned in his desire for an introduction to the charming widow.

Of course Aaron Burr went straight to Mistress Todd with the story of his bachelor friend's infatuation and Dolly, all in a flutter of expectation, wrote to her confidant, Mrs. Lee :

"Dear Friend, thou must come to me. Aaron Burr says that the great little Madison has asked to be brought to see me this evening."

The evening arrived and Dolly came down to welcome her guests, radiant in a gown of mulberry satin, a soft tulle handkerchief folded about her neck, and the most exquisite of Quaker caps only half concealing her pretty black curls.

The two gentlemen who bowed before her in her mother's candle-lit drawing-room were very unlike in appearance and character. Burr was graceful, fluent, dangerous in his powers of fascination. Madison was without magnetism or charm, slow, almost precise in his manner, but a quiet humor twinkled in his eye and his plain, pleasant face spoke integrity of character.

It was a credit to Mistress Dolly's powers of discernment that she was able to judge which was the greater of the two men. Not the brilliant, unscrupulous Burr, but the steadfast Madison attracted her. Butterfly though she was, she could appreciate the sterling qualities of her dignified little lover. In the days that followed, she listened willingly to his sedate love-making and when at length he openly declared himself a suitor for her hand, she did not say no.

All of Dolly's friends were delighted when it was whispered about that she was to marry Mr. Madison. Mrs. Washington sent word for her to come to the presidential mansion. When Dolly

arrived, the Mistress President took her by both hands and looked anxiously into her shining eyes, as if trying to decide whether Dolly were coquetty or in earnest.

"Dolly," she inquired, "is it true you are engaged to James Madison?"

Dolly's eyes went into mourning under her dark lashes and she grew rosier than ever as she faltered:

"I — think — not."

In spite of this negative response, Mrs. Washington seemed satisfied. The young widow's manner told her more than the words.

"Do not be ashamed to confess it, my dear," she said affectionately. "James Madison will make you a good husband. The president and I are much pleased with your choice."

Thus it was that Dolly obtained the "royal" sanction. Having that, she allowed her engagement to James Madison to be formally announced and arrangements were made for a speedy marriage. Mr. Madison, so deliberate in all things else, was impatient to claim his bride.

One brilliant day in early September of the year 1794, a gay cavalcade in carriages and on horseback set out from the capital. It was Dolly Todd's wedding-party and they were bound for Harewood, the home of Dolly's sister Lucy, Mrs. George Steptoe Washington, niece by marriage to the president. There the ceremony was to be performed.

In one of the open barouches sat Dolly, the merriest of all the company, and in the carriage with her were her sister Anna, a smiling, fair-haired girl of twelve, and Dolly's son, Payne Todd, a dark-eyed little two-year-old. Madison, mounted on horseback, was riding at Dolly's side, his face lighting with pleasure as he chatted with her.

Those were lovely autumn days and for a week the lively company journeyed on. Their way took them along the winding banks of the Susquehanna, through Baltimore town, over the picturesque Maryland slopes, and finally into Virginia and Jefferson County, where on the shore of the Potomac, Harewood opened its hospitable doors to receive them.

Then, for many days, there were great times at the Washington country home. Friends, relatives, and neighbors came from far and near, all anxious to see "the great little Madison" married to "the lovely Widow Todd."

September 15th was their wedding-day. The ceremony was not performed after the manner of Friends, but a kinsman of the groom, a minister of the Church of England, united them. There was the usual profusion of sweet-smelling flowers and numerous bridesmaids and groomsmen. And the rites over, the house resounded with the strains of fiddle and banjo and the beat of many feet, as the young beaux and laughing girls rollicked through a Virginia reel to the tune of "Money Musk."

In the midst of the festivities, bride and groom stole away. But the young people were as mischievous then as now. They chased after the bridal pair, audaciously snipped bits of Mr. Madison's Mechlin lace ruffles as mementos of the wedding, and sent a shower of rice and flowers after the retreating coach, which was bearing away the happiest of husbands and a smiling, radiant young wife.

The life to which Dolly was going was very different from the life she had left behind. She had married outside of the Friends and need no longer observe the Quaker forms and regulations that had once hemmed her about so rigidly. The old ways slipped from her easily. And this was natural, for Dolly had never been a Quaker at heart.

Even in her childhood, her love of finery had been stronger than her religion. The little Quaker Dolly who used to trip along the forest paths to the old field school in Hanover County, Virginia, was not nearly so demure as she appeared. Her gown, to be sure, was very sober; long gloves covered her dimpled arms, and her rosy face was almost hidden by a linen mask and close bonnet to keep the sun from her complexion; but about her neck, concealed under the Quaker kerchief, there hung a little bag filled with "dear but wicked baubles," secret gifts from a worldly grandmamma.

Dolly's father, however, unlike his wayward little daughter, was a devoted Quaker, even leaving his

beloved Virginia for religious reasons, and settling in Philadelphia, the home of the Friends. But this did not happen until Dolly was a grown girl. All her childhood was passed in Virginia, the land that was dearest to her.

She was not born in Virginia, however, but in North Carolina, where her parents had gone for a visit. On a soft May day she came into the world, and it was as if the Carolina spring violets gave their color and sweetness to her baby eyes.

In the Virginia plantation home she grew up, dwelling far from the world but very near to Nature. All frivolous pleasures were denied her as rigorously as if she had been a child of Puritan parents. Yet, nevertheless, her worldly nature would assert itself. She loved pretty clothes and hated books.

At length there came a time when she was able to indulge her mundane tastes. Her father's emigration to Philadelphia placed her in a flourishing metropolis, where, in spite of her severely religious papa, she could not help but see something of life and fashion. When, of a sunshiny afternoon, she strolled along the riverside, or over the western Commons, or on the shady side of Chestnut street, she might behold a promenade of smart macaronies in tight-fitting small clothes, silk stockings, and buckled shoes, and elegant young women, gorgeous in their flaring skirts of silk and brocade. We may be sure the little country girl — she was fifteen at

When Dolly was first confronted with the solemn prospect of matrimony she shook her head. "I never mean to marry," she declared. But very soon, in accordance with her woman's privilege, she changed her mind. Perhaps her father's pleadings, even more than her lover's, influenced her. It was like Dolly to marry a man to please her father. She always regarded other people's wishes before her own.

On the seventh of January, 1790, when the bride was twenty-one and the groom twenty-seven, Dolly Payne and John Todd were united according to the Quaker fashion. Poor Dolly who was so fond of merriment and frivolity! Her wedding must have cost her many a pang in its absence of all gayety and brilliancy. There was no dancing, or drinking of the bride's health, no stealing of slippers or throwing of rice. In the bare-walled meeting-house, without minister or wedding music, she and her betrothed stood up together upon the "woman's side" and "declared, before God and the assembled Society, their intention of taking each other as husband and wife." Then the vow was repeated, the certificate of marriage was read, the register was signed by the witnesses, and Dolly and John Todd were married.

Dolly's years with her first husband were brief and happy and they ended tragically. In September of the year 1793, a dreadful scourge of yellow fever attacked Philadelphia. For weeks

after the outbreak of the plague, a general removal took place and a procession of carts, wagons, and coaches was to be seen transferring families and furniture to the country. Among the retreating throng was Dolly Todd with her two children, one the little dark-eyed Payne and the other a baby of three weeks. She was carried on a litter to Gray's Ferry and then, feeling safe with "the trees, the birds, and the great healthy world," she waited for her husband. He came, but with the fever in his veins, and a few hours after his arrival he died. Dolly, who had risked her life to be with him, caught the disease and for three weeks lay dangerously ill. When she recovered, it was to find herself a widow with only one child. Her baby as well as her husband had died.

In November, with the coming of the frosts, the pestilence vanished. Then the procession of carts, wagons, and coaches came slowly back to Philadelphia and in its train the sad-eyed girl-widow and her little son.

But Dolly's sunny nature would not let her brood over her grief. She was young and beautiful and had many friends. She could not help but enjoy life. And it was not long before she was taking her place in the gay universe.

Now for the first time she was mistress of herself. There was no Quaker father or Quaker husband to restrain her in her love of frivolity and finery. This period in her life was her real girl-

hood. And very soon she found herself the centre of a little social world. She was genuinely popular, and this not only because of her personal charm but because of her desire to please and be pleased and especially,— wherein lay the secret of her future greatness,— because of her ability to make every one appear at his best when with her.

Fortunately we can know how Dolly looked at this period of her first glory, when she was becoming famous as the lovely Widow Todd. A miniature of her painted at that time has come down to us and shows a sweetly winning face framed in a halo of lace cap. As we gaze at the coquettish curls, the pretty smiling mouth, the eyes half wistful and half merry, and the general air of easy grace, we do not wonder that such charms took captive the heart of the staid and sedate Madison.

Aaron Burr, in his old age, loved to recall with "a proud chuckle" that it was he who made the match between Dolly Todd and James Madison. In this case his boast was pardonable. The only pity is that all of Burr's undertakings could not have turned out as creditably as that "most fortunate" marriage.

The life that was destined to be so happy opened brightly for James and Dolly Madison, and Dolly found her husband's country estate, the beautiful Montpelier in Orange County, Virginia, a most charming spot for her honeymoon days. It was in the land of the Blue Ridges, a place of swelling

meadows and ancient forest trees. The gardens that stretched about the house held many delights for the young, nature-loving wife — sweet beds of roses and of jessamine, trellises where the grapes hung purple and juicy on the vines, orchards of figs and golden peaches, and winding paths that led off into shadowy distances.

Here with the children, her sister Anna and the little Payne, Dolly whose heart was always young could be a child herself, playing their games with them upon the lawns or walking and driving with them through the brilliant autumn woodlands, while from his study window her husband, the grave scholar, could catch glimpses of her as she passed and feel the inspiration of her sunny presence. And when she came into his study, smiling above the flowers and bright leaves she brought for his desk, the big books were pushed aside and forgotten, while the student became lost in the lover.

But affairs of state would not permit Madison and his bride to remain forever within their "squirrel's throw of Paradise" and it was not long before they were back in Philadelphia. There they were warmly welcomed and congratulated by the President and his wife and all their numerous friends. Dolly, at Mr. Madison's request, had laid aside her Quaker costume and now for the first time appeared in such brilliant gowns as had once filled her girlish heart with longing. Of course she looked more exquisitely pretty than ever in her bright new plumage.

The season was at its height when the bride and groom arrived at the capital. There was the usual dressing and dancing, gossiping, flirting, and dining out. All of this pleased Mrs. Madison much better than it did her husband. She entered into it with delightful freshness and enthusiasm, but he, who was so many years her senior, looked beyond the gay attractive surface and saw the social envy and spite, the political discord that lay beneath it. He was tired of his public life and talked of withdrawing. His friends, however, would not hear of it and Jefferson, who knew what influence was strongest with him, ended an eloquent plea with the remark, "Tell Mrs. Madison to keep you where you are for her own satisfaction and for the public good." Thus appealed to, the young wife, who made her husband's career her first care, exerted her powers of persuasion and to such good effect that Madison was kept in his seat until the end of the Washington administration.

During these years of 1794–1797, Philadelphia society was very lively. It was a brilliant lot of men and women who were gathered together within the little Quaker capital, not only our world-famous Americans but distinguished foreigners who had been driven over-seas by the horrors of the French Revolution. At the balls and dinners to which Dolly went, she danced and chatted with the Bourbon princes, the Duc de Liancourt, and the great ecclesiastic diplomat Talleyrand, as well as

with her old-time acquaintance Aaron Burr and her admiring friend Thomas Jefferson.

Every one, without respect of party or nationality, was charmed with Dolly. Her tact and intuitive knowledge of men and women made it possible for her to avoid all enmities. Even so stanch a Federalist as John Adams, despising James Madison because of his "false Republican gods," spoke in praise of Mrs. Madison. "She is a fine woman," he said, in a letter to his wife.

With the close of the Washington administration, Dolly's life in Philadelphia came to an end and during the next four years she and her husband lived quietly and contentedly at Montpelier, their beautiful mountain home. Here, in a calm and uneventful existence, Dolly's cheerful, adaptable nature found as much pleasure as formerly in the gayeties of official society. She was busy with her domestic duties, her gardening, and the bringing up of her little son.

Payne was growing into a handsome, winning boy, who loved to tease his "Grandmamma Madison" and play tricks upon the servants. He was his mother's darling and Mr. Madison's too, and the indulgent love that was showered upon him in his childhood by both parents may have been partly the cause of his later worthlessness.

The four years of happy country life passed quickly. Then, upon the election of Thomas Jefferson to the first place in the nation, Mr. Madison

was appointed by his old friend to the office of secretary of state and Mr. and Mrs. Madison once more became residents of the capital.

Philadelphia was no longer the capital but Washington, the new federal city, sprung up in the heart of a wilderness, where, within three hundred yards of the House of Congress, one might start a "covey of partridges." As yet it was finished only upon paper. But in spite of its scattered dwellings, its "deep morasses," and its general incompleteness a very pleasant society was to be found in the new capital and the neighboring towns of Alexandria and Georgetown.

Into this society Jefferson had introduced the same spirit of simplicity and democracy that characterized his political policy. He did away with all ceremony and formality and even abolished the state dinners and weekly levées of the former presidents. Of course his friends and sympathizers were delighted and rejoiced that at last they were to have a truly republican government. But there were others who sighed for the old social functions and complained that there was to be no dignity of office under the new *régime*.

It was Mrs. Madison who put a stop to all such discontent and fault-finding. With her exquisite tact and gracious manners, she was able to smooth over the rough places and give an elegance to occasions that would otherwise have been quite crude and disagreeable.

She was the first lady of the land now. Mrs. Jefferson had been dead for many years and both of Jefferson's daughters were married and living at a distance, so to Mrs. Madison, as the wife of the chief Cabinet officer and an intimate friend of the president, fell the lot of presiding at the White House. There still remain several quaint notes of invitation from the president to Mrs. Madison, always presenting "affectionate salutations," and asking her and sometimes her gay young sister Anna to do the honors of his home for him, when guests were expected.

In spite of her exalted position, Mrs. Madison remained as modest and unassuming as ever. She even complained of being "put forward" by Mr. Jefferson and a story has come down to us showing Dolly, in charming perturbation, upon the occasion of receiving too much attention from her president friend. It was at one of the White House dinners to which, along with numerous other guests, the new British minister, Mr. Merry, and his wife had been invited. Mrs. Merry, who has been described by Aaron Burr as a dame "tall, fair and fat," had arrived at the presidential mansion, elegantly gowned and grandly dignified, in full assurance of being the most distinguished woman present. Dinner was announced and thereupon the British lady glanced toward the president, confident that she was to go out upon his arm. But Mr. Jefferson, in seeming unconscious-

ness of her existence, rose and made his bow before Mrs. Madison.

Dolly, who did not fail to note the angry face of the ambassadress, made a gesture of protestation. "Take Mrs. Merry," she whispered softly in the president's ear. Jefferson, however, refused to obey her suggestion. He remained standing before her, smiling but firm. So Dolly with downcast eyes and troubled mien was forced to lead the way to the dining-room on the president's arm, while my lady ambassadress followed after in outraged dignity. Then, as ever after throughout Jefferson's administration, Dolly, often against her will, presided at the head of the table.

But it was not only to do the honors of the White House that Dolly was called to the president's home. Sometimes she was summoned as a family friend. When she came in that character, there was great rejoicing throughout the household, especially among the grandchildren, the little Randolphs. Dolly's young heart and sympathetic nature made her a great favorite with children. We have glimpses of her seated among the numerous small Randolphs, stitching on dollies' dresses and telling entrancing fairy tales. And whenever Martha Jefferson Randolph and her lively young family came on a visit to the White House, Mrs. Madison was always ready to go shopping for them. We hear of her buying sashes and jewelry and, as time went on, even wedding-gowns. Sometimes

she would carry all the little ones off for a drive in her coach and, upon one memorable day, she gave them new dollies all round.

It is small wonder that the Randolph children regarded her as a beautiful fairy godmother. And in their admiration of her, the young folks were only following the lead of their older relatives. Love of Dolly was universal in the Jefferson family and in this none perhaps went further than the president himself.

Some say that the origin of Thomas Jefferson's regard for Dolly Madison lay way back in the days of his susceptible boyhood, in his fondness for her mother, the lovely Mary Coles. That seems to be rather too general a reason. Thomas Jefferson had numerous youthful flames and those flames had still more numerous progeny. However, it may have been partly that and partly his friendship for Mr. Madison, but mostly, I think, it was Dolly's own sweetness and grace that won the affection of the great Jefferson and gave her the first place among his guests at the White House.

It was not only at the White House that Dolly did the honors. Her own home became a favorite resort for the wits and beauties, the artists and statesmen of the capital. Long before the days of her husband's presidency, her evening receptions were important social and political events; and this not only because she was able to attract by reason of her high position, her beauty, and her grace, but

because of her power to make others attract. Every one appeared at his best in Dolly's drawing-rooms. Her merry laugh was able to blow away any feeling of ill nature and the offer of her snuff box could appease the most wounded vanity. Indeed, under her genial influence, all enmity vanished and men and women of varied and inharmonious tastes became, so Jefferson declared, like the members of one family.

In her many social responsibilities, Mrs. Madison had an able helper in her sister Anna Payne. Mistress Anna had grown up a bright, lively young woman, like Dolly, fond of dress and gayety. Indeed, she was in every way a most congenial companion for Mrs. Madison and her marriage in 1804 to Mr. Richard Cutts, a brilliant young congressman from Maine, left a great void in the Madison home.

Of that time of separation, Dolly wrote: "One of the greatest griefs of my life has come to me in the parting for the first time from my sister-child." She sought to console herself by following her "dearest Anna" along the line of the wedding journey with loving messages. "I shut myself up from the time you entered the stage until Saturday," she declared. That from the society-loving Dolly! And when the young bride writes of the entertainment she and her husband meet with along their route, Dolly answers with affectionate interest. "How delighted I should be," she says, "to accompany you to all the charming places you mentioned,

to see all the kind people, and to play Loo with Mrs. Knox!" She rejoiced to hear Anna praised, and writes proudly: "Ah, my dear, you little know of the triumph I feel when I hear of you and your husband in the way that so many speak of you. If Payne were married and gone from me I could not feel more sensibly everything that regarded him than I do for you both." And her letters to her sister invariably end with some note of longing. "Ah, Anna," she sighs, "I am dying to come to your country; if I could only be with you, how glad I should be!"

As it happened, Dolly did not go to her sister's "country," as she quaintly called the new State of Maine in those days of travelling coach and post-chaise. But, what was just as good, her sister came to hers. Fortunately, Anna had married a United States representative, and a very popular one at that, so for many years, during the sessions of Congress, she and her husband lived in Washington. Of course it was a great pleasure to Mrs. Madison to have her "sister child" for so near a neighbor and much of Dolly's time was spent at the Cutts' pleasant home in Lafayette square. She might often be seen picking gooseberries and currants with the little Cutts, her nephews and nieces, in their beautiful great garden. And in the days when she herself was mistress of the White House, she went across and nursed them all through an attack of the measles. No one was a nicer nurse than Aunt Dolly — such was the children's verdict.

Once, and that was before the time of her nephews and nieces, Dolly had to take her turn at being nursed. She injured her knee, and was quite crippled for a while. Of course Mr. Madison was very much worried about her and finally left his affairs of state to go with her to Philadelphia and place her under the care of Dr. Physic. The famous surgeon, of name so pat, cured the knee but it took time and patience and Dolly was forced to lie with her knee in splints and be waited upon.

At first she had the attendance of her husband. "Here I am on my bed," she writes her sister, "with my husband sitting anxiously by me, who is my most willing nurse." But official duties soon called Mr. Madison back to Washington and so, for almost the first time in their married life, Dolly and her husband had to be separated.

Dolly, of course, was very lonely after he went away. But she tried to console herself by seeing her old Philadelphia friends, those she had known since her girlhood, and by keeping up a constant correspondence with Mr. Madison.

Her letters to her husband are interesting, as revealing her tenderness of heart and her wifely devotion. One sweet little note must be quoted; it describes so vividly her sad state of mind after his departure.

"A few hours only have passed," she writes, "since you left me, my beloved, and I find nothing can relieve the oppression of my mind but speaking

to you in this the only way. Dr. Physic called before you had gone far, but I could only find voice to tell him my knee felt better. Betsey Pemberton and Amy (her maid) are sitting by me and seem to respect the grief they know I feel at even so short a separation from one who is all to me. Betsey puts on your hat to divert me, but I cannot look at her."

Dolly's letters, in general, are not deep or intellectual but they are simple, natural, affectionate, with pretty turns of thought and expression and an indefinable charm that is Dolly's own. And these letters are but brief glimpses of Dolly's self. They help us to know what manner of woman she was who, as mistress of the White House, came to be regarded as the most popular person in America.

When her husband became president in 1809, Mrs. Madison was a beautiful woman of forty, very wise in social etiquette and knowledge of the world. She was eminently fitted for the position of Madam President, more so even than either of her predecessors had been. Without Mrs. Adams' intellectual ability or Mrs. Washington's depth of character, Dolly understood men and women better and could make herself agreeable to all. Then too, she knew how to be delightfully informal. The "drawing-rooms" that had been pronounced quite dull and formidable in former years became, under her skilful management, most enjoyable affairs.

Large-hearted in her hospitality as in all things

else, she was "at home," so it was said, "to kings, presidents, and the people without distinction of persons;" and every one was glad to attend her receptions because of her warm welcome, her attractive personality, and the interesting people whom she gathered round her. Her spangled turban with its nodding ostrich plumes was her crown and her snuff box was her sceptre. With such insignia of royalty, she moved about among her little court of admirers, cleverly blending gracious dignity with a frank condescension and queening it most kindly over all.

An amusing incident illustrative of her ready tact and sympathy has come down to us. Among the guests at the White House one evening was a bashful young fellow from the country. Mrs. Madison observed him standing neglected and embarrassed in one corner of the drawing-room and smilingly made her way to him with extended hand. The shy youth, who had just been served with coffee, started at her sudden approach and, in his confusion, dropped his saucer and tried to hide his half-filled cup in his pocket. "How the crowd jostles!" said charming Dolly. "Let me ask the servant to bring you some coffee. And how is your mother? She and I were friends, you know."

Such little acts as this of that true politeness which comes from the heart was what made Dolly so beloved by every one. No one could long feel discomposed in her presence. Her frank cordiality

and simplicity of manner always swept away whatever feelings of awe she might inspire as Mistress President. A story is told of two old ladies, rural visitors again, who in great trepidation were escorted to the White House by a friend of the Madisons. They arrived early in the morning when the family were at breakfast. Dolly came forward to receive them in her plain morning gown, with her usual warm welcome and unaffected grace. Her two rustic visitors, who had thought of her only as a great lady who must be approached with ceremony, were instantly put at their ease and before leaving one of them found courage to ask shyly, "Perhaps you would n't mind if I kissed you?—just to tell the folks at home."

It is a pretty little tale and serves to illustrate how it was that Dolly became the idol of the common people. She was never too far removed from them to be their friend.

She was always the unassuming Virginia lady. And this showed in her ways of hospitality as in her reception of her guests. Her table was set and served in the old bountiful Virginia fashion. A member of Congress wrote of one of Dolly's dinners that it was "excellent" and told of numerous homely dishes, among which was "a large ham with the cabbage round," which, he said, "looked like our country dishes of bacon and cabbage."

Foreigners were inclined to smile at Dolly's somewhat rustic notions of entertainment. Jackson, the

British minister, wrote home of his amusement when, during a conference with President Madison, a negro servant brought in a tray plentifully laden with punch and seed cake. The wife of another foreign minister laughed at the size and number of the dishes on Mrs. Madison's table and remarked sneeringly that the dinner was very like "a Harvest home supper."

Of course Dolly soon learned that her prodigal hospitality was being ridiculed by those from abroad but she preserved her good nature and her good sense. "The profusion of my table is the result of the prosperity of my country," she said proudly, "and I shall continue to prefer Virginia liberality to European elegance."

But although Mrs. Madison kept to the old simple manners and habits, she adopted a more elaborate style of living than had ever before been known in the White House. Her state drawing-room with its yellow satin draperies, its stiff sofas, and high backed chairs, was considered a most magnificent apartment by "our guileless ancestors" and her coach, drawn by four beautiful prancing bays, was an object of admiring wonder whenever the president's wife drove out for an airing.

Then, too, dress grew much gayer when Dolly set the styles. Upon her own costumes she spent a large proportion of her time and thought. At a period when the world was shaken with Napoleonic conquests and tremendous upheaval of states and

nations, she had little to say about the affairs of the universe. "You know I am not much of a politician," she confessed in a letter to her husband. Her mind was occupied with small rather than great things. The latest Parisian finery and clothes in general; these were the main subjects of her discourse. She dismissed the Embargo Act, the likelihood of war, Napoleon's last victory, and other similar trifles with slight mention and went on to talk eloquently and at great length of the real interests of life: ribbons, finery, and gowns.

Of course, the result was that Dolly was always a vision of brilliancy and beauty. If we may believe the dames of her own day, her gowns must have been wonderful triumphs of dressmaking art. Mrs. William Seaton describes her appearance on the evening of a New Year's reception at the White House as being "truly regal." "Her majesty" was dressed, so the lady declares, "in a robe of pink satin trimmed elaborately with ermine, a white velvet and satin turban with nodding ostrich plumes, and a crescent in front, gold chains and clasps around the waist and wrists." And then in praise of "Her Majesty," Mrs. Seaton continues, "'T is here the woman who adorns the dress and not the dress that beautifies the woman. I cannot conceive a female better calculated to dignify the station which she occupies than Mrs. Madison. Amiable in private life, affable in public, she is admired and esteemed by the rich and

beloved by the poor. You are aware that she snuffs, but in her hands the snuff-box seems only a gracious complement with which to charm."

Mrs. Seaton's eulogy of Mrs. Madison's is one of the many showered upon "Queen Dolly" by all who came to Washington and gained entrance to the White House. Among these numerous panegyrics is one by an especially interesting pen. Our first real man of letters, Washington Irving, when young and comparatively unknown, visited the capital and has not failed to leave an entertaining account of his introduction to Dolly Madison and Washington society.

"I arrived at the Inn about dusk," he says, "and understanding that Mrs. Madison was to have her levée that very evening, I swore by all the gods I would be there." Being of an "enterprising spirit," he inquired about until he found a man who would present him at the "Sublime Port." Then he straightway made his preparations for the great event, "popped" his head in the hands of a barber, put on his "pease blossoms and silk stockings, girt up his loins, and sallied forth like a vagabond knight errant." At length "he emerged from dirt and darkness into the blazing splendor of Mrs. Madison's drawing-room." "Here," he goes on to narrate, "I was most graciously received, found a crowded collection of great and little men, of ugly old women and beautiful young ones, and in ten minutes was hand in glove with

half the people in the assemblage. Mrs. Madison is a fine, portly, buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, are like the two 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' but as to Jemmy Madison — Ah, poor Jemmy, he is but a withered little apple John."

From this it may be seen that Dolly had found favor with Washington Irving as with every one. But her husband, "poor Jemmy," was not so kindly dealt with by the pert young critic. And, indeed, Madison's appearance in public was not such as to inspire admiration. He was unbending, argumentative, severe. "His looks," wrote one of his contemporaries, "announce the censor," and another said of him, "he resembles a Roman cardinal." However, all this austerity vanished when, as Dolly's husband, he came to her an hour before dinner for a pleasant chat with her and her friends. Then he was a different man, sociable, smiling, full of anecdote and when he left, it was always with a tender whisper to his wife, "You have rested me, my dear."

For her husband, Dolly could always create home. With her son, however, it was different. Payne was now a handsome, charming young fellow, a great favorite in society. But he was developing a tendency to wildness that frightened his mother. She sought in every way to hold his interest. She filled the house with lively young company; she

drove to the races with him behind her four-in-hand of splendid bays; and with her husband's help she tried to interest him in study and planned a college career for him. Yet Payne, like the graceless scamp he was, paid little heed to his mother's attentions. He stayed away from home and thought of nothing but his own pleasure.

So it was not Payne, but Anna's husband, Richard Cutts, who was the helpful son of the Madison home when trouble came. And trouble did come in full measure to Dolly and her husband. This was during the anxious years of the war of 1812.

Throughout the conflict, Madison had enemies within the nation as well as without, and there were those who called it "Jemmy Madison's war," assailed it as unwise, unnecessary, and untimed, and let loose all their bitterness upon their unfortunate president. He was blamed for victory and defeat alike, evil motives were attributed to all his acts, and fierce invectives were hurled at his character.

In this time of great trial, Dolly's sterling qualities were proved. She stood by her husband, loyal, watchful, helpful. She was cheerful in defeat and radiant at the news of victory, inspiring all with her belief in final success. Her popularity was a great aid to her husband. If it did not save his administration, at least it did much toward procuring his re-election. She invited men of all parties and opinions to her home and for a time

compelled them to forget their animosities. And by her unobtrusive attentions to the wives and families of her husband's opponents, she quieted many jealousies and disaffections.

Mrs. Seaton, who has already been quoted in praise of Mrs. Madison, was one of the wives whom Dolly captivated, thereby winning Mr. Seaton, the chief of the "National Intelligencer," a most powerful journal, to the Madison cause. From Mrs. Seaton's own account, amusing in its pleased vanity and naïvete, we may observe Dolly's cleverness in gaining influential friends for her husband and at the same time we may behold the delightful Dolly, in the character of hostess, most vividly presented. Having heard that Mrs. Seaton was in the capital, we are told, Mrs. Madison at one of her levées "inquired graciously for her of a relation who was present." That was the first step. Soon after Mrs. Seaton and "William," her husband, received invitations to a formal dinner at the White House. Upon Mrs. Seaton's arrival at the presidential home, Mrs. Madison, we are informed, "very handsomely came to her and led her nearest the fire, introduced her to another guest, and sat down between them, talking on familiar subjects, by her own ease and manners making every one feel at home." At dinner a certain dame "by privilege of age" sat at the right of the hostess, but Mrs. Seaton was given the next seat. As soon as the candles were brought in, the ladies withdrew and

while they were in the drawing-room waiting for the gentlemen to join them, Mrs. Madison induced Mrs. Seaton to play a waltz upon the grand piano while she herself taught one of her young guests a new step in the dance. Finally, in sauntered the gentlemen and then all adjourned to the tea-room, where they passed several hours in pleasant chat, always led by Mrs. Madison and ranging from Shakespeare to musical glasses.

After that delightful evening, Mrs. Seaton could not restrain her enthusiasm over Mrs. Madison. "I could describe the dignified appearance of Mrs. Madison," she declared, "but I could not do her justice. It is not her form, it is not her face. It is the woman altogether that I would have you see."

When this was written, Dolly was still a blooming matron. Indeed, her youthful appearance was a matter of much talk and conjecture among those who visited the capital. Some declared that she was not above other fashionable women of her day in the use of those "foreign aids of ornament," rouge and powder. One of Dolly's friends, even, admitted that she supposed Mrs. Madison employed such artifice, but if she did, declared the loyal advocate, it was for no vain motive but merely to give pleasure to those who looked at her. Mrs. Seaton, however, was not of the opinion of those who thought such things of Dolly. "Mrs. Madison is said to rouge," she wrote, "but it is not evident to my eyes and I do not think it is true, as I am well

assured I saw her color come and go at the naval ball, when the 'Macedonian' flag was presented to her by young Hamilton."

This naval ball which Mrs. Seaton mentions was an occasion of great pride and rejoicing for all good Americans who attended and it must have been especially so for Mrs. Madison. As we read of her part in it, we do not wonder that those who were present could see "her color come and go." It was after the victories over the "Alert" and the "Guerrière" and the ball was being held in celebration of these conquests. The ball room was brilliantly decorated with the flags of the captured vessels and a gay, distinguished company had gathered there to make merry in their hour of triumph. Suddenly there was a great stir about the doorway and the next moment young Lieutenant Hamilton, son of the secretary of the navy, entered the room, bearing the flag of still another conquered battleship, the "Macedonian." Amid loud cheers and the joyous playing of national music, he made his way through the throng and up to Mrs. Madison and kneeling before her, he laid the flag at her feet.

All war times, however, were not so happy for Dolly Madison as that evening of the naval battle. During Mr. Madison's second term of office came days of suspense and danger. The President was a great statesman but he knew very little about war and those who were associated with him were

as inefficient as he in military science. The "door" of the capital was allowed to stand invitingly open. And so it was a very easy matter for the British to walk in and take possession.

It was on a sultry August day that the English fleet sailed up the Chesapeake and anchored at the mouth of the Potomac. At sight of the enemy's ships, Washington presented a spectacle very much "like Brussels before Waterloo." People scurried about hiding their silver and jewels. All available carts were employed in conveying valuables out of the city. And an endless procession of coaches and chaises with flurried-looking occupants went streaming out of the capital.

Mr. Madison with his secretaries was at Bladensberg, the field of battle, and Dolly was unwilling to leave Washington until he returned. In spite of her great anxiety, she kept brave and cheerful and even planned a dinner party for the night which was to witness the burning of the capital. She saw one official after another go out of the city but heroically refused to desert her post, although the British admiral sent her the startling word that he would make his bow in her drawing-room. Not until a messenger from her husband arrived, crying, "Clear out, clear out; General Armstrong has ordered a retreat," did she turn her back upon the White House. And even then, in the moment of a hurried and distracting departure, she had the presence of mind to secure the Stuart

portrait of Washington that hung upon the dining-room wall. As the great picture could not be easily unscrewed, she gave directions to have the frame broken with an axe, and having thus removed the precious canvas, she sent it off to a place of safety in Georgetown. She also took time to save a carriage-load of Cabinet papers and the White House silver. Then, reluctantly, she took her departure. "I longed instead," she affirmed with spirit, "to have a cannon through every window."

She had barely escaped the marauding British troops, for it was only a few hours later that they entered Washington and set fire to the Capitol. By the lurid light of that burning building, the destroying army marched down the two miles of Pennsylvania avenue to the White House. There they partook of the wines and viands that had been designed for poor Dolly's dinner party and after their feast they pillaged the house and made a bonfire of the president's mansion. It was a costly bonfire that lighted up the midnight sky for many miles around.

Dolly, meanwhile, with her little train of followers, was journeying on to meet Mr. Madison, as some pencilled notes from him had directed. All through the next day she travelled and at night she came to the appointed place. Here she was met with insult. The inn was filled with fugitives from the capital who "denounced the president as

the cause of the war and refused to admit his wife, though some of them had dined at her table the week before." In their fierce anger against Madison at this last disaster of the war, even their beloved "Queen Dolly" was not exempt, since she was guilty of having married him. It looked as if she would have to spend the night without shelter. At the approach of a furious thunder storm, however, amid the darkness and crashing trees, the inn people became more merciful and finally opened the door to admit her.

Late in the night the president arrived pale and tired, but safe. So Dolly was happy. Yet hardly had he been made comfortable when a messenger came hurrying to the tavern with the warning that the British had discovered his hiding-place. And again he was forced to go out and take refuge in a hovel in the forest.

At daybreak, Mrs. Madison, in disguise, started out to join her husband. But before noon the joyful news was received that the British, awe-struck by the terrible storm which followed their conflagration, had evacuated Washington. Those amazing war happenings, which to us in our later century read like a comedy of errors, had come to an end and once more the city was open to its rightful sovereigns.

When the President and Mrs. Madison returned to the capital, they found it robbed of its glory and their own home a smoking ruin. They rented a

house at the corner of 10th street and New York avenue, called "The Octagon," and there was signed the Treaty of Ghent, which put an end to that second conflict with Great Britain.

The reception given by the president and Mrs. Madison to celebrate the signing of the treaty is pictured by contemporaries as the most brilliant ever held in Washington. The gowned justices were there, foreigners splendid in their court costumes, and gayly uniformed officers fresh from the field of battle. "But the most conspicuous in all the room," declared one who was present, "the observed of all the observers, was Mrs. Madison." Happy in the prospect of peace and the restored popularity of her husband, she passed from group to group, exchanging heartfelt congratulations with every one and radiating an atmosphere of joy and good will. Mr. Bagot, the new British ambassador, who was among the guests, exclaimed in admiration as he watched her, "Mrs. Madison is every inch a queen."

In the days of general rejoicing that followed the declaration of peace Mr. Madison's official blunders were forgotten and Dolly became more popular than ever before. The soldiers, returning home from their long service, stopped before her home to cheer. Her receptions in her new home were more brilliantly attended than those of the White House had been. And the gayeties of the "Peace Winter," instituted by Queen Dolly, formed a memorable epoch in the annals of Washington society.

At the end of Madison's administration, Dolly went home to Montpelier, followed by the kind wishes and loving thoughts of all who knew her. Like Washington, John Adams, and Jefferson, Madison returned gladly to his library and farm. And Dolly, too, was happy in the change. She was not weak or vain and so did not repine for the excitement and adulation to which she had been so long accustomed; but instead she entered cheerfully into the simple duties and pleasures of her country home.

There comes a vision of this quondam society queen, enveloped in great apron and broad-brimmed hat, her hand raised to shield her eyes from the morning sun, walking among her fruits and flowers; and beside her a little black boy carrying a basket in which fall her gatherings of ripe plums and peaches, roses of beautiful hues and fragrance, and the pink oleander blossoms, her favorite flowers.

And when we follow Mrs. Madison within doors, we find her busy and unselfish. She devoted herself to Mr. Madison's invalid mother, an interesting old lady, who used to say affectionately of Dolly, "she is *my* mother now." She did all she could to save her husband, who, at the end of the presidency, was left frail and care-worn. She read to him and acted as his amanuensis and was full of little wifely attentions, dressing his hair into a queue with powder every morning and setting his cap becomingly at all hours.

The responsibilities of hospitality were always with her. She writes at one time of having ninety persons to dine at a table fixed under a large arbor on the lawn. Visitors were constantly coming and going at Montpelier. And they brought news and learning with them. Dolly became quite cosmopolitan through the medium of her guests. Though she could not travel to see the world, she had the world to see her.

No visitors were more welcome at Montpelier than the young people, Dolly's nephews and nieces. The children used to make bead rings for the president. The girls lent their aunt books which, if the truth must be told, the unliterary Dolly returned half read or with the verdict, "stupid." They told her of the Washington styles and answered her queries as to "how turbans are pinned up, how bonnets are worn, as well as how to behave in the mode." Dolly listened to their accounts with interest and after they had finished declared laughingly that she had grown very "old-fashioned," would not know how to conform to the formal rules of society, and would disgrace herself "by rushing about among her friends at all hours."

One of the young men, Dolly's nephew, Madison Cutts, came to Montpelier on his wedding-journey. That was when Mr. Madison was very feeble and confined to his apartment. But at dinner the courtly old gentleman advanced to the doorway of his room, which opened into the dining-hall, and stand-

ing there he drank to the health of the bride. Perhaps it was with a thought of that other bride whom he had brought to Montpelier forty years before.

Among the young people who made Montpelier merry, one was almost always absent. That was Dolly Madison's son, Payne Todd. His poor mother heard of him only through friends and from mention of him in the newspapers. She wrote to him pathetically, "I am ashamed to tell when asked how long my only child has been absent from the home of his mother!"

It was this worthless spendthrift son who saddened Dolly Madison's last years. In her widowhood, which was lived at Washington, he squandered his own fortune and hers and the proceeds of the Montpelier estate. She who had so long been sovereign of the social world was forced to endure endless privation and distress. Yet she bore her sufferings so bravely and cheerfully that it was long before the world knew of her great need. Then, when the discovery was made, Congress voted her twenty thousand dollars for Mr. Madison's manuscripts, guarding the sum from her son by trustees.

In her last days Mrs. Madison was as great a favorite as ever. One who knew at that time wrote of her, "Mrs. Madison is a particular pet, being only four score years." And as if the country could not do enough to show what respect it felt for her, Congress voted her the franking privilege

and a seat on the floor of the House, an honor which had never before been granted to a woman.

She was lovely in her old age. One who saw her then described her as "eminently beautiful, with a complexion as fresh and fair as that of an English girl." A dignified and graceful figure in her black velvet gown and white turban, a soft scarf about her neck, she was always the centre of attraction wherever she went. Her home in Lafayette square was to the president's mansion like the home of a dowager queen. As once she had received the heroes of the Revolution, so now she opened her doors to the generals of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war. The bride of Washington's administration had become "the venerable Mrs. Madison" of President Polk's, but with the charm and cordiality of former times she continued to welcome all who gathered round her.

Her last appearance in public was at a White House reception, when she passed through the crowded rooms on the arm of President Polk. It was an appropriate exit for "Queen Dolly," recalling vividly the time when, on the arm of Thomas Jefferson, she had first done the honors of the White House and taken her place as sovereign lady of the land. And as she had come into the social world, so she went from it, in smiling, gracious dignity, carrying with her the admiration and love of her American subjects.

II.

SARAH JAY,

WIFE OF JOHN JAY.

Born in New York, August, 1757.
Died at Bedford, N.Y , May 28, 1802.

"She exhibited from her youth, amid trial and hardship, a steadfast devotion to her country, and amid the gay society of Paris and New York preserved unimpaired her gentleness, amiability, and simplicity." — *John Jay, Jr.*

"I AM going to let in some of the air and moonlight of this beautiful night, my guests," said Mrs. Jay and, as she spoke, she opened the door that led out upon the terrace of her pleasant villa at Challiot.

"How mild your French weather is," she commented. "At home 't is never like this in January," and she lingered a moment looking out into the clear bright night, a graceful figure in her high head dress and brilliant evening gown.

The scene that stretched before her, the stone court and winding garden paths, the grassy slopes and distant river-view, lay white and still in the soft light. Her glance rested upon it musingly, while her thoughts went back to other January moons which had seen her skating on the Hudson

or sleighing over the rough country roads of her New Jersey home.

She was recalled to the present by the merry raillery of her guests who sat, cosily sipping their tea, in her pretty pink and white salon. They had turned toward her in smiling recognition of her abstraction.

"La belle Americaine is sad," they remarked in teasing tones, using the name by which she had come to be known in Paris circles; "she is homesick for her husband."

Mrs. Jay protested with a gay laugh and, shutting out the moonlight scene, returned to her seat among them.

"I wish that Mr. Jay were here to-night to see you all," she said cordially; "he loves an evening like this spent in his own home with a few chosen friends about him."

The "few chosen friends" nodded their gratitude over their tea cups and Madame La Fayette inquired with interest, "What do you hear from him in England?"

"He is very lively and much improved in health," replied the young wife. "He talks of coming back soon. I flatter myself I shall not be forced to remain much longer in this state of widowhood," and then observing Dr. Franklin who sat near her, "Now I would like to know what our philosophic friend means by that quizzical look of his."

The doctor had finished his tea and was leaning back in his easy chair, his arms folded, regarding his pretty hostess with an amused expression that forboded mischief. He smiled blandly in answer to her query.

"I was wondering," he said, "if your husband's letters told you aught of the English ladies and their charms."

Mrs. Jay flashed a merry look at him. She knew his words to be a challenge to her loyalty. For the doctor often enjoyed an old friend's privilege of making fun of her devotion to her husband.

"I see your design," she retorted. "But 't will not do. You cannot make me jealous."

The doctor shook his head pityingly at her. "You poor deluded young woman," he remarked. "Do you still have faith in that man's constancy? Reflect, only reflect on his long absence from you."

"But I am not a poor deluded young woman," protested Mrs. Jay, "I have reflected and I much regret that the sore throat for which he went to Bath could not have been cured more speedily."

"Do you believe in that sore throat?"

"I do, and in my husband. You see mine is a more trusting philosophy than yours, sir," and Mrs. Jay held up her head with an air of proud confidence, very pretty and amusing.

Dr. Franklin's eyes twinkled merrily as they always did when Mrs. Jay became defiant. "A more trusting philosophy because the philosopher

herself is so young," he returned and then, running his fingers significantly through his white locks, "but not so true as that of an old, experienced hoary head like me."

Mrs. Jay made a slight gesture of obeisance.

"In all things else, my learned friend, I bow before your superior wisdom," she answered, "but in an understanding of my husband I claim to be the wiser and more experienced hoary head."

At this the company, who had been listeners throughout the dispute, broke into light applause and one of Franklin's young grandsons remarked with a sly look, "Ah, grandfather, you had best give over; you cannot change Mrs. Jay."

"No," chuckled the doctor, "she is like the rest of us Americans. She will not be beaten. However, I have not done with her yet." And he brought from his pocket several small pieces of steel, which he laid on the table before him.

The company gathered round, ready for one of the doctor's amusing pranks. "I am going to give you an object lesson," he explained, smiling up in the face of Mrs. Jay, who stood beside his chair. And he straightway entered upon it.

"This," said he, pointing to one of the pieces of steel, "we will suppose to be Mr. Jay, and this," pointing to another, "Mrs. Jay. Now when we take Mr. Jay and place him near Mrs. Jay, thus, he is attracted, you see, and presently they are united. But when, on the other hand, we take the same

Mr. Jay and place him near another, whom we will call an English lady, behold the same effect!"

A general burst of laughter greeted the doctor's object lesson. Immediately the company turned to Mrs. Jay, pretending sympathy for her and indignation against her husband. "Mr. Jay's perfidy is proved," they declared in mock solemnity and wrath. "You must avenge yourself."

But Mrs. Jay shook her head decidedly. "I will not be beaten," she protested gayly. "I still have faith in my husband."

In the midst of the general merriment, a sound was heard from without, a sharp sound, like the scraping of carriage wheels, and the next instant the noise of hoof beats rang out on the stone court below. There was a sudden lull in the company. "You are to have a late visitor, Mrs. Jay," some one remarked.

Mrs. Jay nodded and then, as she heard a voice without speak a few words as though of direction, her face lighted with sudden pleasure and surprise. "Yes, and I think I know who it is," she said. "Your pardon a moment, my guests," and hastily throwing a light scarf about her shoulders, she went out upon the terrace.

She stood, a distinct figure against the lighted window, her dress glimmering strangely white and the brilliants sparkling in her hair, just as a young man mounted the steps to the villa. "John," and "My dear Sally," were the joyful ejaculations as

each caught sight of the other; and the next moment Mr. and Mrs. Jay had met on their moonlit terrace.

When, a little later, Mrs. Jay returned to the salon, she was followed by her husband. As the slender, graceful man entered, his serious, refined face lighting with recognition, the guests sprang to their feet, expressing surprise and pleasure at his unexpected arrival. The usual greetings were exchanged and then the company sat down to talk of various subjects, principally the treaty of Paris. The treaty was of more than public interest to the little group of people gathered in Mrs. Jay's salon that evening, since two of the famous peace negotiators, Franklin and Jay, were of the number.

But in time the talk drifted off to lighter matters and finally reference was made to Dr. Franklin's object lesson. Nothing would do but Mr. Jay must hear all about it and be taken to task for his shameful part in it.

Mr. Jay listened smilingly. "I rejoice to see you in such good spirits, Dr. Franklin," he said, turning to his distinguished colleague and then, with an affectionate glance at Mrs. Jay, who sat beside her husband, filling his cup from her dainty china teapot, "but you might remind the doctor, Sally, that though his magnets love society they are always true to the pole."

Thus the evening ended pleasantly in merry raillery and repartee. It was one of many such

evenings spent by the Jays in the enjoyable society of their friends at the French capital.

The gay life which they led in the near neighborhood of Paris was a brilliant contrast to the trials and hardships which they had suffered previously. Their troubles had begun early in their married life. During their honeymoon days, the harsh sounds of war had been borne in upon them and then came times of separation and anxiety.

Mrs. Jay was a bride of 1774, the year that saw the meeting of the first Continental Congress and the organized beginnings of the Revolution. She had been an ardent rebel from the first. Indeed, she could have scarcely been otherwise, as the daughter of William Livingston and the belle of "Liberty Hall."

She was of the great Whig family of New York, the Livingstons, long-time rivals of the Tory De Lanceys. In the flourishing little metropolis she had grown up surrounded by an atmosphere of independent thought and action.

Her father was a well-known lawyer and political writer of New York. Many noted statesmen gathered round his table and, in the presence of his children, discussed with him the knotty problems of the hour and proposed their methods for settling them. While still at the age of pigtails and short frocks Sally became a wise young politician.

Her father's city house stood on Pine street, in

the centre of a most aristocratic neighborhood. There she and her sisters passed a very lively young girlhood. They took a prominent part in the social life of the capital and were much missed by their New York friends when, in the autumn of 1773, they removed to their country home, patriotically named "Liberty Hall," in Elizabeth, N.J.

The young women themselves left the city with many regrets. They pouted over the prospect of rural happiness. "We shall be quite buried from society in that sequestered part of the globe," they declared mournfully. But their gloomy prediction did not come to pass. Their friends sought them out in their retreat and the muddy way from the ferry landing to the house was kept well trodden by gay and ever welcome guests.

From all descriptions Liberty Hall must have been as attractive as its name. It stood on high ground, at some distance from the road, the old Springfield turnpike, and was surrounded by great shade trees. We can imagine the jollity of its big fire-places, the cosiness of its innumerable cupboards, and the poetry of its winding stairway, down which Sally and her sisters used to trip in ruffled gowns and buckled shoes to receive the young gallants who stood below.

In this pleasant mansion house William Livingston gathered about him his independent friends, and much of the conversation to which his young daughters listened savored of republican principles

and ridicule of kingly threats. Among those who came oftenest to Liberty Hall was the learned Dr. Witherspoon of Princeton College, he who numbered among his pupils James Madison, Aaron Burr, and numerous other future celebrities.

Another frequent visitor was Alexander Hamilton, then a "brilliant winged" young creature, fresh from his island home in the West Indies. It was to William Livingston that Hamilton presented himself with letters of introduction when, a pale, dark-eyed boy of fifteen, he made his first appearance in America in 1772. Through the advice of Mr. Livingston he entered a school in Elizabeth, where he prepared for college, but Liberty Hall was always open to him and it was there, listening to the table talk of its guests, that the future orator received his first lessons in statesmancraft. A happy comradeship, too, existed between Hamilton and the Livingston girls, especially Sally, who was nearest his age, and the friendship of these two, begun in youth, lasted through later years when Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Jay were so pleasantly associated in the political and social life of New York.

Perhaps none were more regular in their attendance at Liberty Hall than a certain "promising young lawyer," as John Jay was considered in those early days. Mr. Jay had been a college chum of the Livingston girls' cousin, Robert R. Livingston, Jr., the future chancellor, and for sev-

eral years he had been a member of "The Moot," a prominent lawyers' club, to which their father belonged. So it is very probable that, as a sort of family friend, he had made the acquaintance of Sally and her sisters while they were still occupied with dolls and study books. But however this may have been, he knew them very well in the days when they did the honors of Liberty Hall so gracefully.

Of course he was a great favorite with all the Livingston family. His good looks, ease of manner, and refined tastes commended him to the young ladies, while his high principles and well-balanced wisdom appealed to the father and mother.

Very soon it became evident that Sally was the attraction that drew the young lawyer to Liberty Hall so frequently. Sally was at this time a beautiful young girl of seventeen, dignified and charming, blending firmness and gentleness of character. A more than usually strong attachment grew up between her and John Jay. They were both persons of deep affections and it is pleasant to contemplate a love such as theirs which, throughout their married life, was to remain as lover-like as in those first happy days of courtship.

On April 28, 1774, at Liberty Hall, they were married. Sally was still in her eighteenth year and John Jay was ten years older. Theirs was a joyous wedding, bright with flowers, music, and spring sunshine. The bridal guests, all in festive attire,

drove out from the city to Liberty Hall in their old time coaches and post chaises and on horseback. The "New York Gazette" of the period chronicled the event as a brilliant affair, designating the bride as "the beautiful Sarah Livingston," and the groom as "an eminent young barrister."

From the time of her marriage Mrs. Jay's life was shaped by public events. Mr. Jay's long years of service to his country began that very summer, when on a warm August day he set out as one of the New York delegates to the General Congress at Philadelphia. His duties in that assemblage and in the New York Provincial Congress and as a member of the Committee of Safety kept him separated from his young wife almost constantly.

And while her husband was distinguishing himself in Congress as one of the most just and moderate and, at the same time, most determined of rebels, Mrs. Jay was making her sacrifices and facing her dangers at home. Most of her time was spent with her parents at Elizabethtown. Here she was in a somewhat perilous situation. Liberty Hall had come to be a mark to the enemy. It was pointed out as the resort of the "formidable John Jay," and as the home of William Livingston, "that arch fiend," who so boldly wielded pen and power in the patriot cause.

It is not surprising that the British sought to destroy Liberty Hall. Indeed, they were rather invited to do so. Livingston once declared to his

daughters in satirical humor, "If the redcoats do not burn Liberty Hall, I shall think them greater rascals than ever, for I have really endeavored to deserve that testimony of their malice." The only wonder is that the "redcoats" did not succeed in their designs against the house. When New York became the scene of conflict, such an attack was feared momentarily. Indeed, it was reported several times that the British were marching against Elizabethtown. But Mrs. Jay would not allow herself to be unduly frightened by these false rumors and her calmness at such times was praised by her husband. He wrote to her, "I much commend the coolness and the presence of mind with which you received the alarm."

In these trying times of separation and anxiety, the letters which Mrs. Jay received from her young husband must have been a great consolation to her. As we read them, John Jay comes very vividly before us and we feel a real affection for that patriot lover of long ago. The old-fashioned sedate wording of his epistles still "pulsates" with love and longing for home.

"Sally," he exclaims, "Sally, the charms of this gay city would please me more if you partook of them. I am afraid to think of domestic happiness; it is a subject that presents to my imagination so many shades of departed joys as to excite emotions very improper to be indulged in by a person in my station, determined at every hazard to persevere in

the pursuit of that great object to which we have sacrificed so much."

He describes for Sally's benefit one of the few holidays that the Continental Congress enjoyed when, in gondolas, the members "made a little journey" down the river, as far as the fort. "I wished you and a few select friends had been with me," he concludes. "This idea, though amidst much noise and mirth, made me much alone. Adieu, my beloved."

And every pretty face he saw in his travels served only as a reminder of his wife at home. Referring to a beautiful country girl whom he and Colonel Morris met at an inn near Gray's ferry and whom, because of her exquisite complexion, they called "the conch-shell beauty," he says, "Her teeth were as good and her eyes of the same color and almost as fine as those of my fair correspondent. Colonel Morris thought she bore a great resemblance to the lady who will open this letter and, I assure you, his opinion was not ill-founded."

As Christmas drew near, Mr. Jay asked for leave of absence but was refused, since too many other New York delegates were already away from Congress. "Don't you pity me, my dear Sally?" he sighs. "It is, however, some consolation that, should Congress not adjourn in less than ten days, I have determined to stay with you till — and depend upon it nothing but actual imprisonment will keep me from you."

The next January, 1776, on the twenty-fourth of the month, their son, Peter Augustus Jay, was born at Elizabethtown. The arrival of the little Peter was a great event in the annals of Liberty Hall and his cradle was guarded by a devoted mother and father, numerous fond aunts, and most adoring grand-parents.

At Rye, too, the pleasant old home of Mr. Jay's father and mother in Westchester county, New York, there was always a warm welcome awaiting the baby Peter and his mamma. Mrs. Jay was an affectionate daughter to her husband's parents. "I am much obliged to you for being so mindful of my good mother," her husband wrote to her from Philadelphia. And the old people on their part were very fond of their son's beautiful young wife. Peter Jay, the father, sent word to John Jay in Congress, "When you write to Sally remember our love to her and she must every day give your little boy a hearty embrace for us. We long to see them both again here but despair of its being soon in these unhappy times."

As the war progressed and the situation at Liberty Hall became more dangerous, Mr. Jay established his wife and son at Fishkill and the family from Rye removed to the same place. But the greater part of Mrs. Jay's time was passed in visiting at various country seats, at her father's safe retreat in Persipiney, N.J., and with her Livingston cousins at Rhinebeck. Mr. Jay, writ-

ing to her at this latter place in September, 1778, remarks: "As I always wish you to be with me I hope an opportunity will soon offer, though I confess I am less anxious, as you can't fail of being happy in so agreeable a family."

The following December John Jay was elected president of Congress. He received many congratulatory letters on that event but he must have liked best the one from his wife with its note of womanly regret. "I had the pleasure," she wrote, "of finding by the newspaper that you are honored with the first office on the continent and am still more pleased to hear this appointment affords general satisfaction. I am very solicitous to know how long I am to remain in a state of widowhood; upon my word, I sincerely wish three months may conclude it; however, I mean not to influence your conduct, for I am convinced that had you consulted me as some men have their wives I should not have been *Roman matron* enough to have given you so entirely to the public."

Mrs. Jay, you see, was too modest to class herself among the heroic women of the Revolution. Yet, nevertheless, she was as brave as any in her patience and cheerfulness. She always tried to find the sunny spots in the dreary landscape about her and entertained her absent husband by recounting the pleasures rather than the woes of her existence. In February, 1779, from Persipiney, she writes of "a grand dinner with a display of fire-

works at General Knox's headquarters," and the next March she announces "four approaching marriages in Cousin Livingston's family."

At this time her husband was an overworked and very weary president of Congress. He began to long more ardently than ever before for the sweet and quiet of home life. One stormy evening, in that same month of March, we find him sitting in his room thinking of his wife. "It is now nine o'clock," he writes to her; "my fellow lodgers out, and what seldom happens, I am perfectly alone and pleasing myself with the prospect of spending the remainder of the evening in writing to you. As it rains and snows, there is less possibility of my being interrupted, and for that reason I prefer it to moonlight or starlight." After such an introduction, one might be led to expect all sorts of delightful confidences. But no; the writer dares only say that he loves her and is lonely without her; prudence forbids more, since two of his letters have recently fallen into "the enemy's hands at Elizabeth Town."

The modest wishes of John Jay and his wife for a calm retired life were not, however, destined to be gratified. It was only the next October that Mr. Jay was appointed minister to Spain, a position that brought with it fresh trials and hardships. On October 16 he received his instructions from Congress, and four days later he and his wife set sail for Spain in the government frigate "Confederacy."

They left at such short notice that Mrs. Jay had no time to bid her distracted father and mother good-by, and little Peter had to be left behind in the care of his grandparents at Liberty Hall.

With the Jays went Mr. Jay's young nephew, Peter Munro; Sally's brother, Col. Brockhorst Livingston, as private secretary; and Mr. Carmichael, a member of Congress, as public secretary. A severe storm disabled their ship and they were forced to make for Martinique, where they landed on the 18th of December, after narrowly escaping capture from an English fleet off Port Royal. A letter from Mrs. Jay to her mother describes vividly their troubles at sea. At Martinique, half an hour after their arrival there, she writes, "We had been deprived of nothing less than our bow-sprit, foremast, and mizzen-mast, so that we were in an awkward situation, rendered still more so by a pretty high southwest wind and a very rough sea. However, our misfortunes were only begun. The injury received by our rudder the next morning served to complete them. Let my dear mamma imagine the dangerous situation of more than three hundred souls, tossed about in the midst of the ocean, in a vessel dismasted and under no command, at a season, too, that threatened approaching inclemency of weather."

From Martinique they proceeded to Cadiz, where they were cordially entertained by the governor of Andalusia, Count O'Reilly. With the coming of

spring they moved on to Madrid. There they lived for a time on the street of St. Mattes, in what was formerly the residence of the Saxon minister.

At Madrid they were, to use Mr. Jay's own phrase, "very disagreeably circumstanced." Their country was little known and less liked in Spain and the fact that Mr. Jay had come for the purpose of begging money was in itself a cause for disfavor with the "haughty and penurious court." In addition to this, there were frequent delays in the payment of salary from Congress. "To be obliged to contract debts and live on credit is terrible," was the painful cry that now escaped the reticent but truthful lips of the proud young envoy.

Meanwhile, it was difficult to get any news from home. Many of their letters were captured by hostile cruisers or detained at the Spanish post-office. Months passed without their receiving any word of their little son, whom they had left in America, and a baby born in Spain lived scarcely a month.

Moreover, they did not always have the comfort of each other's company. Travelling was so expensive that, when Mr. Jay was following the court in its various wanderings, Mrs. Jay was generally obliged to remain behind at the capital.

There were, of course, some few distractions. All through that first summer a comedy was performed every evening at the Madrid theatre and there were also bull fights to be attended. The

bull fights cannot have attracted the tender-hearted Mrs. Jay but it is on record that her husband and brother went to one of these picturesque and bloody performances, when "one of the knights who fought on horseback was killed and two wounded."

Then, too, some of the letters from their friends at home reached them safely and afforded much enjoyment. A few of these letters have come down to us and are interesting for the near acquaintance they give with the persons and events of the time and for the charming light they throw upon the characters of Mrs. Jay and her husband.

Mrs. Jay's favorite sister, Kitty, was their principal correspondent. That young lady chatted and gossiped most delightfully for their benefit. Her brother-in-law wrote to her, "You are really a charming correspondent, as well as charming in everything else. We have more letters from you than from all our friends in America put together. I often wish you with us for our sakes and as often am content that you are not for yours. We go on, however, tolerably well, flattering ourselves that we shall not be long absent, and anticipating the pleasures we are to enjoy on our return; among them, that of your being with us is, I assure you, not the least."

In the spring of 1780 Miss Kitty was at Morristown and from there she wrote to Mrs. Jay that their cousin, Lady Mary Watts, and her husband

had "rented Mrs. Richard Montgomery's farm for ten years;" that Colonel Lewis, who was married to their cousin Gertrude, the sister of Chancellor Livingston, had "purchased a house in Albany;" that the chancellor was in Congress; that his wife was "much admired in Philadelphia" and was very intimate with Mrs. Morris; that Colonel Lewis and the chancellor had each "presented Cousin Livingston with a grand-daughter," and that the chancellor's was "a remarkably fine child." She then goes on to say that General Schuyler and his wife are at Morristown, and "Apropos," she continues, "Betsey Schuyler is engaged to our friend, Colonel Hamilton. She has been at Morristown at Dr. Cochrane's since last February. Morristown continues to be very lively. Mrs. P. is said to be making a match with her daughter and her husband's brother. Colonel Burr and she are not on speaking terms." And thus ends the bright and breezy letter that must have left Mrs. Jay very wise in the knowledge of her friend's affairs.

In another letter Miss Kitty makes mention of the French minister, Chevalier de la Luzerne, his secretary, Monsieur Marbois, and a Spanish dignitary, Don Juan de Miralles, with all of whom she had been having much dispute, resulting in wagers, of which Mrs. Jay was indirectly the cause. Dr. Witherspoon, the old time friend of the Livingstons, took part in the debate. He had just returned from Spain but, though he brought back word that

Mrs. Jay was "the greatest philosopher of the age," he could not give Miss Kitty much support in the controversy. Finally, the disputants agreed to await the verdict of Mr. Carmichael, who was acting as Mr. Jay's public secretary in Spain. He was at that time corresponding with the chevalier and would be able to furnish the exact facts concerning the wife of the young envoy.

Here is Miss Kitty's account of the playful little bet. "Do you know," she writes to Mrs. Jay, "I am trading on your stock of firmness, and if you are not possessed of as much as I suppose you to have I shall become bankrupt, having several wagers depending that you will not paint nor go to plays on Sundays. The chevalier is not to be convinced that he has lost his bet till Mr. Carmichael informs him you do not use paint. Mr. Witherspoon informs me that he was questioned by many at Martinique if you did not."

Of course this was all because of Mrs. Jay's wonderfully brilliant complexion. The dons and senoras and other obtuse foreigners could not believe that her blushes were natural. However, we have Mrs. Jay's own testimony that they were. "The bets depending between you and the chevalier I hope are considerable," she answered her sister, "since you are certainly entitled to the stakes, for I have not used any false coloring nor have I amused myself with plays or any other diversions on Sundays."

As it turned out, the bets came to a most happy conclusion. When Mr. Carmichael was questioned by the disputants, his answer was the same as Mrs. Jay's had been. Mrs. Robert Morris, who was a great friend of the Livingston girls, reports the close of the contest and the establishment of peace between Kitty and the chevalier. In a letter to Mrs. Jay she writes, "The Chevalier de la Luzerne, M. de Marbois, and Mr. Holker express great pleasure at your remembrance of them, and request your acceptance of their best wishes. The chevalier acquiesced in the loss of his bet, presented Kitty with a handsome dress cap, accompanied with a note acknowledging your firmness."

This amusing incident of the bets serves to illustrate the confidence and admiration which Mrs. Jay inspired in all who knew her. Her friends at home were eloquent in her praise and thought with pride of the favorable impression she would make in the courts of the old world. Her oldest sister, Susan, sent this affectionate message to her, "I wonder whether my dear sister appears as sweet, amiable, and beautiful to the signoras as she does to her own countryfolk." And Mrs. Janet Montgomery, in a letter to Mrs. Mercy Warren, wrote enthusiastically of her. "You speak of my dear friend, Mrs. Jay," she said. "We have heard from her at Hispaniola, where she was obliged to put in after the storm, in which she had like to be taken. She is one of the most worthy women I know; has a great fund of

knowledge and makes use of most charming language; added to this, she is very handsome, which will secure her a welcome with the unthinking, whilst her understanding will secure her the hearts of the most worthy. Her manners will do honor to our countrywomen and I really believe will please even at the court of Madrid."

Miss Susan Livingston and Mrs. Montgomery probably thought, as did other Americans, that Spain would receive the young envoy and his wife courteously, that she would recognize our independence and lend us the assistance we needed. But, as we have already seen, she did none of these things. Instead she made matters very disagreeable for Mr. and Mrs. Jay.

It was, therefore, with feelings of relief that Mr. Jay and his wife received the news of his appointment as peace negotiator. Franklin, with whom Jay was associated in the new commission, requested his presence in Paris. "Let me know," the doctor wrote him, "by a previous line, if you conclude to come, and if, as I hope, Mrs. Jay will accompany you, that I may provide for you proper lodgings."

Without delay the young couple shook from their feet the unfriendly dust of the Spanish capital and set out for Paris. With them went their little daughter, Maria, who had been born only a few months before. Their journey to Paris was long and tedious. Mrs. Jay "fell sick" on the

way with fever and ague and there was some difficulty in getting suitable post horses at the different stages. But at last on the 23d of June their destination was reached and they found themselves in Paris, a part of that beautiful "garden of delights."

For two very happy years the Jays resided at the French capital. Their first lodgings were in the Hotel d'Orleans, Rue des Petits Augustines. Later they removed to Passy, where they lived in the same house with Dr. Franklin. And finally, in the autumn of 1783, they took up their abode at Chalhot near Passy, on the road to Paris. Here it was that Mrs. Jay and her guests were indulging in their gay repartee, on that January evening when Mr. Jay returned home so unexpectedly and surprised them all in the midst of their tea-cups.

One likes to dwell on this period in the life of Mrs. Jay. It was a time of great historic happenings, with which she, as the wife of John Jay, was intimately associated. At her house the famous commissioners often met and arranged those peace negotiations that made America an independent nation of "magnificent boundaries."

Her husband's part in the negotiations has been pronounced a "triumph of diplomacy." It was enthusiastically praised by his contemporaries. But probably none of the congratulatory messages he received pleased him more than the little note his wife sent him the day after the signing of the

provisional articles. "My dear," she wrote, "I long to embrace you now as a deliverer of our country as well as an affectionate and tender husband."

The Paris that the Jays knew was a brilliant Paris. It displayed a pride and splendor that were unconscious of the shadows that the coming Revolution cast. The "fashions" that prevailed there were fantastic and capricious. They changed with the day. Mrs. Jay in a letter to Mrs. Morris thus describes them: "At present the fashions are very decent and very plain; the gowns most worn are the robes *à l'Anglaise*, which are exactly like ye Italian habits, that were in fashion in America when I left; the Sultana is also *à la mode*, but it is not expected it will remain long so. Every lady makes them of slight silk. There is so great a variety of hats, caps, cuffs, etc., that it is impossible to describe them I forgot that the robe *à l'Anglaise*, if trimmed either with the same or gauze, is dress; but if untrimmed must be worn with an apron and is undress. Negligees are very little in vogue. Fans of eight or ten sous are almost the only ones in use."

The women of the period wore their hair raised high in the form of a pyramid, which they crowned with flowers. It was a trying, hideous style of hair dressing but it did not disfigure Mrs. Jay. A charming minature taken of her at this time has come down to us and shows her face under the

tour and wreath of roses sweetly, seriously beautiful. In another picture, a portrait painted by Robert Edge Pine, she appears in the gypsy hat and "milkmaid simplicity" of dress introduced for a brief interval by Marie Antoinette and the ladies of her court.

The queen was at this time in the full bloom of her remarkable beauty. Mrs. Jay saw her occasionally at the theatre in Passy. She wrote of her, "She is so handsome, and her manners are so engaging that almost forgetful of republican principles I was ready while in her presence to declare her to be born to be a queen. There are, however, many traits in her character worthy of imitation, even by republicans, and I cannot but admire her resolution to superintend the education of Madame Royale, her daughter, to whom she has allotted chambers adjoining her own and persists in refusing to name a governess for her."

Mrs. Jay was said to resemble Marie Antoinette. They possessed the same wonderful complexion, of which Madam Lebrun, in her despair at portraying it, once remarked, "Brilliant is the only word to describe it; for the skin is so transparent that it allows of no shadow." Indeed, so great was the likeness which Mrs. Jay bore to the ill-fated sovereign, that one evening at the theatre in Paris, she was mistaken for the queen and, as she entered, the audience rose to their feet to do her reverence.

Of course such a resemblance could only add to

the general admiration which Mrs. Jay excited in the Paris world. She was a great favorite there. She and her husband were cordially welcomed to all the famous salons of the day, where they mingled with the wits, beauties, and savants of that old regime which was soon to disappear forever.

Amid these scenes of gayety and brilliance, the society which the Jays enjoyed most was to be found at the Hotel de Noailles, the home of the La Fayettes, and with Dr. Franklin at Passy.

The La Fayettes were among the first to greet the Jays on their coming to Paris. A few days after their arrival, Madame La Fayette sent a note to Mrs. Jay, offering her "tender homage" and the acquaintance thus begun between Mrs. Jay and the marchioness soon grew into friendship. They were both women of simple, home-loving tastes, devoted wives and mothers and, naturally, they proved very congenial companions. The letters which they exchanged show how intimate and affectionate was the regard which they felt for each other. There exist several notes of invitation from the marchioness to Mrs. Jay, asking her to dinner at the Hotel de Noailles and begging that she will bring with her "Mademoiselle, her daughter," (Maria), to see Madame La Fayette's "little family." And in Mrs. Jay's replies we find graceful mention of "the pleasure it will give her daughter to wait upon the charming little Miss Virginia."

In reference to this pleasant intercourse that ex-

isted between Mrs. Jay and the marchioness, Miss Adams, the daughter of John Adams, recorded in her diary: "Everybody who knew her when here bestows many encomiums upon Mrs. Jay. Madame de La Fayette said she was well acquainted with her and very fond of her, adding that she and Mrs. Jay thought alike, that pleasure might be found abroad but happiness only at home, in the society of one's family and friends."

When this was written, Mrs. Jay had been gone from Paris many months and yet Madame La Fayette did not cease to think and talk of her affectionately. Indeed, there was not in all France a more loyal and admiring friend to Mrs. Jay than Madame La Fayette, unless perhaps it was Dr. Franklin.

To the doctor, Mrs. Jay was indebted for innumerable attentions and kindnesses. He procured lodgings for herself and family, and for a time shared his home with them. He gave her many presents, among other things, a beautiful china teapot from Sevres and an excellent portrait of himself. He showered her and her husband with invitations and at his table introduced them to his distinguished acquaintances, the greatest philosophers, statesmen, and scientists of the age. And he did all this, not for any diplomatic reasons, nor because they were Americans like himself, but because he entertained a real affection for them.

The doctor's letters to John Jay and his wife,

after they had returned home, give evidence of his fondness for them and their children. To Mrs. Jay he wrote in February, 1785: "I received by the Marquis de La Fayette your kind letter of the 13th of December. It gave me pleasure on two accounts, as it informed me of the public welfare and that of your, I may almost say our, dear little family, for since I had the pleasure of their being with me in the same house I have ever felt a kind affection for them equal, I believe, to that of most fathers."

Later, writing to John Jay of his own expected return to America, he said: "Next to the pleasure of rejoining my own family will be that of seeing you and yours well and happy and embracing my little friend (Maria), whose singular attachment to me I shall always remember."

And, shortly after Dr. Franklin's arrival in America, he proposed making a journey to New York and visiting the Jays. Of course the Jays were delighted with the project and Mr. Jay wrote in reference to it: "Mrs. Jay is exceedingly pleased with the idea and sincerely joins with me in wishing to see it realized. Her attachments are very strong and that to you, being founded on esteem and the recollection of kind offices, is particularly so." And of the little Maria he says: "Your name is familiar to her as, indeed, it will be to every generation."

One might go on quoting indefinitely to show

what a happy intimacy existed between Dr. Franklin and his young friends. Indeed, the doctor was always, as he himself declared, like one of the family. And, of course, this was especially true in Paris, when he and the Jays were thrown together so constantly.

The family into which Dr. Franklin had been adopted consisted, in the autumn of 1783, of four members, Mr. Jay, Mrs. Jay, Maria, and a new baby, who had been born at midsummer and christened Anne.

Early in the autumn, however, the family was for a time deprived of its head; Mr. Jay, who had been very much overworked, was forced by ill health to leave his wife and little girls at Passy while he went to England to try the Bath waters. It was shortly after his departure that Mrs. Jay moved to the house at Challiot, which Mr. Jay had engaged for her.

She was delighted with her new quarters and wrote to her husband: "Everybody who sees the house is surprised it has so long remained unoccupied. It is so gay, so lively, that I am sure you will be pleased. Yesterday the windows were opened in my cabinet, while I was dressing, and it was even then too warm. Dr. Franklin and his grandsons and Mr. and Mrs. Coxe and the Miss Walpoles drank tea with me likewise this evening and they all approved of your choice. As the sky is very clear and the moon shines very bright, we were tempted

to walk from the salon upon the terrace and, while the company were admiring my situation, my imagination was retracing the pleasing evenings that you and I have passed together in contemplating the mild and gentle rays of the moon." As we read, we cannot but smile at that last — Mrs. Jay thinking of her husband and "contemplating the mild and gentle rays of the moon;" and this, in the near presence of Dr. Franklin. Surely the doctor did not spare his pretty hostess but poked fun at her and rallied her about her devotion to Mr. Jay, as on that other occasion when he tried to tease her with the tell-tale magnets.

This letter of Mrs. Jay's, written to her husband from Challiot, and others that follow, gives glimpses of the interesting life she led there. She reports reading "Evalina," which Miss Walpole lent her, exchanging repartees with Dr. Franklin, meeting the younger Pitt at a dinner party, and watching the assent of a "globe of Montgolfier's." Her mention of the "globe" is followed by a characteristically sweet comment, "If I had four baloons," she tells her husband, "to make a Mercury of a common messenger you should not be twenty-four hours without hearing from us." She talks of the "enchanting autumn weather," and of the baby Anne she says, "My little Nancy is a perfect cherub, without making the least allowance for a mother's partiality."

But of course Mrs. Jay could not be perfectly

happy without the presence of her "best beloved." "I long most ardently for your return," she writes him and then adds, with true wifely concern, "though I would not have you leave England until you have given it a fair trial."

It was in January, 1784, as we have seen, that Mr. Jay returned to Paris, a well man. And then, for a few months, he and his wife lingered among their friends at the fascinating French capital. But they did not stay long. Though Mr. Jay received repeated offers from Congress of appointments at London and Paris, he refused them all. It was his intention, he declared, to return home, and there to remain a private citizen.

There were many eager to welcome John Jay and his young wife back to America, all their relatives and old friends and, especially, their little son Peter. Of Peter they had been hearing only occasional mention through the few letters that reached them safely. "I long to see you both," Peter's grandpapa wrote them from Liberty Hall, "and my dear little French granddaughter, Maria. My sweet little Peter is now standing at my elbow. He is really, and without flattering, one of the handsomest boys of the whole country."

On May 16 the Jays left Paris for Dover and there they took ship for New York. They carried with them the affection of Americans and foreigners alike. Mr. Jay's services to his country were being universally applauded and at his departure

John Adams wrote (John Adams, who certainly knew how to turn off a phrase as cleverly as any one), "Our worthy friend, Mr. Jay, returns to his country like a bee to his hive, with both legs loaded with merit and honor."

Mr. Jay had thought to remain a private citizen. But in this he was mistaken. On his arrival in America, he was informed that he had been appointed Secretary of Foreign Affairs. This was a prominent and responsible position, corresponding very nearly to the present office of Secretary of State.

As Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Jay had numerous social duties to perform. He built a house in New York at No. 8 Broadway and that became the centre of official entertainment during the years that New York remained the national capital, first under the Articles of Confederation and then, for a brief period, under the Constitution.

All eyes looked naturally to Mrs. Jay for social leadership, her influential family, her husband's important place in public life, her acquaintance with the manners and customs of foreign courts, her wealth and hospitality made her easily the sovereign of the gay New York world.

In her pleasant parlors, at the dawning of the young republic, assembled the grave and gallant of those earliest days. Her dinner and supper list for 1787–88, which by a rare good fortune has been preserved, shows the names of nearly all the promi-

nent colonial families and of the most distinguished statesmen who were brought to New York by the first Congresses.

Mrs. Jay entertained almost constantly. Mrs. Abigail Adams Smith wrote to her mother, Mrs. John Adams: "Mrs. Jay gives a dinner nearly every week, besides one to the *corps diplomatique* on Tuesday evening."

On May 20, 1788, Mrs. Smith wrote again: "Yesterday we dined at Mrs. Jay's in company with the whole *corps diplomatique*. Mr. Jay is a most pleasing man, plain in his manners, but kind, affectionate, and attentive; benevolence is stamped on every feature. Mrs. Jay dresses showily, but is very pleasing on a first acquaintance. The dinner was *à la Française* and exhibited more European taste than I expected to find."

Mrs. Smith's account is of a formal dinner. But when, a year later, in the spring of 1789, her father and mother as vice-president elect and wife visited the Jays, they were entertained in simpler fashion. At least so it would seem from the charming little note which Mrs. Adams afterwards wrote to Mrs. Jay, thanking her for her hospitality. "Our mush and melon brandy," she says, "was of great service to us and we never failed to toast the donor whilst our hearts were warmed by the recollection. I hope, my dear madam, that your health is better than when I left you and this, not for your sake only, but for that of your worthy partner who, I am

sure, sympathized so much with you that he never really breakfasted the whole time I was with you." As we read we cannot be too grateful to Mrs. Adams for showing us Mrs. Jay in the delightfully human atmosphere of doing up a lunch of "mush and melon brandy" for her departing guests and for introducing us to the Jay breakfast table with no Mrs. Jay smiling over the teacups and with Mr. Jay sitting desolate at the opposite end of the table. It is by such realistic touches that we come to know our republican dame and her devoted husband.

On her receiving days, Mrs. Jay was assisted by her cousins, Lady Mary Watts and Lady Katy Duer, the daughters of Lord Sterling. And she usually had one of her numerous sisters with her. The favorite "Kitty" of Revolutionary fame, who had proved so charming a correspondent, was married and living in Baltimore but there were others upon whom Mrs. Jay was free to call and these young girls were always glad to leave Liberty Hall for the attractions of their sister's city home. Their father tells of how they enjoyed "shaking their heels at the balls and assemblages of the metropolis."

The "metropolis" with its gayeties must have been especially alluring to them in that memorable spring of 1789 which saw the adoption of the Constitution and the inauguration of our first president. And we may be sure Mrs. Jay did not forget

her sisters at a time when "the finest gentlemen and most elegant females of the land were content to squeeze themselves into mouse-holes for the privilege of the inauguration week in town."

It was a season of fêtes and balls and congratulatory dinners, in all of which Mrs. Jay took a prominent part. She remained in the city of flags and silken banners and flowers and evergreen garlands to receive and entertain the president. Then, a fortnight later, she crossed over to Liberty Hall, where Mrs. Washington was expected to stop on her way to join her husband in New York.

On a beautiful May day Mrs. Washington, accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Robert Morris, arrived at Liberty Hall. The house was in gala attire, the trees bright with lanterns and the rooms sweet with mayflowers. Mrs. Jay, we are told, "aided her parents in extending graceful hospitalities" to the first lady of the land.

Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Morris spent the night with the Livingstons. The next morning, Washington, attended by Robert Morris, John Jay, and "other distinguished characters," came to Liberty Hall to breakfast with the ladies and after breakfast the whole presidential party sailed across New York Bay and entered the capital, amid music and cannon and "salvos of applause."

Under the new government, which all this merry-making ushered in, Mr. Jay was given the office of Chief Justice. In this capacity his duties often

carried him from home and the letters which he received from his wife in his various absences afford brief glimpses of the life she led during the first administration.

"Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton," she writes, "left New York last Wednesday; they dined with me on Sunday and Tuesday." And again she reports, "Last Monday the President went to Long Island to pass a week there. On Wednesday Mrs. Washington called upon me to go with her to wait upon Miss Von Berckel" (Miss Von Berckel was the pretty daughter of the Dutch minister), "and on Thursday morning, agreeable to invitation, myself and the little girls took an early breakfast with Mrs. Washington, and then went with her and her grandchildren to breakfast at General Morris's Morrisania. We passed together a very agreeable day and on our return dined with her, as she would not take a refusal. After which I came home to dress and she was so polite as to take coffee with me in the evening."

This account of bygone days as told by Mrs. Jay is very interesting and especially so is the reference to that "Thursday morning," when the young mother (Mrs. Jay was only thirty-three at the commencement of Washington's administration) and the "little girls," Maria and Anne, went off on a jaunt to Morrisania with the golden haired "Tut" and naughty "Nellie" and Tut's and Nellie's gray-haired grandmamma.

The "little girls" had become big girls, and besides them and Peter there were William and little Sally when, in the spring of 1794, their father was chosen by Washington as special envoy to Great Britain. Mr. Jay was in Philadelphia, where the Congress was sitting, when he wrote to his wife of his appointment. Of it he said: "No appointment ever operated more unpleasantly upon me; but the public considerations which were urged, and the manner in which it was pressed, strongly impressed me with a conviction that to refuse it would be to desert my duty for the sake of my ease and domestic concerns and comforts." Accordingly on May 17 he set sail for England, taking with him his son, Peter Augustus, who was then in his nineteenth year.

His going was a great trial to Mrs. Jay, greater perhaps than any which had gone before. For it was to be a longer separation than any previous one had been and he and she were becoming more and more necessary to each other's happiness. When he had told her of his decision she had answered: "The utmost exertion I can make is to be silent; excuse me if I have not philosophy," and words such as these mean much when wrung from a heart of a woman like Mrs. Jay.

During her husband's absence in Europe Mrs. Jay, assisted occasionally by her nephew, Peter Jay Monro, assumed charge of domestic affairs. Her letters to Mr. Jay are filled with practical matter,

the rise and fall of stocks, the sale of lands, particulars about money invested in the National Bank, the progress of the mill and dam then being built on their country estate at Bedford, and news of every description relating to their home, in which she knew her husband would be interested.

In one instance, she mentions the horses brought to the city from the Bedford farm and tells of her experience in finding a man to break them for carriage use. "He has undertaken it," she writes, "but he says the coachmen of the city require as much breaking as the horses." This somewhat facetious horsebreaker did his work well, it would seem, for a fortnight later Mrs. Jay was able to report: "The young horses have become gentle and tractable. I rode out with them last evening and paid some visits in town. They stood very quietly and, what to me was of equal consequence, they did not, like a former pair, *stand longer* than I wished."

And, in another of her letters, Mrs. Jay writes of having sent her daughters, Maria and Anne, to the celebrated Moravian school for girls at Bethlehem, Pa., where, it has been grandiloquently stated "in nun-like seclusion were educated a large proportion of the belles who gave the fashionable circles of New York and Philadelphia their inspiration during the last twenty years of the century."

Thus we find Mrs. Jay, in her husband's absence, acting wisely and resolutely on her own responsi-

bility. But we may be sure that she was very glad to give the reins of government over to him when, on May 7, 1795, he returned home.

Upon his arrival Mr. Jay was welcomed with loud applause. He was escorted to his home in Broadway amid the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon. The administration and those who supported it were enthusiastic in their praise of the treaty he had secured from Great Britain.

But there were others, not in sympathy with the national government and all its moves, who denounced John Jay and his treaty, crying, "Damn John Jay. Damn every one that won't damn John Jay. Damn every one that won't put lights in his windows and sit up all night damning John Jay." And Mrs. Jay had the opportunity of observing the adverse side of her husband's political career when he was burned in effigy at Philadelphia and when Hamilton, defending the treaty, was answered with stones.

However, in spite of opposition, John Jay was elected governor of the State, an office which he held for six years. At the end of his second term, in 1801, he retired from public life and he and his family removed to their pleasant estate at Bedford.

Mrs. Jay, however, was not destined to enjoy long the comfort brought by the new life and the new home. She died early in May, 1802, before the season of old age with its sorrows and disappointments had come upon her, and her last

days were passed quietly and happily in the midst of sweet country scenes, with her husband and children about her.

She and John Jay were lovers to the end. "Tell me," he wrote to her only a short time before, referring to her eyes, "are they as bright as ever?" And her letters to him were always what she liked to call them — "little messengers of love."

III.

THEODOSIA BURR,

DAUGHTER OF AARON BURR.

Born in Albany, June 23, 1783.
Died at sea, January 1, 1813.

"With a great deal of wit, spirit, and talent, and a face strikingly beautiful, she inherited all that a daughter could inherit of a father's courage — she was a realization of her father's ideal of a woman" — *James Parton.*

It was an afternoon in early November, a real Indian summer afternoon. Indeed, had it not been for the brownness of the world, the russet hue of wood and meadow, one might have mistaken the day for one in June, so blue was the sky, so soft the air, so warm and caressing the sunshine.

And the summer mood, which all nature was expressing, had taken possession of Richmond Hill and was lulling the place to sleep. Enthroned on its grassy slopes the imposing old house wore a look of drowsy calm; the door stood open to the breezes, the watch dog dozed upon the porch, the curtains were drawn at all the windows, and it was as if the whole household had retired behind closed eyelids for an afternoon nap.

But down in the linden grove it was different.

There no drowsy calm pervaded. Instead all was life and animation, as Theodosia and her lover walked together under the tall trees, in view of the shining river and the beautiful New Jersey shore.

They were engaged in a spirited dispute. The young man was earnest, eager, pleading, but it would seem that he talked to no purpose. Theodosia was in a teasing mood. One could see that by the aggravating pout of her lips, the tilt of her determined little chin, and the laughing light that was forever breaking in her eyes.

She looked charming that afternoon in her straw-colored gown. Her hat, a big gypsy affair of ribbons and flowers, she had taken off and carried swung over one arm while her dark curls, all uncovered and fastened at one side with a bunch of purple asters, fell about her face and shoulders like a child's.

Theodosia's curls were the one thing childish about her. Her manner was mature in its dignity and easy grace, her carriage in spite of her short stature was erect and womanly, and her face, the intelligent brow, the frank eyes, the clear-cut features expressed a loftiness of mind and character more attractive than any childish prettiness could have been.

Just now, in the midst of the lively discussion, her face was turned provokingly from her lover's, and if he would talk at all he must needs address himself to her curls.

"You are determined, then, that you will not like the land of Carolina?" he was saying. "Poor Carolina! What has she done to offend you, Theo?"

There was a sad, mysterious shake of the curls. "Ah, my friends have given me shocking descriptions of your native State, Mr. Alston," came the answer.

"Shocking!" exclaimed the young man, looking properly mystified. "Then they have given you fables for facts, Theo. What did they say? What could they say against my native State?" And he folded his arms as though in righteous defiance of all accusation.

Theodosia stole a sly look at him. "They say," she began, "that your country is very unhealthy, because of its marshy grounds."

Mr. Alston received this in smiling contempt. "Marshy grounds, indeed," he ejaculated. "What of our beautiful hills, our fertile meadows, and our fragrant orange groves? Could your friends tell you naught of them, Theo? 'T is quite evident, then, that some New York beau has been talking to you, some ignorant fellow who knows nothing of the geography of the most beautiful of States, and believes every place but the park and the battery a desert or a marsh."

Theo directed a laughing gaze upon her lover. She liked him so, with folded arms and frowning brows. His ruffled mood became him, she decided,

and she continued teasingly, "That is not all they told me, Mr. Alston."

The young man gave the girl beside him a quick, interrogating glance. All her merriment had suddenly vanished under her long lashes, and she was looking quite demure. "Well?" he inquired.

"As for Charleston," she went on, growing mournful over the horrors of her tale, "they say that the annual epidemic of yellow fever there, the yells of whipped negroes which assail the ear on every hand, and the extreme heat render the place a perfect purgatory."

As she finished Theodosia eyed the young Southerner curiously It would be interesting to see how he would answer this assault on his beloved city, she reflected.

She was not disappointed in him. The frown was still there, only darker, and his voice quite thrilled with indignation as he retorted, "What! Charleston, the most delightfully situated city in America, accused of heat and unhealthiness! And not only its climate, but the disposition of its people outraged! Ah, Theo, I find it difficult to recognize the gentle citizens of Charleston as you describe them — cruel and ferocious, delighting in the screams of the miserable negro bleeding under the scourge of relentless power. A charming picture that you have given! And have you anything to add to it?"

Her lover's sarcasm made Theodosia wonder at

her own audacity, but she continued boldly, "I might tell you what I have heard of the condition of your society. That is the worst of all."

"Yes, I dare say," he remarked resignedly. "We are a company of barbarians, I suppose."

"Barbarians? No, not quite," answered Theodosia sweetly, "but you are a very disagreeable, unsociable lot of people, I should think. The men and women of Carolina associate very little, they tell me. The former all devote themselves to hunting, horse-riding, and gaming and the latter meet in large parties composed entirely of themselves to sip tea and look prim. Now, sir," and, as she spoke, Theodosia turned a disconsolate face to her lover, "how can you expect to make me happy in a country where I am only to talk to the women, sip tea, and look prim?"

At this final sally of hers, the young Southerner's indignation vanished, frown and all, and he laughed heartily as he retorted, "I could *never* expect to make you happy in such a country, Theo. But thank heaven! the real Carolina is a very different sort of place from the Carolina you have described. No one who has ever been among us and witnessed the polished state of our society, the elegance of our parties, the ease and sociability of our manners, and the constant and agreeable intercourse between the sexes would recognize the account which you have given as a picture of our State." Then, catching sight of Miss Theo's merry face, he con-

tinued, with a change of tone, "And you, Theo, you little tease, you do not believe one word of all you have been saying. Did you not tell me only the other day, in a more serious mood, that already you loved Carolina for my sake?"

Theo's eyes fell under her lover's searching glance and she quickly turned her face away. "You must not remember all that I tell you, Joseph Alston," she said.

"Ah, but I shall remember," he answered, coming nearer. "You cannot make me forget any of your words, Theo. Only I do regret that we have wasted so many in foolish argument, words that might have been spent in more agreeable discourse — talks of our wedding day, for instance." He sought for a hand under the folds of the straw-colored gown, and having found it held it fast in his. "Let us speak now of that glorious time," he pleaded. "When shall it be, sweetheart?"

"Not for a twelvemonth, Joe, dear."

"Ah, you are cruel, Theo," protested the young man. "That is too long a time — too long by a twelvemonth."

Theo shook her curls. "It is too short a time by many years," she said, and then turning laughing, provoking, mischievous eyes upon her lover she added, "Aristotle says a man should not marry before he is six and thirty."

"A fig for Aristotle," was the contemptuous reply. "Crabbid old sage that he was, surely you do not agree with him, Theodosia?"

"I do not approve of early marriages," she answered primly and once more her face was hidden in the shadow of her curls.

"And I do most heartily," declared her lover. "But let me hear your objections, Theo, that I may annihilate them all."

His ardor and assurance were quite disconcerting. Theodosia found it difficult to oppose him. "Want of discretion," she argued faintly.

"That is an objection sometimes, I admit. But, Theo, when does a man arrive at the age of discretion? Can you answer me that?"

Theo gave the matter grave consideration. "It would be difficult to say," she replied doubtfully. "Some men, a very few, reach it at thirty, some again not till fifty, and many not at all."

Young Alston nodded in agreement. "You are right," he said. "The age of discretion is entirely uncertain. How ridiculous, then, is it not, to fix on such or such a period as the discreet age for marrying?" Then, with a look at Theo that had stolen a little of the girl's own mischief, he added slyly, "And is that the only argument you can urge against an early marriage, madam?"

"Want of fortune," she faltered. She was beginning to realize the hopelessness of further argument.

"Again I agree. But is not that an objection to be considered differently in different cases? Sometimes a fortune is absolutely necessary to a man

before he marries, and sometimes, alas, especially here in your cold Northern States, a man marries expressly for the purpose of making a fortune. Is not that true, Theo?"

"I fear it is — only too true."

"Well, then — but why do we talk in generalities? Allowing both your objections their full force, may there not be a single case where they do not reach?"

"As — for instance?"

"Well, let us suppose (for instance, merely) a young man already of the *greatest* discretion, with an ample fortune, to be passionately in love with a young lady almost eighteen, as discreet as himself, do you think it would be necessary to make such a young man wait till thirty?"

"And why not?" inquired Theo. All this while they had been walking hand in hand. But now she drew away and met his ardent gaze with a challenge in her eyes. "You have chosen to laugh at my arguments, Mr. Alston," she said. "Pray, sir, have you any better to show for your side of the dispute?"

They had left the linden grove behind them and were ascending the grassy slope that stretched before the house. Once arrived at the door, there would be no chance for further love-making and Alston, realizing this, knew that if he were to gain a victory over his perverse sweetheart that afternoon, he must be about it at once, so he squared his shoul-

ders and threw back his head as if summoning all his powers of eloquence and persuasion.

"Theo," he began, "there is every reason in the world why a man should marry young. I cannot name them all, but if you will be patient, I will tell you a few." He paused a moment, with a glance at the rosy cheek and clustering curls beside him and then, as if drawing inspiration from the sight, he continued more determinedly than ever: "When we are young we are the better lovers; our ideas are more refined, every generous sentiment beats higher; and our sensibility is far more alive to every emotion our companion may feel. Depend upon it, Theo, the man who does not love till thirty will never, never love; long before that time he will become too much enamoured of his own dear self to think of transferring his affection to any other object. He may marry, but interest alone will direct his choice; far from regarding his wife as the dearest friend of his life, he will consider her but as an unavoidable encumbrance on the estate she brings him. Then, too, it is only when we are young that our minds and dispositions receive the complexion we give them; it is only then that our habits are moulded and our pursuits directed as we please; as we advance in life these become fixed and unchangeable and instead of our governing them they govern us. Is it not better, therefore, for the happiness of all, that persons should marry young, when they are directed by

mutual affection and may adapt themselves to each other, instead of waiting till a time when their prejudices and habits are so rooted that there exists neither the inclination nor the power to correct them? But, Theo," he broke off impetuously, "did you never hear of what Dr. Franklin has to say in support of my theory? He is quite as good an authority as Aristotle, I think, and he declares that those who marry early may be likened to two young trees joined together by the hand of the gardener:

> "'Trunk knit with trunk, and branch with branch entwined
> Advancing still more closely they are joined;
> At length, full grown, no difference we see,
> But 'stead of two behold a single tree!'

"And those, on the other hand, who do not marry till late he likens to two ancient oaks:

> "'Use all your force, they yield not to your hand,
> But firmly in their usual stations stand,
> While each, regardless of the other's views,
> Stubborn and fixed, its natural bent pursues.'"

Thus, with this most appropriate bit of verse, the young lover ended his plea and faced his sweetheart smiling and triumphant.

It was impossible to resist such ardent wooing. Theo clapped her hands and laughed gayly as she retorted: "'A Daniel come to judgment, aye, a Daniel.' You argue well, my friend. Father spoke truly when he said that you were born to be a lawyer."

By this time they had reached the house and

mounting the steps to the porch, they lingered there a moment, without speaking, in the shade of the lofty Grecian columns and the vines brilliant in autumn colors that clustered around.

At length Theo raised her eyes slowly to her lover's. "You must go," she said in accents of regret. "I hear father in his study. He will want me."

The young man took the hand that she held out to him and raised it to his lips with true eighteenth-century gallantry.

"But," he pleaded, "have I convinced you, sweetheart? For of what use are arguments, if they bring not conviction with them?"

Theo met his tender, earnest gaze with a smile that was a sweet surrender. "I think I was convinced before you began to speak, dear Joe," she answered, "and did but oppose objections that I might hear you say what my own heart already told me."

Then, without waiting for Alston to take advantage of her pretty speech, with a quick charming gesture of farewell, she retreated through the doorway. And having shut her lover out with a sharp slam that put an end to further discourse between them, she tip-toed down the hall to the library and stood a moment on the threshold peering in.

It was the library of a real book lover upon which she gazed; books lined the walls and were strewn on desks and tables, books of many sorts

and subjects, all showing the careful and critical taste of a scholar.

In one corner of the room a man was seated writing. He was a remarkable little gentleman. His hair, lightly touched with gray, was drawn back from a broad, smooth forehead into a straight queue. His features were strong and regular, his eyes black, brilliant, penetrating. His whole appearance expressed wonderful charm and power.

At the sound of Theodosia's step he did not turn his head but only stopped a moment in his writing to inquire quietly, "Is that you, Theo?"

"Yes, father."

"What have you been doing?"

"Oh, promising to marry Joseph Alston again."

She spoke lightly, swinging her hat carelessly back and forth on her arm. Her father smiled at her words and as he resumed his writing inquired of her playfully, "And how many times a day do you go through that ceremony, daughter?"

Theo gave a little sigh. "As many times, perhaps, as you go through the ceremony of writing your name," she answered with a glance at the pile of letters on his desk; and then with a change of tone that had in it an undercurrent of seriousness she added, "Father, it is coming soon — my marriage, I mean. Joseph is in a great hurry."

Aaron Burr looked up from his writing. A shadow crossed his face; but it was gone almost instantly.

"Well, the sooner the better — for him and you, I suppose," he answered cheerfully.

The shadow that had been upon the father's face was reflected on the daughter's. It was the thought of their future separation that saddened them, this their one cause for regret in the happy prospect of Theodosia's marriage.

But, as was their way, their sorrow was expressed only in the one brief look that passed between them. It was the principle of Aaron Burr to steel himself against all the vexations and disappointments of life and never to indulge in a lament. This principle he had instilled most vigorously into his young daughter and with this result — Theodosia was as brave a little stoic as himself.

Now, with a merry look, she came and stood beside him.

"Busy — always so busy," she said, shaking her head wearily over the books and papers that surrounded him. "When your mind is so full of all this serious matter," she continued, pointing to the books, "what room can there be for Theodosia in your thoughts?"

He laid his hand caressingly on hers as it rested on the desk beside him. "Little girl," he replied, "the ideas of which you are the subject which pass daily through my brain would, if committed to writing, fill a much larger volume than any of those you see here before you."

She answered him with a happy laugh and seated

herself on a low hassock at his feet. After a moment's silence she looked up at him, half smiling and half serious. "Father, what do you suppose?" she said; "Joseph is jealous — jealous of you. He declares that I love you better than I love him."

"The ingrate," ejaculated her father in pretended anger. "When you are leaving me for him! Does it not seem that I have the greater cause for jealousy?"

Theo shook her curls; a wonderful smile broke in the depths of her dark eyes. "Wait till I tell you what I told him," she answered. As she spoke she turned her face away from her father's, as if shy of showing the great love which he inspired. "I said, 'Joseph Alstone, I love you. I love you as a woman loves the man she is going to marry. But you must not expect me to love you in the way that I love my father. You are to me like other men, only dearer. But my father is not like other men to me, he is elevated far above them. I regard him with so strange a mixture of admiration, reverence, and love that very little would be necessary to make me worship him as a superior being. And when, after a contemplation of his character, I revert to myself, how insignificant do my best qualities appear! My vanity would be greater if I had not been placed so near him. And yet, my relationship to him is my pride. I had rather not live than not be the daughter of Aaron Burr.'"

As Theodosia spoke, her head was high, her

cheeks flushed, her eyes shining. Her whole look expressed the enthusiasm of her love for her father. And Aaron Burr as he listened, while rejoicing in the picture which his daughter carried of him in her heart, must have thought with a grim sort of smile of that other very different picture which the world had of him.

And there were the two men as well as the two pictures. Aaron Burr, the father of Theodosia, was a very different sort of person from Aaron Burr, the politician, intriguing with all his might to secure his election to the presidency. All that was good in him came out under the sunny influence of Theodosia's love.

Theodosia's love for her father was of no ordinary nature. It began at a very early age, it remained faithful in the time of his disgrace and exile, and lasted to the day of her own tragic death.

When she was still a very small child, only three years old, she was his most devoted admirer. While absent from home Burr wrote sending his love to "the smiling little girl." He did not know that, after his departure, the smiling little girl had become a tearful little girl who refused to be comforted and could not endure to hear his name mentioned in her presence. "Your dear little daughter," they wrote him, "seeks you twenty times a day, calls you to your meals, and will not suffer your chair to be filled by any of the family."

Yet in spite of the tears that always came whenever her father was away from her, Theodosia really was a "smiling little girl." There was reason why she should smile. She had been born into a happy home.

At the time of her birth, Burr was a successful young lawyer; a brilliant career was predicted for him. Handsome, fascinating, of good family and considerable fortune, he had been regarded as a desirable *parti* by the belles of New York. He might have aspired to the hand of a Clinton, a Livingston, a Van Renssalaer. But instead he had married a woman ten years his senior, neither rich nor pretty, a widow with two sons.

While he was still a Revolutionary colonel, Burr had discovered the attraction of the "Hermitage," where lived the Widow Prevost, her mother and sister. There, in the pleasant library of the house, he and the widow had held many interesting conversations inspired by the books they read, conversations which opened Burr's eyes to the beautiful mind and character of the woman with whom he talked. He grew to love the Widow Prevost with a reverence such as he had never before felt for any woman. "The mother of my Theo," he was heard to say in the days when she of whom he spoke had long been dead, "was the best woman and the finest lady I have ever known."

In July, 1782, Burr and Theodosia Prevost were

married. For a year they lived in Albany. There Theodosia was born on the 23d of June, 1783. She was their only child.

Shortly after her birth they moved to New York and rented a house in Maiden Lane, and later, so prosperous a business man did Burr become, they acquired possession of a country seat, Richmond Hill, a beautiful spot on the banks of the Hudson, about two miles above the city.

At Richmond Hill, in the midst of swelling meadow land and venerable shade trees, Theodosia grew up under a Spartan rigidity of discipline. It was her father's ambition to make of her an intelligent and noble woman. "If I could foresee," he wrote to his wife, "that Theo would become a mere fashionable woman, with all the attendant frivolity and vacuity of mind, adorned with whatever grace and allurement, I would earnestly pray God to take her forthwith hence. But I yet hope by her to convince the world what neither sex appears to realize, that women have souls."

He taught her to be brave and to endure hardship. While she was still a very little girl, he required her to sleep alone and to go about the house in the dark. He asked that her breakfast every morning should be of bread and milk and he especially insisted upon her being regular and punctual in all things.

One evening a volume entitled "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman," by Mary Wollstonecraft,

chanced to come under his notice. Until late into the night he sat up reading it. It left a deep impression on his mind.

In the spirit of that book, he undertook the education of his daughter. He went on the principle that Theodosia was as clever and capable as a boy, — this was an unusual principle in the days when Theodosia was a little girl, — and he gave her the same advantages which he would have given a son. She was not only instructed in the usual feminine accomplishments, French and music, but in the more manly branches of education, mathematics, Greek, and Latin. Every day she had her hours for "ciphering," and she learned to read Virgil, Horace, Terence, Lucian, and Homer, in the original.

Her father himself superintended her education, even to the smallest details. From Philadelphia, where he was stationed as United States Senator, he sent her fond letters of advice and criticism. He talked to her of her tutors, directed her how to pursue her studies, and corrected the faults in spelling, English, and punctuation that appeared in her letters. And at his request she sent him every week a journal of her doings and of her progress in learning.

Those are charming pictures we have of Aaron Burr waiting about in the Government building for the arrival of the post that should bring the letter or diary directed in Theodosia's girlish hand; and

again, seated at his desk in the noisy Senate chamber in the midst of the debating and the voting, writing a reply to his "dear little daughter" in time to catch the return mail to New York.

His letters to Theodosia are delightful. They show us his imperial will, his graceful speech, his delicate twists and turns of thought, all those fascinating attributes of mind with which he captivated so many men and women. Sometimes he scolds her. "What," he exclaims, "can neither affection nor civility induce you to devote to me the small portion of time which I have required? Are authority and compulsion, then, the only engines by which you can be moved? For shame, Theo. Do not give me reason to think so ill of you." Sometimes he is only reproachful. "Ten or fifteen minutes," he says, "should not be an unreasonable sacrifice from *you* to *me*." Again he has only praise for her. "*Io triumphe*," he writes jubilantly. "There is not a word misspelled either in your journal or letter, which cannot be said of a single page you ever wrote before. The fable is quite classical and written most beautifully. But what has become of your Alpha Beta? Discouraged? That is impossible. Laid aside for the present? That, indeed, is possible, but by no means probable. Shall I guess again? Yes; you mean to surprise me with some astonishing progress." And again he cheers and encourages her along the difficult path of learning. "You must

not puzzle all day, my dear little girl, at one hard lesson," he tells her. "After puzzling faithfully one hour, apply to your arithmetic, and do enough to convince the doctor that you have not been idle. Neither must you be discouraged by one unlucky day. The doctor is a very reasonable man and makes all due allowances for the levities as well as for the stupidity of children. I think you will not often challenge his indulgence on either score."

And Theodosia did not "challenge indulgence" very often. Indeed, she was an unusually smart and womanly little girl. Her father's frequent absences from home, her mother's long and painful illness, terminating in death when Theodosia was eleven years old, brought early those cares and responsibilities that mature and strengthen character. While she was still only a child in years, she assumed charge of her father's household. The distinguished men who gathered in Burr's pleasant, hospitable home were charmed with the little hostess, her playful wit, her self-poise and dignity of manner.

Burr of course was very proud of his talented young daughter, and delighted to present her to his guests. We may imagine with what satisfaction he regarded her as she conversed in fluent French with Louis Philippe, Volney, Talleyrand, and other noted Frenchmen who came to visit him at Richmond Hill. And as for Theo, when she was chatting gayly with the entertaining Frenchmen we

may be sure she did not regret the long, tedious hours she had spent under the tuition of her exacting French governess.

Those were among her hours of triumph and so, too, was that memorable occasion when she entertained Brant, the Indian chief. He came to her with a letter of introduction from her father in Philadelphia. The young mistress of Richmond Hill — she was only fourteen at the time — received the famous "warrior bold" with a welcome that had in it all the brightness and charm of womanhood. She invited several of her father's friends to meet him, Volney, Bishop Moore, Dr. Bard, and Dr. Hosack. With easy grace and something of a regal air, she presided at the head of the table and her distinguished visitors were her most devoted slaves.

In those days when she was mistress of Richmond Hill after her mother's death, Theodosia was more than ever before the object of her father's thought and love. "The happiness of my life," he wrote to her, "depends on your exertions; for what else, for whom else, do I live?"

He continued to superintend her education. Nothing, no social duties, no business or pleasure of any sort, was allowed to interfere with her advancement in learning. At sixteen Theodosia was still a school-girl, though her companions of the same age had abjured all study books and were giving their entire attention to gowns, parties, and

beaux. And if ever Theodosia was inclined to make comparisons and sigh over the wearisomeness of lessons, her father would gravely remonstrate. "And do you regret that you are not also a woman?" he wrote; "that you are not numbered in that galaxy of beauty that adorns an assembly room, coquetting for admiration and attracting flattery? No, I answer with confidence. You feel that you are maturing for solid friendship. The friends you gain you will never lose; and no one, I think, will dare to insult your understanding by such compliments as are most graciously received by too many of your sex."

No man, perhaps, was more at home in an "assembly room" than Aaron Burr and certainly no man knew better the women whose understanding one might "insult" with idle compliments. And it was because he had so little respect for those women, whom he pretended to admire, that he determined to make a different woman of his Theo. In giving her an education he gave her a mind above flattery and foolish adulation.

Theodosia's education, however, was not confined to intellectual pursuits. Her father, while he insisted on a rigorous course of book-learning for her, was also mindful of her health. His daughter was taught to ride, to skate, and to dance.

In dancing she was especially proficient. Her father was much pleased with her progress in that art. Whenever he was at home on her dancing-

school evenings he delighted to play escort to her. "Your being in the ballet charms me," he wrote. "If you are to practise on Wednesday evening, do not stay away for the expectation of receiving me. If you should be at the ballet I will go forthwith to see you."

At length Theodosia arrived at the age when, with her father's consent, she might be promoted from dancing-schools to parties. He and she chatted merrily together about those parties. But even when such frivolities were the subject of their discourse, Burr did not forget his character of instructor. He coaxed Theodosia to make theme-topics, as it were, of her parties.

"What novel of Miss Burney," he asked her, "is that in which the heroine begins by an interesting account of the little details of her *début* in London and particularly of a ball where she met Lord Somebody and did twenty ridiculous things? I want such a description of a ball from you. Be pleased to read those first letters of the novel referred to and take them for a model."

At the time when she was receiving letters of this pleasant sort from her father, Theo was a charming little debutante. In spite of her beauty, her talents, and her high position as the daughter of Aaron Burr, she was delightfully simple and unaffected. Such was the result of a sensible education and her own sweet nature.

Of course she had many friends. We catch

glimpses of them in the letters from her father. He wrote to her from Albany: "One would think that the town was going into mourning for your absence. I am perpetually stopped in the street by little and big girls. Where is Miss Burr? Won't she come up this winter? Oh, why did n't you bring her?" etc.

She also had many admirers. We have a hint of them in one of the jovial Edward Livingston's amusing puns that has come down to us. He was mayor of New York when Theodosia was one of its ruling belles. One day he took the young lady aboard a French frigate lying in the harbor. "You must bring none of your sparks on board," he warned her in merry raillery, "for they have a magazine here and we shall all be blown up."

However, Theodosia's admirers — "sparks," shall we call them? — were not long allowed to remain in evidence. There came that impetuous young fellow from the South who, loving Theodosia, was determined to win her though all the beaux of New York might challenge his suit. He straightway routed his rivals and captured his love.

We who know Joseph Alston and his eloquent ways of wooing cannot wonder at his success. He was a lover worth having and we like Theodosia all the better because she made choice of him. As we read of their laughing and sighing, their teasing, disputing, and happy makings-up, we think of them fondly and the blessings of our twentieth

century travel gayly back to those sweethearts of long ago.

A few of the love-letters that passed between them have survived and give glimpses of their charming personalities. "Pray how does Miss P. walk?" inquires Theo the tease. Miss P., it appears, was one of Joseph's old-time "flames." And Joseph, the ever-ready, makes answer, "You ask how Miss P. walks. If it is your object, from knowing how you stand with her in point of forces, to preserve better what you have won, receive a general lesson. Continue in every respect exactly as you are and you please me most." Again the highly accomplished and intellectual Miss Burr speaks to her lover, "I wish you would acquire French," she tells him. And thus replies the wily young Southerner: "You wish me to acquire French. I already understand something of it and with a little practice would soon speak it. I promise you, therefore, if you become my instructress, in less than two months after our marriage to converse with you entirely in that language. I fix the period *after* our marriage, for I cannot think of being corrected in the mistakes I may make by any other person than my wife." It is only occasionally that we discern a trace of the real Theo, the Theo behind all the talk and laughter, the Theo of the loving heart who complains of the "packet" bearing the letter from Carolina, the truant packet that has been "delayed by head winds" and has not

yet arrived. "My father," she makes confession to her lover, "laughs at my impatience to hear from you and says I am in love."

As the winter snows of the year 1800–01 deepened on the ground, the time for Theo's marriage approached. The ceremony was to be performed in Albany, where Burr was numbered among the members of the New York Legislature. Theo and her father took the journey from New York to Albany together.

It was a period of intense excitement for them. Not only was one of them to be married but the other was very near to being elected President of the United States. The names Burr and Jefferson were in all mouths and the struggle between the rival candidates had by a tie vote in the electoral college been thrown into the House of Representatives. We can imagine that Aaron Burr and his daughter had much to occupy their thoughts as they journeyed northward.

Yet, in spite of the excitement and seriousness, Theo could speak with her accustomed light banter. It was thus that she wrote to her lover from Poughkeepsie, one of the stopping places along the route, "Thus far have we advanced on the *terrible* journey from which you predicted so many evils, without meeting even with inconvenience. How strange that Mr. Alston should be wrong! Do not, however, pray for misfortunes to befall us that your character may be retrieved; it

were useless, I assure you; although I am very sensible how anxious you must now be to inspire me with all due respect and reverence, I should prefer to feel it in any other way. We shall go from hence to Albany in a sleigh and hope to arrive on Sunday evening that we may be *settled* on Thursday. Adieu. Health and happiness. Theodosia."

To Albany along the trail that Theodosia and her father had travelled, the young lover followed, eager to claim his bride. And on a bright day, early in February, while the world still wore its bridal veil of snow, Theodosia Burr and Joseph Alston were married.

Journeying southward to Carolina and "The Oaks," where Theodosia was to find a new land and a new home, the bride and groom stopped at Washington. There Theodosia had the pleasure of seeing her father inaugurated as Vice-President. It was an honor only second to that which she had hoped for him and there were those who whispered reassuringly in her ear that it would not be long before she might behold him President.

Thus, in a flood of happiness and glory, the new life opened auspiciously for Theodosia Alston, and as she looked toward the future she seemed to see the promise of even greater happiness and glory.

The first three years of Theodosia's married life fulfilled their promise. Their only cloud was her separation from her father. She could not restrain

her sorrow on that score and expressed it in her letters to him. Burr replied with characteristic stoicism, "Certain parts of your letter I cannot answer. Let us think of the expected meeting and not the present separation. God bless thee ever."

Yet, with all his stoicism, Burr missed his "little Theo." Now and then, in his letters to her, he sounded a note of sadness and regret. Shortly after her departure from Washington he told her, "Your little letter from Alexandria assured me of your safety and for a moment consoled me for your absence. The only solid consolation is the belief that you will be happy and that we shall often meet." And again, writing to her from his New York home, where there was so much to remind him of the daughter who was gone, he said, "I approached home as I would approach the sepulchre of my friends. Dreary, solitary, comfortless. It was no longer *home*."

We can only imagine how words such as these, wrung from the heart of a man so uncomplaining as Aaron Burr, must have affected the loving little daughter to whom they were addressed. Perhaps as she read them she almost wished herself away from all her new happiness and back again amid the scenes of her childhood that she might comfort her lonely father and make home *home* for him once more. But fortunately Theo did not often have occasion to make such a wish. Her father's letters to her were, for the most part, written in their usual

cheerful, merry vein and he seemed so happy in her happiness that she had reason to feel herself free to enjoy without regret.

And there was much in the new life to make enjoyment easy. The man whom she had learned to love, when he came courting her in her Northern home, she found even more lovable as a devoted husband in his own sunny Southern land. He was, moreover, a great man in Carolina, a man of wealth, talents, and political possibilities. Many honors were waiting for him. It only needed Theodosia's inspiring influence to urge him on from step to step, until in time he was raised to the position of governor of his State.

For her husband's sake and for her father's and her own as well, Theodosia was cordially received in the South. Carolina, she discovered, was a different sort of place from the Carolina which she had pictured when in the days before her marriage, as Joseph Alston's provoking little sweetheart, she had been pleased to tease her lover about his "native State." She was not forced to pass her time as she had conjectured, in "sipping tea and looking prim." Instead, she was royally entertained by the men and women of Carolina. Her winters in Charleston were a gay round of social pleasures. Her summers were more quiet. They were passed either in the mountains of Carolina or with her father at Richmond Hill.

Thus the time passed merrily, happily, and with

appalling fleetness for Theodosia Alston and in the second spring of her marriage "the boy," Aaron Burr Alston, was born. Of course there never was so remarkable a child as that one; so thought the baby Aaron's mamma and papa, his grandmamma and grandpapa Alston, and that jolly Vice-President of a grandfather, the man for whom the little chap was named. Theodosia regarded her son as the "crowning blessing" of her life. She used to wonder and almost tremble at thought of her great happiness. It was as if she divined something of the sorrow and tragic fate that lay before her.

It is pleasant to remember Theodosia as she was then, in those first years of joyous wifehood and motherhood; and through the medium of her father's letters and her own we are able to know her quite intimately.

In spite of the added dignity that had come with her marriage, Theodosia was still very much a child. So she told her father. "All your trouble, good precepts, and better example," she said, "have been thrown away on me. I am still a child. Your letter of the 7th inst. reached me yesterday; of course it made me very happy; but those pretty little playthings from Dr. M'Kinnon delighted me. I looked at them over and over, with as much pleasure as a miser over his hoard. But you must send me the shawl; I shall be down at the races and want to have the gratification of displaying it."

And her father answered with true appreciation of her youngness: "You are a good girl to write so often. Oh, yes! I knew how much of a child you were when I sent the pretty things."

Of course to her father, especially, she was still a child, and he treated her as one. He joked her just as he used to do. "You made two more conquests on your Northern tour," he informed her, "'King Brant' and the stage driver, both of whom have been profuse in their eulogies. Brant has written me two letters on the subject. It would have been quite in style if he had scalped your husband and made you Queen of the Mohawks." Then the teasing papa goes on to make playful mention of Theo's devotion to her husband. "Tell me that Marì" (her name for her husband) "is happy," he wrote her, "and I shall know you are."

And sometimes he would scold her, much the same as when she was a little girl and had neglected to write her letters on time, or to compose her journal. "Five weeks without hearing from you," he wrote her. "Intolerable! Now I think to repose myself in sullen silence for five weeks from this date. I know the apples and nuts" (which he was sending to her) "will bring you out. Thus children are moved; but I also thought that a pretty little letter, even without bonbons, would have done the same. Adieu, my dear little negligent baggage."

Occasionally, however, it was Theodosia herself who had to do the scolding, thus turning the tables,

as it were, upon Papa Burr. Now it was because he absented himself from New York while she was there. "*Cher petit père*," she wrote him, "the boy kisses you but I do not because you remained so long in Philadelphia." And again it was because he neglected to write to her with his customary promptness. "I have been here about a week, *cher père*," she objected, "and have not received a line from you. I do not know whether to be most sorry or mad; a little of both troubles me at present but, to punish you for your silence, I will not tell you which predominates. Pray write to me immediately." And her father answered like the dutiful "*cher petit père*" that he was, "Indeed, indeed, my dear little Theodosia, I will write to you very soon. Don't scold and pout so."

But although Theodosia and her father, too, might "scold and pout," it was only in the way of fondness and their letters to each were, for the most, written in a highly complimentary vein. Theodosia always knew where to turn when in need of some sincere flattery. From Ballston, N.Y., where she was spending a few midsummer weeks, she wrote to her "*cher père*," — "In the evening we went to a ball. I danced twice, but am unable to tell whether I looked well or danced well; for you are the only person in the world who says anything to me about my appearance. Marì generally looks pleased, but rarely makes remarks. On my return, therefore, I wished for you to learn some account of myself; for

vanity and diffidence had a combat in which each so well maintained its ground that the affair is still left undecided." "Lord, how I should have liked to see you dance," replied her father with becoming gallantry. It is so long; how long is it? It is certain that you danced better than anybody and looked better." A great deal of sincere flattery, too, came without the asking. Thus Burr wrote to his daughter comparing her to one of the most beautiful women of the day. "Madame Bonaparte passed a week here," he said. "She is a charming little woman; just the size and nearly the figure of Theodosia Burr Alston, by some thought a little like her; perhaps not so well in the shoulders; dresses with taste and simplicity; has sense, spirit, and sprightliness."

In the compliments as in the scoldings we read Burr's love for his daughter. Another proof of his affection for her was his constant solicitude about her health. "Are you a good girl?" he would inquire of her. "Do you drink the waters and bathe and ride and walk?" He was anxious to hear that she took sufficient exercise. He desired that she should walk, no matter what the weather, and described just the sort of overshoes she should wear for precaution in the stormy seasons.

His concern for her was not founded on imaginary evils. For a while Theodosia was in very delicate health. She herself, of course, made light of her illness. She referred to it with her usual ban-

ter. "Ever since the date of my last letter," she told her father, "I have been quite ill. The whole family, as well as myself, had begun to think pretty seriously of my last journey; but, fortunately, I have had the pleasure of keeping them up a few nights, and drawing forth all their sensibility, without giving them the trouble of burying, mourning, etc." She did all in her power to hurry along her own recovery. "I exert myself to the utmost," she wrote, "feeling none of that pride so common to my sex of being weak and ill. I encourage spirits and try to *appear* well." Being busy, she found, was an excellent remedy. "My health is much improved," she reported, "and I attribute it to nothing but the continual bustle I have been kept in for three weeks past. What a charming thing a bustle is! Oh, dear, delightful confusion! It gives a circulation to the blood, an activity to the mind, and a spring to the spirits."

During her invalidism Theodosia, taking the little boy with her, went to stay for a while with her father in New York. Business kept her husband in the South and so, for the first time since their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Alston were parted. A few of Theodosia's letters, written to her husband in this period of separation, have come down to us and show her to have been a most devoted little wife. With truly feminine forethought, she despatched to him a box of cigars (of the choicest New York brand) with the instructions that her

"great Apollo," as she was pleased to hail her husband, was to smoke these cigars whenever he went into the city that he might thereby "create an atmosphere" to scare away all germs. She told him she was glad to hear he had chosen chess for his amusement in her absence. "It keeps you in mind," she remarked naïvely, "how poor kings fare without their queens." She confessed that every woman, herself included, must prefer the society of the North to that of the South, but she added reassuringly, "Where you are, there is my country."

From all of which it may be seen that Theodosia was very much in love with her husband. But if we may judge from an occasional hint that she dropped in her letters to her father, she was not in love with all her husband's relatives. "We travel in company with the two Alstons (*le père* and *frère*)," she wrote. "Pray teach me how to write two A's without producing something like an Ass." The quotation, however saucy, should be forgiven, since the fact that Theodosia was not always pleased with her "things-in-law" makes her seem all the more real to us of this later day.

Theodosia's letters to her husband and to her father alike are full of references to her son. "He is a sweet little rascal," she told her husband; and to her father she said, "He remembers you astonishingly. He is constantly repeating that you are gone, and calling after you. When I told him to

call Mr. Alston grandfather — 'Grandfather gone,' says he."

Of course "grandfather" on his part had much to say about the boy. "There is a little boy opposite my window," he wrote to Theodosia, "who has something of the way of 'Mammy's treasure.' Don't be jealous; not half so handsome." He never wearied of hearing "Mammy" talk of her "treasure." As much as she told him he declared it was "never enough." He was especially interested in the development of the little fellow's character, and thus, in his own pleasant fashion, he commented upon it: "I like much his heroism and his gallantry. You cannot think how much these details amuse me;" and again: "All you write of the boy represents him such as I would have him and his refusal of the peaches reminded me of his mother. Just so she has done fifty times, and just so I kissed her."

Burr was very much interested in the boy's education. He began discussing it with Theodosia while the child was still in his babyhood. "I hope you talk to him much in French," he wrote her; and again: "If you had one particle of invention or genius you would have taught A. B. A. his a b c's before this. I am sure he may now be taught them and then put a pen in his hand and set him to imitate them. He may read and write before he is three years old. This, with speaking French, would make him a tolerably accomplished lad of

that age and worthy of his blood." He was delighted with his grandson's first letter to him. "The letter of A. B. A. at the foot of yours," he wrote his daughter, "was far the most interesting. I have studied every pot hook and trammel of his first literary performance to see what rays of genius could be discovered."

And while Burr was busying himself with educational plans for the boy, he did not forget the mother. He continued in the character of Theodosia's critic and instructor, urging her to improve her mind for her son's sake and for her own as well. "Pray take in hand some book which requires attention and study," he told her. "You will, I fear, lose the habit of study, which would be a greater misfortune than to lose your head." He advised her to read the newspapers, "not to become a partisan in politics, God forbid," but because they "contain the occurrences of the day and furnish standing topics for conversation." "Pray, madam," he asked, "do you know of what consist the 'Republic of the Seven Islands'? Do you know the present boundaries of the French republic? Neither, in all probability. Then hunt them." Philosophy he recommended to her as an especially alluring study. "Darwin and Harris you have," he said, "others I will send." He told her to read over her Shakespeare, "critically, marking the passages which are beautiful, absurd, or obscure. I will do the same," he promised, "and one of these days we will com-

pare." But above all things she was exhorted to improve her "style and language." "In this," her father assured her, "you will be aided by regaining your Latin."

Thus, we see, Theodosia and all that pertained to Theodosia was as dear to Burr in the period of her wifehood and motherhood as in those earlier days when she was only his little daughter, his pupil, playfellow, and comrade, the mistress of his home. Though she had gone from him, she still lived with him in his thoughts. Her twenty-first birthday he celebrated at Richmond Hill just as he would have done had she been there. "We kept Theo's birthday," he told her, "laughed an hour, danced an hour, and drank her health. We had your picture in the dining-room but, as it is a profile and would not look at us, we hung it up."

Yet even while he wrote these words so instinct with his fondness for her, Burr was meditating the deed that was to end his own happiness and hers. A very little later, before Theodosia could receive the letter telling of the pleasure her birthday had brought him, the tragedy of Weehawken had occurred.

On the night before the duel Burr sat at his desk until late into the night, writing. His last thoughts before going to the field were of Theodosia. To her husband he said: "If it should be my lot to fall yet I shall live in you and your son. I commit to you all that is most dear to me, my reputation

and my daughter;" and to Theodosia herself he said, "I am indebted to you, my dearest Theodosia, for a very great portion of the happiness which I have enjoyed in this life. You have completely satisfied all that my heart had hoped."

Not many hours later the world was mourning the death of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr was a fugitive from justice, with an indictment for murder hanging over him.

News of the duel reached Theodosia in her far-away home. Its shadow fell on her with awful blackness. Her days of gladness were over and her days of anxiety and sorrow had begun.

With her gladness she had lost, too, that tone of merry banter which had always been hers. Life had become all seriousness with her. But not so with Aaron Burr. In the fierce storm of protest and of passion that raged against him he remained calm and unconcerned. He could even joke with Theodosia over the measures that were being taken against him. He told her that the States of New York and New Jersey were engaged in a dispute as to which should have the honor of hanging the Vice-President; that she should have due notice as to the time and place of the hanging; and that wherever and whenever it might be, she "might rely on a great concourse of company, much gayety and many rare sights, such as the lion, the elephant, etc." And when Theodosia answered his fun with apprehensions and forebodings he rebuked her. "You

treat the affair with too much gravity," he said. "It should be considered as a farce."

Theodosia did not see her father until late in the fall. He came to her black with his many miles of travel in an open canoe. Ruined in fortune and repute, he was as welcome as ever he had been in the days of his prosperity. His disgrace had saddened Theodosia. It had not lessened her love for him nor her belief in him.

Her love and her belief were yet to undergo further trial. The duel with Hamilton was but the beginning of Burr's downfall. The Mexican scheme soon followed. In it Theodosia and her husband became involved. When Burr was to be king of Mexico, Theodosia was to be chief lady of the court, Joseph Alston chief minister, and the little Aaron was to be heir presumptive to the throne. But while they talked of a visionary dynasty, the President issued his proclamation and Burr was summoned to appear before the tribunal at Richmond to answer to the charge of high treason.

Theodosia was ignorant of any treasonous designs which her father may have entertained against the government. The news of his arrest came upon her unexpectedly, overwhelmingly. Her state of mind at the time is best understood by the words her father wrote to her in her first anguish, to recall her to herself. It was the stoic who addressed her. "Your letters of the 10th

and those preceding," he said, "seem to indicate a sort of stupor; but now you rise into frenzy. Another ten days will, it is hoped, have brought you back to reason." He charged her with having read her history to very little purpose if she had not noted that in all democratic governments men of virtue, independence, and talent have been vindictively persecuted; and he playfully requested her to write an essay on the subject. Thus with brave and even merry words he sought to comfort her. And as the time for his trial approached, he prepared her for it in his own calm, confident fashion. "I cannot be humiliated or disgraced," he assured her. "If absent you will suffer great solicitude. In my presence you will feel none. Remember," he continued, "no agitation, no complaints, no fears or anxieties. I beg and expect it of you that you will conduct yourself as becomes my daughter and that you manifest no signs of weakness or alarm."

It was an impressive court, that before which Aaron Burr stood arraigned as traitor. There was John Marshall, the greatest of our chief justices, and John Randolph, foreman of the jury, and the burly Luther Martin, the counsel for the defence. And among the onlookers were such men as Washington Irving and Andrew Jackson — Washington Irving, then a young barrister who had come from New York to report the case for his brother's newspapers, and Andrew Jackson as

peppery as ever and declaring loudly against the tyranny of the administration.

Burr himself conducted his defence. He spoke with a woman's tact and a man's adroit reasoning. His powerful black eyes met the powerful black eyes of the chief justice without flinching. His bearing, his manner, his voice, his personality, inspired confidence. It was the wonderful magnetism of the man that prejudiced so many in his favor.

Throughout the trial Theodosia was at Richmond. Her presence there was a great help to Burr's cause. She was universally admired for her beauty, her ability, and her blind faith in her father. Many believed in Aaron Burr because she believed in him. She appealed to the young, imaginative soul of Washington Irving. Irving's letters show that his sympathies were entirely with her and her father. Luther Martin is reported to have worshipped her. "I find," wrote Blennerhasset, "that Luther Martin's idolatrous admiration of Mrs. Alston is almost as excessive as my own but far more beneficial to his interests and injurious to his judgment, as it is the medium of his blind attachment to her father."

Burr was acquitted but popular feeling was so strong against him that he was forced to leave America. In the spring of 1808, the year after his trial, he sailed from New York. Theodosia, sick and sorrowful, but as true as ever, left her Carolina home and journeyed North to see him

once more before he went and to bid him good-by. The night before his departure she spent with him at the house of a loyal friend. Father and daughter were both brave. Burr was confident, even gay. Yet, in spite of their enforced spirits, their meeting with its whispered words and grave injunctions was very like the meeting of two conspirators. Before morning he parted from her and stole away in the ship that was carrying him from all that he held most dear. That night, the 7th of June, 1808, was the last time he ever saw Theodosia.

The years of Burr's exile were sad years for Theodosia. She heard of her father's wandering in foreign lands, a man without a country, inhospitably treated, reduced to a diet of potatoes and dry bread. She realized with keen distress the bitterness of his position. Indeed, she herself was made to feel some of the odium that was directed against him. "The world," she wrote, "begins to cool terribly around me. You will be surprised how many I supposed attached to me have abandoned the sorry, losing game of disinterested friendship."

She longed earnestly for his return. She pleaded with those in authority eloquently and pathetically that her father might be allowed to come back to America and live in safety and to Burr himself she wrote urging his return. Her loyalty and devotion were limitless. "If the worst comes to the worst," she told him, "I will leave everything to suffer with you."

At length, after four years of exile, Burr returned. The first sight of his home land filled him with sadness. There is something very affecting in the brief entry which he made in his diary when on shipboard, just before landing. "A pilot is in sight and within two miles of us," he wrote. "All is bustle and joy except 'Gamp'" — the name by which his little grandson called him. "Why should he rejoice?"

Burr had come back only to be met with a fresh sorrow. Shortly after his arrival in New York a letter came from Carolina bringing news of the death of the boy who was so dear to him. It was the boy's father who wrote. "I will not conceal from you," said Alston, "that life is a burden which, heavy as it is, we shall support, if not with dignity, at least with decency and firmness. Theodosia has endured all that a human being could endure, but her admirable mind will triumph."

In her grief Theodosia longed more ardently than ever to see her father. It was the year 1812 and the war with England had begun. Alston could not leave Carolina, since his duties as governor and brigadier-general required his presence there. It was his wish, however, that Theodosia should join her father. "I would part with Theodosia reluctantly," he wrote to Burr, "but I recognize your claim to her after such a separation, and change of scene and your society will aid her, I am conscious, in recovering at least that tone of

mind which we are destined to carry through life with us."

Burr, of course, was delighted at the prospect of a visit from Theodosia. He sent his old comrade, Timothy Green, to escort her North. Theodosia was in such poor health it was not thought safe for her to take the journey alone. Her son's death had worn terribly upon her. Timothy Green wrote to Burr, "You must not be surprised to see her" (Theodosia) "very low, feeble, and emaciated. Her complaint is an almost incessant nervous fever."

Under the care of her father's trusted friend, then, Theodosia embarked from Charleston. She boarded the "Pilot" about noon on Thursday, the last day of the year 1812. Her husband accompanied her to the boat. He parted from her, to quote his own words, "near the bar," and stood waving a farewell to her from the shore, as she sailed away. It was his last sight of Theodosia.

On the day following, New Year's day of the year 1813, a violent storm raged along the Atlantic coast. No ship could live in such a tempest, and the "Pilot," with all on board, went down off Cape Hatteras. Father and husband waited in agonized expectancy. Burr could only hope that Theodosia had not sailed and Alston that she had delayed in announcing her arrival. At length came the dreaded assurance of her tragic fate.

Alston died soon after. The motive power was

gone from his life. He was a broken-hearted man, very different from the ardent, impetuous young lover of Theodosia's girlhood days. He wrote pathetically to her father, "My boy, my wife, both gone. This, then, is the end of all the hopes we had formed. You may well observe that you feel severed from the human race. She was the last tie that bound us to the species. What have we left? Yet, after all, he is a poor actor who cannot sustain his hour upon the stage, be his part what it may. But the man who has been deemed worthy of the heart of Theodosia Burr and who has felt what it is to be blest with such a woman's love, will never forget his elevation."

Thus Burr was left alone. He did not complain. He was silent over his great sorrow. But there were those who remembered him in his last days, a solitary old man, walking along the Battery and looking wistfully towards the horizon for ships. That wistful gaze was a habit acquired in his hours of torturing suspense, while waiting for the ship that never came.

IV.

ELIZABETH PATTERSON,

WIFE OF PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE.

Born in Baltimore in 1785.
Died in Baltimore, April, 1879.

"There was about her the brilliancy of courts and palaces, the enchantment of a love story, the suffering of a victim of despotic power." — *Eugene L. Didier.*

THERE was once a real Beatrice Esmond. She was a living, enrapturing, American Beatrice Esmond, just as beautiful, witty, ambitious, and wilful as the one that Thackeray painted. She charmed with her eyes and slew with her tongue; so the admiring world declared. And she had a story, a sad, romantic story, that has become a part of history.

When this Beatrice Esmond came into existence the stars, no doubt, performed great feats — the stars that mean princes, and popes, and emperors. But what the stars did we never shall know. Her horoscope never was taken. She was born into a quite commonplace and well-behaved American family, the Pattersons of Baltimore, and it was supposed that she herself would be like the rest of

the family, quite commonplace and well-behaved. However, the stars or the fates or some sort of powers ordained it otherwise, and this Beatrice developed a most remarkable and troublesome personality.

There is an ancient tradition by which we read that in all large flocks there must be one black sheep. We might say that the Patterson flock, which was large, was not without its one of questionable hue. And yet one hesitates to apply so ugly a term as black sheep to so exquisite a creature as Elizabeth Patterson. Small, dainty, and perfectly formed, with a crown of waving brown hair, hazel eyes of wonderful tenderness, features of delicate Grecian outline, she looked not at all like a black sheep and very like an angel. And an angel she certainly appeared to her little court of Baltimore adorers.

But her Baltimore adorers were yet to learn that eyes may assume a tenderness and have it not, and that human angels, angels without wings, are very often without hearts as well. The unfortunate gentlemen might entreat and implore; Miss Elizabeth was deaf to them all. She went on her way smiling and with her head held high. No one in Baltimore, she decided, was grand enough for her. She dreamed of a greater matrimonial glory than any her own land could offer. The title-seeking American girl is not a creature of wholly modern invention.

Thus, in this haughty frame of mind, Miss Patterson arrived at her eighteenth birthday. Her friends were beginning to look grave, and to wonder where her pride would carry her.

It was at this point that, far away in Martinique, her name first reached the ears of a handsome young fellow, a Corsican, brother to that Little Corporal who was playing his mighty game of chance with the powers of Europe. The young man, conscious of the splendor which, from his illustrious brother, shone reflected on himself, was remarking somewhat gloomily, as if the weight of his great name were heavy upon him, "Ah, I shall be forced to make a marriage of convenience." A lady chanced to hear him, a Baltimore lady, proud of the beauty of her own country-women. Turning to him, she responded gayly, "Oh, no, I know the most beautiful woman in the world whom you must marry — Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore." Thus Jerome Bonaparte first heard of Elizabeth Patterson.

Shortly after, in the autumn of 1803, Jerome Bonaparte, in command of a French fleet, sailed to America. America was proud to welcome the brother of the First Consul, and the handsome young fellow was fêted everywhere.

At length he found his way to Baltimore and there, as elsewhere, he was royally entertained. During his stay in the city, one of his suite, Monsieur Rubelle, fell in love with a Baltimore girl and

married her. To Madame Rubelle one day, in the spirit of raillery, Jerome addressed himself. "I shall never marry an American young lady," he declared saucily. Madame Rubelle held up a warning finger. "Do not be so sure," she retorted, "Miss Patterson is so beautiful that to see her is to wed her."

Naturally Jerome felt some curiosity to behold the famous American beauty who was, so it appeared, designed for him. He referred to her laughingly as his "belle femme." But there came a day, the day that he first saw her, when his laughter changed to seriousness.

It was at the fall races. All Baltimore was turning out. Jerome was there, chatting with Madame Rubelle. "Where is my beautiful wife?" he inquired of her merrily; "shall I not see her here to-day?" And then Madame Rubelle directed the young man's gaze to a charming girl in a simple gown of buff-colored silk and a big hat with long ostrich feathers. "There is Miss Patterson," she declared. Jerome looked as directed; he looked long and earnestly. Never before, it seemed to him, had he beheld such beauty, such brilliancy, such hauteur, and such spirit. No one among the European princesses proposed for him in marriage was more a princess than this untitled American girl, he determined. She, not those others, were born to wear the crown and the insignia of royalty. And when at last he looked away, it was with the

unspoken vow that he would make Elizabeth Patterson his "belle femme" in very earnest.

A few days later, at a ball in the house of Samuel Chase, a signer of the Declaration, Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson met for the first time. We may imagine the meeting, his impetuous, boyish ardor and the graceful blending of pride and humility with which she received it. It was a supreme moment for Elizabeth Patterson. As she danced with her distinguished suitor and leaned upon his arm and listened to his princely love-making, she had visions, no doubt, of foreign lands and brilliant courts and palaces where she might reign. The matrimonial glory of which she had dreamed seemed about to fall upon her.

Miss Elizabeth and her illustrious lover moved in an enchanted world that evening. Each moment found them more and more in love, he with her wit and beauty, she with his high rank. Once when they were dancing together his chain became entangled in her long hair. They looked into each other's eyes and smiled. This, they decided, was prophetic of their destiny; they had been joined together and now nothing could part them.

They were little more than boy and girl, these lovers; she just eighteen and he only a few months her senior. In their extreme youth he could forget his duty as the brother of Napoleon, and she be careless of the disappointments and dangers that must inevitably follow from an alliance with a Bonaparte.

Ogden

There were others, however, older and wiser who could not be careless and forget. Elizabeth's father, William Patterson, a shrewd, discerning man, whose cleverness had made him one of the wealthiest persons in America, realized fully the risk his daughter would run in marrying a Frenchman, under the legal age, without the consent of his guardians. He refused to hear of an engagement and when Elizabeth proved recalcitrant, he sent her off to Virginia.

But that wilful young woman was not to be prevented in her aspirings after matrimonial glory. From her place of seclusion in Virginia, she corresponded with Jerome, and finally, despite her father's orders and the warnings of her friends, she contrived to make her escape to Baltimore and into the arms of her lover. Hers was an indomitable nature that did not stop at trifles.

Her father, finding his commands of no avail, sought to frighten Elizabeth out of her mad project. He told her what others had told him, that Captain Bonaparte only wanted to make a home for himself until he returned to France, "when he would be the first to turn her off and laugh at her credulity." To this, as to all other like predictions and admonishings, Elizabeth had but one reply. With a flash of defiance she would retort proudly, "I would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for one hour than of any other man for life."

At length, observing that nothing would shake

Elizabeth's determination to marry the Frenchman, Mr. Patterson gave a reluctant consent to the match. However, he insisted that the young people should wait until December to be married. Then Jerome was to attain the dignity of a nineteenth birthday. To this the lovers agreed, and on Christmas eve of the year 1803 the wedding took place. The ceremony was performed "with great pomp," so we are told, by the Most Reverend John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore. Jerome had imported a "superb" trousseau for the bride, but Elizabeth chose to be married in a simple white muslin, cut low. A row of pearls about her throat was the only ornament. Of her wedding dress she said, "It was a gown I had frequently worn, for I particularly wished to avoid vulgar display." In this we see an evidence of that perfect good taste which was hers through life.

Mr. Patterson, troubled with grave doubts and forebodings, had done everything in his power to give the union religious and legal sanction. The marriage contract had been drawn up by Alexander Dallas, afterwards Secretary of the United States Treasury. Such dignitaries as the Vice-Consul of France and the Mayor of Baltimore had been invited to witness the ceremony; and, in order to impress the formidable Napoleon with the validity of his brother's marriage and the respectability of the bride's family, letters from Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, and from the Sec-

retary of State, were addressed to him. Moreover, the Hon. Robert Livingston, ambassador to France, was entrusted with the task of presenting the affair in its most favorable light; and Robert Patterson, brother to that fair Elizabeth who was occasioning all this trouble, was despatched to France to advocate his sister's cause.

While the older, wiser heads were thus acting, considerately and gravely, in their behalf, the girl and boy bride and bridegroom were enjoying themselves, careless of everything but their own happiness. Their honeymoon days were passed at Mr. Patterson's country residence, the Homestead, just beyond Baltimore. Late in January they returned to the world and took their part in the winter merry-making.

One day they were sleighing upon Market street, a part of a gay cavalcade that had turned out to enjoy the frosty air and winter sunshine. A snowball, aimed by a street urchin with a democratic disregard of persons, struck Elizabeth. Jerome was outraged at what he deemed an indignity to his adored "Elise." He vowed that he would give the reward of five hundred dollars to any one who would discover the culprit. This display of boyish anger and devotion, when viewed in the light of what came after, loses all force and meaning. Over a trifling little snowball Jerome could work himself into a passion, but when the real blow came, the blow that struck the very soul of his young

wife, he could remain passive, obedient to the will of him who aimed it.

In February the bride and groom journeyed to Washington. They did not travel as so many brides and grooms have travelled since, over the same route. In the early dawn of the nineteenth century which saw them man and wife, the steam car with its noise and hurry and flying speed had not yet arrived. Then "the glory of the old coach roads" still lingered, a glory that came from the wayside inn and its shining tankards, from the faces of pretty barmaids and the laughter of joking hostlers, from the jolly bugle call that announced the coming of the mail, and from the rolling, swinging motion of the coach itself, which bore its travellers in slow, old-fashioned way, past meadow land and farm land, past ancient forests and young towns. It was thus, with the glory of the old coach roads about them, that Jerome and Elizabeth Bonaparte journeyed to Washington.

Upon their entrance into the capital they met with a mishap. The coach horses ran away, and the driver was thrown from his seat. Jerome jumped out and endeavored to stop the horses, but they dashed on, and the danger to Elizabeth, all alone in the coach, increased every moment. She, however, was not in the least afraid. She waited until the coach neared a snow-drift. Then she opened the door and jumped out. When her anxious bridegroom rejoined her, she greeted him

laughing and unhurt, only a little rosy from her tumble, and clothed in a soft white mantle of snow. Thus peril always found her calm and self-reliant.

Even at this early period, during their honeymoon days, Jerome and his wife turned their thoughts longingly to France. It was their hope that Napoleon would approve their marriage, and that very soon they might be permitted to make their way to the old world and take their place in the brilliant life which they felt awaited them as brother and sister of the man who was, in a few months, to declare himself Emperor of France. They rejoiced to hear of the cordial reception which Elizabeth's brother Robert received from Jerome's relatives. The Bonapartes, they learned, were favorably impressed with young Patterson, his handsome appearance, his agreeable manners, and his good sense. Lucien, who acted as the spokesman of the family, told Robert that he himself, his mother, Madame Mère, and all his brothers, except the great formidable one, were well pleased with the marriage, and would be glad to welcome Jerome's wife as one of them.

Napoleon alone remained obdurate. A grim and foreboding silence encompassed him. It was not until the summer that his will was made known to his waiting brother and sister. Then he spoke to them through a decree of the French Senate. "By an act of the Eleventh Ventose," read the decree, "prohibition is made to all the civil offi-

cers of the Empire to receive on their registers the transcription of the act of celebration of a pretended marriage that Jerome Bonaparte has contracted in a foreign country during his minority, without the consent of his mother, and without previous publication in his native land." And in accordance with this decree the commanders of French vessels were forbidden to receive on board their ships "the young person to whom Jerome had attached himself." At the same time Jerome received a personal message from Napoleon. The First Consul remonstrated with his offending brother through the medium of his Minister of State. "Jerome is wrong," said Napoleon, "to fancy that he will find in me affections that will yield to his weakness. Sole fabricator of my destiny, I owe nothing to my brothers." On one condition only would he forgive Jerome. "I will receive Jerome," he said, "if leaving in America the young person in question, he shall come hither to associate himself with my fortunes. Should he bring her along with him, she shall not put a foot on the territory of France."

Jerome was inclined to tremble a little at the imperial wrath. But his spirited wife encouraged him. Elizabeth realized fully her own advantages. Even Napoleon, she felt, when once he saw her, must fall under the spell of her enchanting beauty; even that most invincible of wills must yield to her eloquence and tears. Jerome's courage revived

somewhat under the impetus of his wife's daring and of his own belief in her powers. He determined to embark for France and to take Elizabeth with him.

Accordingly an attempt to sail was made, but it ended only in shipwreck off the coast of Delaware. Of this shipwreck we are told that Madame Bonaparte was undismayed in the time of peril. Surely if Madame Bonaparte had no heart she had at least a dauntless courage. She was the first to jump into the life-boat. She and those with her were rowed through a dangerous surf and finally landed in safety. They were hospitably received at a farmhouse in the neighborhood, where the young "Madame" hung out her handsome clothes upon the line to dry, and sat down in borrowed, rustic, but becoming garb to a hearty meal. She laughed and made merry and forgot to thank God. Her levity quite scandalized an estimable old aunt of hers who happened to be with her. "You wicked girl," exclaimed the good lady, "instead of kneeling in thanksgiving for your deliverance you are enjoying roast goose and apple-sauce."

The shipwreck did not shake Madame's determination or her husband's. They were as eager as ever for France. The following spring they made their final departure in the "Erin," one of Mr. Patterson's ships. They reached Lisbon in safety. There they were met by a French guard, which came to prevent Madame from landing. Napo-

leon's messenger called upon her and inquired suavely what he could do for *Miss Patterson.* The young American woman met the insult bravely and with becoming dignity. "Tell your master," she retorted, "that *Madame Bonaparte* is ambitious and demands her rights as a member of the imperial family."

At Lisbon Jerome and his wife took that farewell of each other which was destined to be their last. He left her with many assurances of his love and devotion and went over land to Paris to seek an audience of Napoleon and to plead their cause with him.

Elizabeth sailed away. France was denied her, and in the "Erin" she made her way to Amsterdam. But there again she was met with a proof of Napoleonic power. At the mouth of the Texel two men-of-war awaited her. That mighty little man, her brother-in-law, who held the whole continent under his thumb, had shut all its doors against her.

She was obliged to seek a refuge in England. There her fame had preceded her. A great throng of English folk had assembled to witness her landing, and Pitt, the prime minister, had sent a military escort to protect her from the somewhat embarrassing attentions of a sympathetic but curious crowd.

A few weeks after her landing at Camperwell, near London, on the 7th of July, 1805, her son

was born. She named the boy after his father, Jerome Bonaparte.

While she was in England, Madame received many fond little messages from her young husband. He told his dear "Elise" that his first thought on rising as his last upon retiring was always of her; he vowed that so long as he lived he would always be true to her, and that he would die sooner than he would abandon her.

In his ardent protestations Jerome, at the time, was probably sincere. He was very much in love with his charming wife. His friends were made aware of that fact. General and Madame Junot, with whom Jerome breakfasted on his way to Paris, listened for more than an hour to his praises of her. With boyish impetuosity, he confided his dearest hopes and fears to them. He showed them "a fine miniature of his wife," so Madame Junot tells us, "the features exquisitely beautiful, with a resemblance to those of the Princess Borghese, his sister, which Jerome said he and many Frenchmen in Baltimore had remarked." "Judge," he said, replacing the portrait in his bosom, "if I can abandon a being like her. I only wish the Emperor would consent to see her but for a single moment. As for myself, I am resolved not to yield."

Another of Jerome's friends, to whom as to the Junots, the young husband opened his anxious heart, wrote of him: "He is always saying, 'My wife, my dear little wife.' He seems very much

affected, and declares that he shall forever remember the shipwreck that they encountered; how well on that trying occasion did she behave; how, when danger was over, he pressed her in his arms!"

While Jerome went on thus, loving his wife and heralding her charms on every side, he believed that in the end Napoleon would acknowledge Elizabeth, and that he and she would soon be allowed to live happily together in the glorious sunshine of their imperial brother's favor.

It is not surprising that Jerome entertained such sanguine hopes. All his life he had had his way. He was, in fact, something of a spoiled boy. As the youngest of the Bonapartes he had escaped their struggles, but had come into a full enjoyment of their benefits. He was his mother's idol, and all his life she gave freely to him what she withheld from others. Napoleon had never regarded him seriously. His "*mauvais sujet*," as he called Jerome, had always been rather a joke with him; but indulgence, like all things, has its limits, and this Jerome was soon to learn.

Upon his arrival in Paris, Jerome went immediately to call upon his brother. Napoleon refused to see him. He sent a message to him bidding him write what he wished to say. Jerome wrote and received this answer:

"I have received your letter this morning. There are no faults you have committed which

may not be effaced in my eyes by a sincere repentance. Your marriage is null and void, both from a religious and legal point of view. I will never acknowledge it. Write Miss Patterson to return to the United States, and tell her it is not possible to give things another turn. On condition of her return to America, I will allow her a pension of sixty thousand francs a year, provided she does not take the name of my family, to which she has no right, her marriage having no existence."

This was the stern and determined stand which Napoleon took, and from it he never wavered. He applied to the Pope for an annulment of the marriage, and accompanying his request, by way of inducement it would seem, he sent the Holy Father a "magnificent gold tiara." But the Pope, unmoved by tiaras and steadfast in his integrity, replied that he saw no grounds on which the marriage could be annulled. His refusal angered and chagrined the Emperor, but it did not change him. Very soon a decree of divorce was passed by the Imperial Council of State. This decree was the expression of Napoleon's unrelenting and inflexible nature.

Jerome's loyalty to his "dearly beloved wife," and his determination never to abandon her, "began to melt," so we are told, "before the frowns and brilliant promises" of his imperial brother. And when finally he was admitted to Napoleon's presence, his submission was complete. The Emperor

received him with that "magnetic smile," whose potency swayed stronger men than this youngest and most vacillating of all the Bonapartes.

"So, sir!" he declared, "you are the first of all the family who has shamefully abandoned his post. It will require many splendid actions to wipe out that stain from your reputation. As to your affair with your little girl, I pay no attention to it."

For his cowardly desertion of his "little girl," Jerome was splendidly rewarded. He was created a prince of the empire and raised to the rank of Admiral of the French fleet.

Close upon his newly-acquired honors came his marriage with the Princess Catharine of Würtemburg. This time his wife was chosen to satisfy the ambitious yearnings of his brother Napoleon. His own heart was not consulted.

Madame Junot has described Jerome's first meeting with his newly affianced bride. In it we seem to feel the presence of another bride, the one who, to quote Jerome's own words, "had created a paradise for him in a strange land." For, try as they might, Prince Jerome and the Princess Catharine could not entirely banish in this their first meeting the thought of Elizabeth Patterson. "As the princess had made up her mind to give her hand to Jerome," writes Madame Junot, "it was desirable that she should please him, as he certainly regretted Miss Patterson, his real wife and a charming woman. The princess was not pretty; she seldom

smiled; her expression was haughty. Her dress was in uncommon bad taste. About her neck were two rows of very fine pearls, to which was suspended the portrait of the prince set in diamonds. . . . Marshal Bessières had espoused the princess by proxy. . . . As Jerome entered she advanced two steps and made him her compliments with grace and dignity. . . . Jerome seemed to be there because he had been told 'You must go.' After Jerome retired the princess fainted."

The princess "fainted," and in so doing gave us some idea of the hardness of her lot. Poor Princess Catharine! There was bitterness in her cup, though it held the sweets of royalty, fame, and fortune. She was forever haunted by the thought of her predecessor. When she became the wife of Prince Jerome and the Queen of Westphalia, Madame Rubelle was one among those appointed to be her ladies in waiting. This was the same Madame Rubelle, that Baltimore girl, who had married one of Jerome's suite, who had talked to Jerome of the beautiful Miss Patterson and joked with him about his "belle femme." The princess looked long and earnestly at her new lady in waiting. There was a meaning question in her eyes. "Are all American ladies as beautiful as yourself?" she asked.

On August 12, 1807, the marriage of Prince Jerome, King of Westphalia, to the Princess Fredericka Catharina, daughter of the King of Würtem-

burg, was solemnized. "The wedding was celebrated," so we are told, "with all the pomp and ceremony with which Napoleon knew so well how to dazzle the French people." After the "festivities" the King and Queen retired to their miniature kingdom. Jerome's short chapter of romance was indeed ended. And it was in an imitation, on a smaller scale, of the magnificence of his imperial brother that the young prince sought to banish all memories of a boyish love and its attendant happiness.

And the heroine of this boyish love, Madame Bonaparte, the abandoned and forgotten wife, what had become of her? She had not broken her heart nor renounced the world, nor buried herself with her grievances and disappointments behind some convent walls. No indeed. She was too heartless and worldly and sensible for that. Instead she had merely returned to what she termed her "Baltimore obscurity."

She came back with the glamor of romance about her. She was flattered and courted and admired by the people of her native land, for her beauty and charm and sad history made her an object of great interest. Yet, in spite of all the homage that was paid her, she was very discontented and unhappy. She could not help contrasting what she was with what she might have been, and the memory of past dreams and aspirations and desires was constantly with her.

Hers was not the sort of character that grows sweet under adversity. Nor on the other hand was she one of those fragile natures that are humiliated and broken by cruel treatment. Her misfortunes only served to make what was heartless in her more heartless, what was worldly more worldly, and what was cynical more cynical. There was an added sting in her wit and a more satirical light in her eye. No one dared rejoice over her downfall. She was too formidable an opponent. Indeed, one cannot but admire somewhat the proud, disdainful spirit with which she endured her fate.

Her friend Lady Morgan, who perhaps understood her better than did any one else, wrote of her: "Madame Bonaparte was not of the *pâte* out of which victims and martyrs are made. She held her difficult position with a scornful courage that excites pity for the woman's nature so scathed and outraged. Her letters bear the impress of a life run to waste; they are clever, mordant, and amusing, but the bitter sense of wrong cannot be concealed; there is a dissatisfaction — one might almost call it jealousy — in the topics discussed."

For Jerome, the man who in his weakness and cowardice had abandoned her and dispelled all her illusions, Madame Bonaparte had a profound contempt. But Napoleon, the indirect cause of all her unhappiness, she continued to regard with an enthusiastic admiration. She understood and respected his position toward herself, declaring that

he had "sacrificed her to political considerations, not to the gratification of bad feelings." She accepted the annuity which he had granted her, "proud to be indebted," so she said, "to the greatest man of modern times." This annuity was paid to her regularly after her return to America until the fall of the Empire, and formed the basis of the large fortune of which she died possessed.

Jerome, after his marriage to the Princess Catharine, offered Elizabeth a share in his kingdom and an annuity beside. To the former proposition Madame Bonaparte retorted, "Westphalia is a considerable kingdom, but not large enough for two queens;" and to the latter, being already in receipt of the annuity from Napoleon, she responded that she "preferred being sheltered under the wing of an eagle to being suspended from the bill of a goose."

This reply of hers so delighted Napoleon that he sent word to Madame asking what favor he could bestow upon her to show his appreciation of her wit. Madame answered that she was ambitious and would like to become a duchess. Napoleon promised to make her one; but he was slow. Time went on; Napoleon was deprived of his empire, and Madame Bonaparte did not get her duchy.

However, it was just when Napoleon was deprived of his empire that Madame Bonaparte did get, if not a duchy, at least something that she had long coveted; that was admittance to the courts of

Europe. After ten years, that were to Madame's restless ambition a veritable imprisonment, she was free to go where she pleased. It did not take her long to bid farewell to America and all her friends there and set sail for the Old World. Her son she left behind her at school at St. Mary's College in Emmettsburg, Maryland, and within a few months of Napoleon's final overthrow at Waterloo she was in Paris, a conspicuous figure amid the throng of distinguished men and women who crowded the French capital after the Restoration.

Her father had not been at all in sympathy with her going. He wrote to her that she had made her departure contrary to the wishes of all her friends. "I hope and pray," he told her, "that you will perceive your mistake, and that you will look to your mother country as the only place where you can be truly respected; for what will the world think of a woman who had recently followed her mother and last sister to the grave, had quit her father's house when duty and necessity called for her attentions as the only female of the family left, and thought proper to seek for admiration in foreign countries?" Whatever the rest of the world may have thought of Madame Bonaparte she was still in her father's eyes his naughty "Betsey;" the black sheep of his flock.

Madame Bonaparte felt her father's condemnation of her conduct to be very unjust. She answered his asperities with a blending of candor, vanity, and

worldly wisdom that is certainly amusing. "As to the opinions of old Mr. Gilmor and other very respectable and worthy persons that I ought to be in Baltimore," she said, "they only tell you so because they know that their daughters might come here and never be known. Besides, they are envious of your fortune and my situation. Look how they run after the poorest sprigs of nobility and then you will know what they think of my standing in Europe. I am surprised that you permit the chattering of envious tongues to influence you. If people in America do not approbate my conduct, what is the reason they pay me so much attention? What other American woman was ever attended to as I have been there? Who ever had better offers? I never would marry without rank or, God knows, I might have got money enough by marriage. I confess that it would have been perhaps a blessing if I could have vegetated as the wife of some respectable man in business; but you know nature never intended me for obscurity, and that with my disposition and character I am better as I am."

Of her life abroad she wrote, "I every day find new reason to think we succeed best in strange places, since human infirmity seldom stands the test of close and perpetual communion. Europe more than meets the brilliant and vivid colors in which my imagination had portrayed it. Its resources are infinite, much beyond those which can be offered us in a new country. The purposes of

life are all fulfilled — activity and repose without monotony. Beauty commands homage, talents secure admiration, misfortune meets with respect. Since I am so happy as to be in the best society, I much deplore the absence of my American friends to witness the estimation in which I am held. I have taken a house for myself, as the customs of this country do not authorize any person of fashion in remaining at a boarding-house. Lady Falkener has been kind enough to chaperon me, and my house communicates with hers. There is no danger of my committing a single imprudent action; circumspect conduct alone can preserve those distinctions for which I sighed during ten years."

Thus Madame gives us a hint, and a pretty broad one too, of the triumphs and gratification that were hers in Europe. Her success there was remarkable, greater than that ever before enjoyed by an American woman. In Paris she was a social queen. There she numbered among her acquaintances such men as Sismondi, Humboldt, and Canova. The Duke of Wellington was her admirer. Talleyrand met her and had many a merry joust with her. "If she were queen," he was heard to declare, "how gracefully she would reign!" Madame de Staël saw her and praised her beauty. "Yes, she is pretty, very pretty," the talented but unbeautiful French madame remarked, a little wistfully, as she came upon Madame Bonaparte for the first time, one evening at a ball.

The French King Louis XVIII. heard of Madame Bonaparte's residence in Paris, and desired that she should appear at his court. Her presence, he declared, would reflect "contemptuously on the late Corsican usurper." But Madame, ever loyal to the man who had blighted her life, declined the honor. She did "not wish to pose as a victim of imperial tyranny," she said; she had "accepted the Emperor's kindness, and ingratitude was not one of her vices."

Of course, all this homage flattered and amused Madame Bonaparte. But it did not make her happy. She could never get away from the thought of the utter wearisomeness and emptiness of her existence. She told her friend Lady Morgan, who was her confidant, that she was ill and "very *triste*." "Everything in this world tires me," she said, "I do not know why, unless it be the recollection of what I have suffered. I am of your opinion: the best thing a woman can do is to marry; even quarrels with one's husband are preferable to the *ennui* of a solitary existence. There are so many hours apart from those appropriated to the world that one cannot get rid of, at least one like myself, having no useful occupation."

Madame's "*ennui*" and discontent made her restless. She began to think of returning home. "My desire to see my child," she told Lady Morgan, "is stronger than my taste for Paris." So back to America she went.

But once arrived in her native land, she found it more displeasing than ever. She bewailed the time that she was forced to spend in a country where there was "no court, no nobility, and no fit associates for her." From Baltimore in comic despair she wrote to her friend Lady Morgan: "You have a great imagination, but it can give you no idea of the mode of existence inflicted on us. The men are all merchants; and commerce may fill the purse, but clogs the brain. Beyond their counting houses they possess not a single idea; they never visit except when they wish to marry. The women are occupied in *les details du menage* and nursing children — useful occupations that do not render them agreeable to their neighbors. The men, being all bent on marriage, do not attend to me, because they fancy I am not inclined to change the evils of my condition for those they could offer me. I have been thought so *ennuyée* as to be induced to accept very respectable offers, but I prefer remaining as I am to marrying a person to whom I am indifferent. . . . I embroider and read; those are the only distractions left me. Do you remember Madame de Staël's description of the mode of life Corinne found in an English country town, the subjects of conversation limited to births, deaths, and marriages? My opinion of them has so long been decided — that it is a misery to be born and to be married I have painfully experienced, without lessening my dread of death — that you can

imagine how little relish I have for these *triste* topics and how gladly I seek refuge from listening to them by retiring to my own apartment."

Surely Madame's life in Baltimore, to judge from her own description of it, cannot have been very interesting. We do not wonder that, regarding it as she did, she was glad to leave it on the first excuse that offered. This time it was her son's education that carried her abroad. The boy, she said, should be instructed as befitted "his rank and talent." Accordingly, in the early summer of 1819, she went with him to Geneva.

As soon as they arrived in Geneva, Jerome was immediately put to school, and his mother took her place, which was a prominent one, in the social life of the city. The nobility were her friends — Princess Potemkin, Prince Demidoff, and the Princess Gallitzin.

With the Baron Bonstetten, savant and philanthropist, Madame was an especial favorite. It was at his house at a ball one evening that she met Duke William of Würtemburg, uncle of Jerome's second wife. After a half hour's conversation with Madame, the Duke was her most enthusiastic admirer. "What grace, what beauty, what wit!" he said of her. "My poor niece! One must in justice admit that she could never reign as could that beautiful American, who is by every right the real queen." "Ah," exclaimed the Baron Bonstetten, who chanced to overhear him, "if the beautiful

American is not queen of Westphalia, she is at least queen of hearts."

Glimpses of the gay life which Madame was leading at this period come to us in the letters which her son sent to his grandfather at home. "Mamma goes out nearly every night to a party or a ball," writes the boy. "She says she looks full ten years younger than she is, and if she had not so large a son she could pass for five and twenty years old. She has a dancing master and takes regularly three lessons a week; is every day astonished at the progress she makes, and is fully determined to dance next winter."

Yet, in spite of her gay life, it seems that Madame was maintaining herself in a very modest way. Her small income, which was the interest on the annuity granted her by Napoleon, would only permit her to keep house on a very economical scale. Her apartment consisted of four rooms, so Jerome informs us, and she kept but one servant, who did the business of waiter and *femme de chambre*.

Jerome did not estimate European life as highly as did his mother. In one of his letters to his grandfather he declares: "Since I have been in Europe I have dined with princes and princesses, but I have not found a dish as much to my taste as the roast beef and beef steak I ate at your table." And again, "I never had any idea of remaining all my life on the Continent," he protests. "On the contrary, as soon as my education is finished I shall

hasten over to America, which I have regretted leaving ever since I left."

And even Madame was not entirely satisfied with the European way of living, such as she found it in Geneva. That city, she complained, was "tolerably expensive," quite as much so as Paris. In the boarding-houses of the place "there was no feast to be found," so she declared, "unless it was the feast of reason; the hosts are too *spirituelle* to imagine that their *pensionnaires* possess a vulgar appetite for meat, vegetables, tarts, and custards, but as I cannot subsist altogether on the contemplation of *la belle Nature*, I have taken a comfortable apartment, where I hope to get something to eat."

In Geneva Madame Bonaparte was known as Madame Patterson, and her son as Edward Patterson, for it was feared that unless they suppressed their name the Swiss government might see fit to banish them, as it had banished other members of the Bonaparte family. Jerome had not been allowed to pass through France on account of his striking resemblance to his uncle, the Emperor Napoleon, a resemblance of which his mother was duly proud. The Bourbons were afraid, so it was reported, that the boy's presence might cause a Bonapartist insurrection.

When they had been some time in Geneva, Madame and her son received an invitation from the Princess Borghese, Pauline Bonaparte, the fa-

vorite sister of the Emperor, to come and visit her in her palace at Rome. At first Madame hesitated to accept the invitation. She did not wish to interrupt her son's studies, she said, and her friends, John Jacob Astor and Lady Morgan, and others, advised her to keep away from the princess. Pauline Bonaparte was notoriously fickle, they told her, and there was no dependence to be placed in her promises. Madame, however, was very anxious to see the princess and the rest of her imperial relatives. Moreover, she felt that it would be to her son's interest to become acquainted with his father's family. "Although I expect no advantage from such a measure," she declared, "yet it is a duty to leave nothing undone which offers the most remote chance of benefit." Accordingly, about the middle of November, 1821, Madame and her son went to Rome.

In Rome they were most cordially received by the Princess Borghese, Madame Mère, and all the rest of the Bonaparte family who were in the city. Madame saw her imperial relatives every day, and her son was with them constantly. "He dines with them, rides with them, and goes to their boxes at the theatre," wrote Madame.

Of course Madame Bonaparte surveyed her relatives very critically and acutely. "The old lady," she judged, was a "sensible, dignified, highly respectable person, who promised nothing more than she performed." And "Pauline," she decided,

"was empty-headed, selfish, and vain, caring only for luxury, but in every line as exquisite as Canova's statue represents her."

Prince Jerome, the ex-King of Westphalia, was not in Rome at the time of Madame's visit. But there was talk of his coming, and Madame wrote to her father: "I shall not see the King of Westphalia. I shall hold my tongue, which is all I can possibly do for him." Her reticence speaks her scorn. In her kind feelings toward the Bonapartes, Madame never included the man who had abandoned her.

Madame felt repaid for her journey to Rome when she saw what a favorable impression her son had made upon his father's family; and a favorable impression the young man certainly had made. Indeed, he could not very well do otherwise, for, if accounts be true, he must have been a most attractive young gentleman. His proud mamma tells us how very much he was "attended to by all hands in Europe." "Some ladies in Rome," she said, "ran after him so much that I feared his being spoiled, although he seemed quite unconscious of it, supposing, probably, that women old enough to be his grandmother could not be foolish enough to fall in love with him. It is certain that his beauty attracted great attention; a German princess told me that she had followed him once in Geneva at a ball from room to room to look at him, and that he was the handsomest creature she ever saw. He

certainly is the handsomest boy I ever saw of his age and in all respects the finest creature possible. His modesty and good sense alone prevent his being spoiled, for, I assure you, he received attentions sufficient to have turned much older heads."

The young Jerome was, you see, a veritable "beau ideal." Naturally Madame Mère and the Princess Borghese and all the rest of the Bonapartes were glad to claim their relationship to one who came to them endowed with such charms and graces. Very soon they set about providing for him, and suggested the idea of a marriage between him and his cousin the Princess Charlotte, who was residing with her father, Joseph Bonaparte, near Bordentown, New Jersey.

Jerome took a very boyish and naïve view of the matter. His chief desire for the match seems to have been that it would carry him home. He wrote to his grandfather on the subject. "My grandmother and my aunt and uncle talk of marrying me to my uncle's, the Count de Survillier's, daughter, who is in the United States. I hope it may take place, for then I would return to America and pass the rest of my life among my relations and friends. Mamma is very anxious for the match. My father is also, and all of my father's family, so that I hope that you will also approve of it."

Shortly after the writing of this letter Jerome set sail for America with the intention of making ar-

rangements for the marriage. The scheme, however, fell through, and Jerome never wedded his cousin, though he and she became very good friends.

Jerome, to tell the truth, was not very much disturbed by the failure of the marriage plans. He was quite content to remain a bachelor a little longer and to settle down to the hard work and good times of a life at Harvard.

But with his mother it was different. She was ambitious for her son as she had once been ambitious for herself. The marriage between him and his cousin Charlotte she had regarded as "the wish of her heart," and she had declared that she would consider every one who opposed as "an idiot and an enemy." When the scheme failed she was, as she herself expressed it, "wofully disappointed." However, she was not unprepared. "Nothing can or ever will surprise me in that family," she said; "there is no reliance to be placed on any of that race."

After her son's departure for America, Madame stayed in Rome for a few weeks, and then she visited Florence. In Florence she saw her husband for the first and only time since their affectionate parting from each other at Lisbon so many years before. The old-time lovers came upon each other suddenly in the gallery of the Pitti Palace. Jerome was with the Princess Catharine. Though he and Elizabeth recognized each other, they did not exchange any greeting, but passed each other

like strangers, Jerome whispering to the Princess Catharine, "That was my American wife."

During her son's four years at Harvard College, Madame remained abroad leading a gay life and making only one short visit, and that on business considerations, to her native land. But the boy, "Bo," as she called him, was always in her thoughts, and she sent him, and his grandfather in his behalf, many words of worldly advice and warning.

She was very desirous that her son should have a finished education. Parsimonious in all things else, in respect to that she was generous. Her reason for so being was characteristic. "I consider a good education," she wrote, "the best possible investment, because it always commands both money and consideration in the world. . . . It would have been a sad mistake if Bo had fancied an ordinary education or common attainments would have sufficed him. He is too conspicuously placed to permit himself to rest contented with the exertions made by other people; and, however agreeable it may be to bear a great name, it is less easy to bear it with propriety than one which attracts less notice." And again, writing in very much the same strain, she remarked, "If Bo takes a good education and continues handsome there is always a probability, with his name, of my marrying him advantageously. But if I cannot"—she broke off, and here we may imagine a sage shaking of Madame's chestnut curls, "he has only to live a

bachelor, for the next best thing to making a good match is not to make a bad one."

Of course, Madame was filled with apprehension at the very thought of her boy's making what she considered "a bad one." "I hope," she wrote to Bo's grandfather, "that there is no danger of his forming an imprudent matrimonial connection; if he cannot marry suitably — and in America he could not — he can live single." She besought the old gentleman to discourage "all tendency to romance and absurd falling in love." "Love in a cottage," she declared, "is even out of fashion in novels. I should consider an amiable prolific daughter-in-law a very poor compensation for all the trouble I have had with that boy, and most sincerely hope the amiable scheming (for even in America the women know their own interest and look as sharply after matches as they do here) young ladies will select some other unsuspecting dupe."

Madame's talk savors of the atmosphere in which she lived, the atmosphere of Vanity Fair, where all the women are "schemers" and where all the men are either schemers or "unsuspecting dupes," where falling in love is deemed most "absurd," and where the end and aim of everybody's existence is to "marry advantageously" and thereby secure to one's self rank, money, and "consideration in the world."

Madame's letters are continually giving us

glimpses of this cold, calculating, unsatisfying Vanity Fair, the real Vanity Fair, beside which Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is only an excellent painting.

She tells us, a little spitefully it would seem, of the European career of her old-time neighbors and acquaintances, the Caton sisters of Baltimore. "They are not yet married," she reports, "which considering their persevering endeavors and invincible courage rather surprises me." Later she refers to the Duke of Wellington giving one of them "a cool reception" on her second visit to England. "The Duke is said to be tired of them," she remarks, "but tired or not, they pursue him, live on his estate, and until he gets them husbands, he will never get rid of them." Finally she is forced to acknowledge their success, and a touch of envy creeps into her discourse as she records, "I suppose you have heard of Mary's (Mary Caton's) great good fortune in marrying the Marquis of Wellesley. He is sixty-six years old, so much in debt that the plate on his table is hired, had his carriage once seized in the streets of Dublin, and has a great part of his salary mortgaged; but, with all these drawbacks to perfect happiness, he is considered a very good match, because he is a man of rank. . . . I think they (the Catons) are the most fortunate people I ever heard or read of. Louisa (Caton) has made a great match. He (the eldest son of the Duke of Leeds) is very

handsome, not more than twenty-eight, and will be a duke with thirty thousand pounds a year. . . . The Duke of Leeds, they say, is, of course, very angry at his son's marriage with Louisa. . . . Mrs. Caton may with truth congratulate herself upon the judgment and patience she displayed in sending her daughters to Europe and in keeping them abroad until something advantageous turned up."

Madame also tells of the similar "persevering endeavors" and "good fortune" of another American family in Europe. "Mr. Astor and his daughter are here," she wrote; "he seems, poor man, afflicted by the possession of a fortune which he had greater pleasure in amassing than he can ever find in spending. He is, too, ambitious for his daughter, to whom nature has been as penurious as fortune has been the reverse. She may marry by the weight of her person, but any idea of disposing of her except to some painstaking man of business or ruined French or Italian nobleman, would be absurd. She is not handsome, and sense cannot be bought; therefore they will wander from place to place a long time before their object is accomplished." Later, after the due course of "time and wandering," the "object was accomplished," and Madame was able to report, "Mr. Astor has at length succeeded in marrying his daughter very well. She is married to a Mr. Rumph, a German, who represents all the free towns. He has no

fortune, but he is well connected and has it in his power to introduce her into the best company. Astor is delighted with the match. He and Mr. Reid managed to make it; and Reid tells me he assisted to draw and sign the marriage articles by which Astor settled three hundred thousand dollars on her for the present. Rumph is a handsome man of thirty-seven, and we all think she has been very fortunate in getting him, as she has no beauty."

Vanity Fair, it seems, was not so considerate to all of Madame's American acquaintances as it was to the Catons and Astors. The Gallatins apparently did not meet with that "good fortune" which distinguished the others. Madame waxes compassionate when writing of them. "I am sorry," she says, "the Gallatins are not likely to return. I believe the little prospect they had of marrying their daughter in Paris, which is quite impossible without giving her what they have not to give, —a fortune, — was the only consideration which reconciled the ladies to going home. Miss Gallatin is very pretty, was very much admired, and required only money to have married; but the trouble is no one will take girls without fortunes — people have too much sense here (I mean people who are worth marrying) to marry only for love, as they do in America. There is now and then, to be sure, a marriage of inclination made by Englishmen of rank, but it requires uncommon good management to secure luck of this kind."

Thus Madame introduces us in the most unabashed and candid way to the world about her. Whatever her faults, Madame was perfectly honest and sincere. She said exactly what she thought, and she never tried to appear better than she was. She thoroughly approved of this peculiar kind of "contriving" and "managing." Indeed, she thought it was a necessary part of every sensible person's life, and she herself engaged in it most zealously in her son's behalf.

No sooner had "Bo" completed his course at Harvard, which he did in the year 1826, than she desired his presence abroad. With her customary unreservedness, she explained in a letter to her father just why she wanted him. "I have been advised," she said, "to have Bo sent to visit his father and the rest of the family. I confess I am not of the opinion that expectations of future wealth are worth running after, but it is certain that they (the Bonapartes) have it in their power to leave legacies, and that I shall be much blamed if I do not put the boy in the way of getting mentioned in their wills. The old lady (Madame Mère) is not near so rich as people think. I hope she will leave Bo a legacy, because it is always a compliment to be remembered in people's wills, and a legacy here and there adds to one's means. The Cardinal (Fesch, uncle of Napoleon, and Bo's great-uncle) is rich, and, as he hates most of his nephews and nieces, I hope he will leave Bo a trifle; but he may

live a long time, being not above sixty; at all events, there will be no harm done in jogging his memory by a sight of the boy. Above all, it will improve his (the boy's) mind and manners to travel, and I consider that of equal value with legacies."

Bo was a dutiful young man. Of course he did not fail to obey Madame's bidding and hasten abroad. After his arrival in Europe he stayed for a while with his mother in Switzerland. Then he went to Italy to see his father and visit him at the Château Lanciano.

It was the first meeting between father and son. Bo wrote his grandfather that "from his father he had a most cordial reception, and that he was treated with all possible kindness." The Princess Catharine, we are told, greeted him with "maternal kindness and went two leagues to meet him, and taking his face between her hands said tenderly, 'Ah, my child, I am the innocent cause of all your misfortune.'"

Jerome's letters to his grandfather give us glimpses of the life he led at his father's home. The young American seems to have felt quite out of place in the lazy, extravagant atmosphere of the Château Lanciano. We cannot but admire his sound common sense and sturdy patriotism. Certainly his character and tastes were very different from those of both his father and his mother. "I am exceedingly tired of the way of living at my father's," he wrote. "We breakfast between twelve

and one o'clock, dine between six and seven, and take tea between eleven and twelve at night, so that I seldom get to bed before half-past one o'clock in the morning. My father does not see much company at present, but during much the greater part of the twenty-four hours the whole of his family is assembled together in the parlor, principally for the purpose of killing time. No one about the house does anything, and I find it impossible to read or study. The expenses of my father are enormous and so greatly exceed his means that he has not the power, even if he had the inclination, to do anything for me; indeed, I fear that I have very little, if anything, to expect from my father's family. I feel that I am living in a style to which I am not entitled, and to which, not being able to support it, I do not wish to become accustomed, more especially as it would totally unfit me for living in America. You have no idea how anxious I am to return home. I was always aware that America was the only country for me, but now I am more firmly persuaded of it than ever."

Early in March Jerome left his father's home and joined his mother, who was in Florence. He found his mother in a most elated frame of mind, her head quite turned by the attentions which she was receiving from the royalty and foreign ambassadors, delighted with the city and its frivolities, going out "all day and half the night." She had been presented at the court of Tuscany, at that

time the most brilliant court in Europe, and had been received in a most flattering manner by the Grand Duke and Duchess. Indeed, the Duke's and Duchess's kindness had so delighted Madame that, as she expressed it, she had been "quite overcome." "I nearly burst into tears," she said, "but saying to myself, 'Good gracious, I shall spoil my lovely satin gown and be thought *bête* to make a scene,' this reflection restored my serenity and enabled me to go through the ceremony with becoming dignity."

It was during Madame's residence in Florence that she met Prince Gortschakoff, the famous Russian chancellor. He and she became great friends, and held many spirited arguments. They corresponded with each other for many years. Gortschakoff admired Madame's "*finesse.*" He declared she would make a splendid diplomat, and it was Gortschakoff who said of her: "Had she been near the throne, the allies would have found it even more difficult to dispose of Napoleon."

From the fascinating life of Florence, its interesting people, dukes, duchesses, princes, princesses, and ambassadors, Madame could not endure to separate herself. When her son returned home in the summer of 1827, she let him go alone. For her own future satisfaction she might better have gone with him. Then, perhaps, she could have averted the bitter disappointment that was in store for her. This came two years later, when her son married

Miss Susan May Williams, daughter of a Baltimore merchant.

With the news of this marriage, all Madame's ambitious plans of nearly a quarter of a century were shattered. She had, as she declared, "endeavored to instil into her son from the hour of his birth the opinion that he was much too high in birth and connection ever to marry an American." "The nephew of Napoleon," she had said, "has no equal in America." She had tried to give him her "ambition and pride and to furnish him with ideas suitable to his rank in life." But she had failed, and now she was rudely brought to the conclusion, so she told her father, that, referring to her son, she could not make "a silk purse out of a sow's ear" any more than, referring to herself, he (her father) could make "a sow's ear out of a silk purse." The whole tenor of her discourse shows that, had she been in Napoleon's place in 1805, she would have acted with the same despotism to prevent the marriage between Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson.

Of course, to Madame, viewing life as she did, her son's marriage was a heavy blow. In describing its effect upon her, "I nearly went mad," she said, "and almost died when I first heard it." Indeed, her health and spirit were quite broken, and her physicians advised change of air and scene for her. Accordingly, in the spring of 1831, she left Florence with her friend the Princess Gallitzin, and took up her residence in Geneva.

It was while she was at Geneva that Madame made her famous retort to the Hon. Mr. Dundas. It was at a dinner party, and Mr. Dundas, a regular John Bull, with all of a John Bull's self-satisfaction and proud superiority, was seated beside her. Mr. Dundas was not exactly pleased with Madame. He had formerly felt the sting of her sarcasm, and he longed to "get even" with her. So it was with malicious intent that he inquired of her if she had read Captain Basil Hall's book on America. Madame answered that she had. "And did you observe," bluntly continued the Englishman, "that he called all Americans vulgarians?" "Yes," replied Madame Bonaparte, and the whole table paused to listen, while her answer came in clear, sweet, cutting tones, "and I was not surprised. Were the Americans descendants of the Indians and Esquimaux I should have been; but being the direct descendants of the English, nothing is more natural than that they should be vulgarians."

Madame was at this time forty-seven years old. She was still a beautiful woman. Even Tom Moore, the poet, admitted that she was. Tom Moore did not admire Madame Bonaparte. He described her as a woman wholly without sentiment. She ridiculed love, he said, declaring that she herself had married for position, and that any one was a fool who married for love.

Perhaps it was Madame's absence of sentiment

that made it so hard for her to grow old. A person destitute of all tender feeling is not apt to find old age attractive. Madame grew more discontented as she grew older. "I am dying with *ennui*," she wrote; "I doze away existence. I am too old to coquet, and without this stimulant I die. I am tired of reading, and of all ways of killing time. I am tired of life, and tired of having lived. It is a bore to grow old."

Madame Bonaparte's later years held still more disappointments for her. In 1835 her father, upon his deathbed, threatened to disinherit her because of her "disobedient conduct through life," and left her of his large fortune only a paltry share. Again, in 1860, Prince Jerome dying, made no mention of his first-born son in his will, and though Madame appealed through her son to the French court for a share of the estate, and won the sympathy of Europe, she lost her case. And still again, upon the death of Napoleon III., when Madame herself was an old, old lady of ninety years, there came another blow to her proud, aspiring spirit. She endeavored to put forward the claims of her grandson to the imperial throne, and failed. That was the final flicker of a restless ambition which was doomed to be forever baffled.

Madame Bonaparte's last days were passed in her native city. She lived in a quiet boarding-house, preferring a solitary existence to the society of her relatives. She was a decidedly eccentric old lady,

bright-eyed and sharp-tongued. No longer the beautiful, brilliant, bewitching young Beatrice Esmond of "Henry Esmond," she had become the withered, clever, lonely old Baroness Bernstein of "The Virginians."

In Madame's room there stood a trunk filled with her ancient finery. Madame delighted above all things to open this trunk and bring forth her treasures and display them for the edification of her friends. This, she would say, with evident pride and pleasure, was her husband's wedding coat; this dress was given her by the Princess Borghese; this one had been worn at the Court of Tuscany; this one she wore at the Pitti Palace on the day she met her husband; this she wore when presented to Madame Mère. Thus she would amuse herself recalling her past gayeties and triumphs.

To the very end Madame cherished, with something almost like sentiment, all that remained of her former worldly glory. But there came a day when the little trunk stood neglected in its corner, telling the story of a life departed, of a light that once shone radiantly in courts and palaces, now gone out forever.

V.

MARTHA JEFFERSON,

DAUGHTER OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Born at Monticello, Sept. 27, 1772.
Died at Edgehill, Oct. 10, 1836.

"As a child she was her father's only comforter in the great sorrow of his life, in maturer years she was his intimate friend and companion; her presence lent to his home its greatest charm and her love and sympathy were his greatest solace in the troubles that clouded the evening of his life." — *Miss S. N. Randolph.*

In the autumn of the year 1784 a little American girl found herself in the midst of French convent life at the Abbage Royale de Panthemont. She was a very unhappy little girl. Not even the pretty red frock which she wore, with its red cuffs and tucker, the uniform of the convent school, could comfort her. When her schoolmates were chatting merrily together in a language of which she did not understand a word, she looked sadly on or stole away to sit by herself thinking of her beautiful home on the "little mountain," of the flowers that grew there, of the walks through the woods, and the wild horseback rides over the hills,

of her vanished freedom, and most of all of her indulgent papa, to whom she had been wont to say her lessons and from whom, no matter how stupid or naughty she had been, she had received only words of encouragement and love.

The nuns watched the little American girl and the scholars watched her. They were very sorry for her. Never before, it seemed to them, had they beheld so homesick a little mortal. They saw her turn away from them and weep bitterly many times a day. But in the evening they noticed a great change. Then her tears were wiped away and she sat by the convent window eager and expectant.

The reason for her transformation was known to all. She was waiting for a gentleman, a very tall gentleman, with sandy hair and kind blue eyes. He came to see the little American every evening, and when he arrived she was all smiles and sunshine.

The gentleman, too, was happy in the meeting. He kissed the little girl tenderly, asked if she had been a good girl that day, hoped that she was getting to love her school and her teachers and her fellow pupils, inquired playfully how many French words she had learned since he last saw her, asked if she was mastering the grammar and wanted to know how many hours she had devoted to sewing and how many to music. Then, as the two sat side by side, he stroked her hair and told her he

was glad to see it so neatly combed, remarked with satisfaction on the tidiness of her appearance, straightened a bow here and a ruffle there, and declared that he wished he might never see her carelessly attired, for no one, he said, could ever love a slovenly little girl. One would have thought to hear him talk that he was mother as well as father to the child.

The little girl, Patsy, he lovingly called her, listened attentively to all that he had to say. She answered his inquiries as bravely as she could. But when it came her turn to question and remark, her talk was not of the convent but of home. She wanted to know what he supposed Aunt Eppes was doing and little sister Polly; she wondered if the bluebirds and robins were still singing in her favorite willow tree and the redbud and the dogwood blossoming in the meadow. She remarked that she thought this would have been a fine day for a mountain climb or a frolic on horseback over the fields, and she asked wistfully if he did wish that they might go away from France, back to dear, beautiful Monticello, never to leave it again.

Poor Patsy! Even as she spoke she knew that it would be a long while before she could behold once more her "dear, beautiful Monticello." She was learning the hard lesson which other dames and daughters of our earliest statesmen learned, that a man sacrifices his home and family when he devotes himself to the service of his country. Of

course she rejoiced in her father's greatness. She delighted to speak of him as "Plenipotentiary to Europe," and she always announced with very evident pride the fact that she was the daughter of Thomas Jefferson. But nevertheless she could not help her longings for a lost happiness, a happiness that was nowhere else but on top of the little mountain, in the society of those who had their dwelling there.

When Patsy thought of the little mountain, as she did many times a day, she did not only recall it as the home from which she had just departed. Her memory went back to the days of her earliest childhood, when another than her father had been the guiding spirit of Monticello. She remembered her mother, a beautiful, gentle-mannered woman, as firm as she was sweet and gracious. Her word, Patsy recollected, spoken in low, soft tones, was law in the Jefferson home, and she, not the father, had reproved and disciplined the children for their faults and blunders.

Her father's devotion to her mother was among Patsy's most vivid memories. Mrs. Jefferson had always been delicate and Mr. Jefferson, Patsy could remember, was ever mindful of her health, shielding her from drafts, seeing that she always had a comfortable chair and a hassock under her feet, following her into the garden with shawl and sunshade and stealing time from his affairs of state, whenever such a theft was possible, to walk and

ride with her through the beautiful country that surrounded their Virginia home.

The period of her mother's death and of her father's grief was a time which Patsy dared not recall, even to herself. She was then only ten years old, of an age when she most needed mother love and mother care, but her own sorrow was almost forgotten in the contemplation of that greater sorrow which was before her. We are given a glimpse into the lonely desolate house where, in the solitude of his own chamber, for three weeks, a man "walked incessantly night and day, only lying down occasionally when nature was completely exhausted." The full extent of his grief was known to none, not even to the kind, devoted sisters who stayed with him and watched over him most tenderly. But Patsy understood when, one night, she entered her father's room almost by stealth and found him giving way to a paroxysm of weeping. And in the days that followed, when finally he left his room and rode about the mountain on horseback over the least frequented paths, she was his constant companion, his one comforter in this, the greatest sorrow of his life.

Memories of the months that followed that saddest period in Patsy's young life were still fresh in her mind. She recalled very vividly the time that she and her sisters, pretty little Polly and the baby Lucy, had left Monticello and gone to the home of one of their father's friends in Chesterfield

County, there to be inoculated for the smallpox. Their father had been their nurse upon that trying occasion, and Patsy could well remember his gentleness and tenderness with them. She felt that no other father than hers could so well have filled a mother's place.

It was at that time, Patsy recollected, while she and her sisters were still undergoing the troubles of inoculation, that word came of her father's appointment as Plenipotentiary to Europe, to be associated with Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams in negotiating peace. Of course Patsy was not old enough to comprehend all that her father's new position meant. She was principally occupied with the thought that he was going to France and that she was going with him. And as she looked back upon that time of preparation and departure she felt that she could never forget her pain at parting with her beloved Monticello and with her dear little sisters, who had to be left behind in the care of their Aunt and Uncle Eppes and in the congenial society of their cousins, the numerous little Eppeses.

Patsy remembered, too, very distinctly, the long, tedious journey to Philadelphia. To the shy little girl within the coach, sole companion of a gentleman, surrounded and gazed upon by strange faces, those hours of travel seemed almost interminable. Yet, whatever her trials and hardships, she was willing to endure them rather than give up the

pleasure and happiness of being with her father. To be with him always and under all circumstances was the first wish of her heart.

To her stay in Philadelphia Patsy's thoughts reverted with considerable pleasure. She had made many friends there and enjoyed many good times. It was a surprise to her that she remained in the city as long as she did; but news received by Congress from Europe delayed her father's departure to the Old World, so, for a while, she and he made their home in Philadelphia. It was Patsy's introduction to city life. She was placed at a seminary for young girls under the care of Mrs. Hopkinson, "an excellent and kind lady," so tradition describes her. There Patsy had her first real schooling. Formerly her one instructor had been her father. Of course she thought none of her new instructors as wise as he, but she enjoyed her school and loved to talk to her father of the books she was reading and the tunes she was playing and of the progress she was making in dancing and drawing. She even confided to him her fears arising from the superstitions of the time, to which he replied with his usual sophistry: "I hope you will have good sense enough to disregard those foolish predictions that the world is to be at an end soon," he said. "The Almighty has never made known to anybody at what time he created it; nor will he tell anybody when he will put an end to it, if he ever means to do it."

At length the time arrived for Patsy to say good-by to her new school and her new friends and to all things American. She and her father embarked for Europe in the early summer of the year 1784. Patsy retained very pleasant memories of the voyage across. She thus described it in a letter to one of her Philadelphia friends: "We had a lovely passage in a beautiful new ship, that had made but one passage before. There were only six passengers, all of whom Papa knew, and a fine sunshine all the way, with a sea which was as calm as a river."

The trip across the channel to France, it would seem, Patsy did not find nearly so enjoyable. "It rained violently all the way," she wrote, "and the sea was exceedingly rough. The *cabane* was not more than three feet wide and about four feet long. There was no other furniture than an old bench which was fast to the wall. The door by which we came in at was so little that one was obliged to enter on all fours. There were two little doors on the side of the *cabane*, the way to our beds, which was composed of two boxes and a couple of blankets, without either a bed or mattress, so that I was obliged to sleep in my clothes. There being no window in the *cabane* we were obliged to stay in the dark, for fear of the rain coming in if we opened the door." Poor Patsy! If such were her surroundings we do not wonder that she was glad to emerge from the darkness and stuffiness of the

little *cabane* into the glad sunshine of a beautiful morning in France.

Yet even the pleasant French weather and the pretty French scenery could not make Patsy happy. The strangeness of everything, the foreign tongue, the foreign sights, the foreign customs quite dazed her. Her father, too, was a little confused by that first glimpse of France. "We would have fared badly," wrote Patsy, "if an Irish gentleman, an entire stranger to us, seeing our embarrassment, had not been so good as to conduct us to a house and was of great service to us."

Of the journey inland to Paris, Patsy declared, "We should have had a very delightful voyage to Paris, for Havre de Grace is built at the mouth of the Seine and we follow the river all the way through the most beautiful country I ever saw in my life, — it is a perfect garden, — if the singularity of our carriage (a phaeton) had not attracted the attention of all we met; and whenever we stopped we were surrounded by beggars — one day I counted no less than nine where we stopped to change horses."

Patsy laughed whenever she recalled the day of her arrival in Paris. She did not celebrate the completion of her long journey, after the manner of some of her Puritan neighbors at home, with fasting and prayer. But, being in Paris, the city of fashions and frivolities, and having arrived there a dusty and travel-worn little woman, all her time

and attention was given to the grave matter of clothes. "We were obliged to send immediately," wrote Patsy, "for the stay-maker, the mantua-maker, the milliner, and even the shoemaker before I could go out. I never had the friseur but once, but I soon got rid of him and turned down my hair in spite of all they could say."

To Patsy's troubled mind all that seemed long ago now. Her days at the convent had pushed everything that had happened before away back in the distance. After her first week in the Abbage she felt that she had been spending half of her lifetime there.

But very soon time began to pass more quickly. Though Patsy was at first so shy and homesick, she was naturally a very happy little girl, full of fun and laughter. It was impossible for her to be mournful very long. She gradually became accustomed to the new surroundings. She began to speak French, at first hesitatingly and brokenly, but with more and more fluency as time went on. She also began to make friends and after a while she came to be known among her special chums, the English girls Julia and Bettie, and the French Mademoiselles de Botedoux and De Chateaubrun, as "Jeff" and "Jeffie."

We catch glimpses of Patsy and her convent life as they come to us from the pages of her own letters and the letters of her friends. The Abbage, it seems, was a very aristocratic institution, "the

best and most genteel school in Paris," records John Adams' observant young daughter. The nuns who had it in charge "belonged," we are told, "to the best families in Europe and were born and bred ladies," while "the pupils were from the highest classes of society, being the daughters of the gentlemen and diplomatic men of various countries and of the nobility and gentry of France." There at the Abbage the "best instruction" was to be had and "the best masters for accomplishments" and the best sort of fun as well, which latter consideration in the minds of Miss Patsy and all the other pupils was as important as any other.

Indeed so highly aristocratic was the Abbage that no pupil was admitted there without the recommendation of a lady of rank. Patsy herself had entered on the good word of a "lady friend" of her father's friend the Marquis de la Fayette. The lady who spoke the good word became interested in Patsy. She had some curiosity to see how her shy little protégée might develop. One day she went to pay a visit at the Abbage, after Patsy had been living there about a year. She arrived when the girls were all at play in the garden and she sat down beside the window to watch them. Among the girls she noted especially a tall, aristocratic-looking girl. "Who is that?" she asked with interest, of the nun who sat beside her. The nun looked at the lady with some surprise. "Why, madame," she replied, "that is your protégée,

Mademoiselle Jefferson." The lady smiled, and nodded her head in satisfaction. "Oh, indeed," she exclaimed, "she has a very distinguished air."

Thus we see that from the diffident little homesick maiden of a year before Patsy had developed into a person of consideration and importance. Her life at the convent had given all the needed confidence and self-reliance. During that year she had enjoyed, too, the broadening influence that came from occasional visits with her father and peeps into the Parisian world.

We find mention of these visits and peeps in the diary of Miss Adams, daughter of John Adams, who was in Paris at the same time that Patsy was. Miss Adams, though several years Patsy's senior, was very much attracted toward her little countrywoman and wrote of her, "Miss Jefferson is a sweet girl, delicacy and sensibility are read in every feature and her manners are in unison with all that is amiable and lovely," certainly high praise from a young woman of Miss Adams' aristocratic and fastidious taste.

The associate work of their fathers brought the two girls very often together, and we occasionally discover such entries as these in the entertaining pages of Miss Adams' diary. "When we had finished our business we went to Mr. Jefferson's where I saw Miss J., a most amiable girl;" and again, "To-day we dined with Mr. Jefferson. He invited us to come and see all Paris which is to be

seen in the streets to-day, and many masks, it being the last day but one of the Carnival. Miss Jefferson dined with us; no other company."

It is in Miss Adams' diary, too, that we read an announcement of the death of Patsy's sister Lucy, the baby who, with little Polly, had been left behind in America in the care of Aunt and Uncle Eppes and all the little Eppeses. Under the date of Jan. 27, 1785, Miss Adams records, "A small company to dine to-day. Miss Jefferson we expected, but the news of the death of one of Mr. J.'s children in America, brought by the Marquis de la Fayette, prevented. Mr. J. is a man of great sensibility and parental affection. His wife died when the child was born, and he was almost in a confirmed state of melancholy, confined himself from the world and even from his friends for a long time; and this news has greatly affected him and his daughter."

The death of this baby was indeed an affliction to Patsy and her father. Mr. Jefferson became anxious about the other little daughter whom he had left behind him. He referred to her as "my dear little Polly who hangs on my thoughts night and day." He wrote to Mrs. Eppes to send her to him. But Polly preferred America to France. She sent a letter to her papa saying that she did not "want to go," that she had "rather stay" with Aunt Eppes and Cousin Jacky.

Her unwillingness only made her father all the

more eager for her coming. He did not like to think that she was learning to forget her papa and her sister Patsy, and that others were taking their places in her heart. He insisted that "the little lady" as he called her, in spite of her hopes and prayers to remain in Virginia, should be despatched to France.

So Polly was despatched. But it was only by means of a trick that she was gotten from her native land. For several days she and her playfellow cousins had been taken for a frolic on board a ship that was lying at anchor in the harbor. Finally one afternoon Polly grew drowsy and fell asleep. When she awoke her friends were gone, the shore was out of sight, and she and her maid were tossing in the midst of a scene that was all blue sky and blue ocean, conscious that each roll was carrying them further and further away from Cousin Jacky and Aunt Eppes and home. Poor little Polly! Her heart was almost broken.

Polly made her voyage to Europe in the summer of 1787. She landed in England and was met there by the Adamses, who had moved from Paris to London. Mrs. Adams took charge of the beautiful frightened child, and Polly and the future Mistress President became great friends. Mrs. Adams has left in her letters a charming picture of Miss Polly: "I have had with me," she wrote, "a little daughter of Mr. Jefferson's, who arrived here with a young negro girl, her servant, from Virginia.

Mr. Jefferson wrote me some months ago that he expected them and desired me to receive them. I did so, and was amply repaid for my trouble. A finer child of her age I never saw. She is not eight years old. She would sit sometimes and describe to me the parting with her aunt, and the love she had for her little cousins, till the tears would stream down her cheeks; and how I had been her friend and she loved me. She clung round me so that I could not help shedding a tear at parting with her. She was the favorite of every one in the house."

At length the time came for Polly to join her father and Patsy in France. "A trusty servant," so Mr. Jefferson tells us, was sent to London to bring their little traveller to them. There is something quite pathetic in Mr. Jefferson's story of her meeting with them. So long a while had she been parted from them that when she first saw them, as Mr. Jefferson declared, "she neither knew us nor should we have known her had we met with her unexpectedly."

Her father's and her sister's love, however, soon won little Polly's heart and made her feel at home with them. Patsy would not allow her to be lonely and left the convent for a time to devote herself to her. Mr. Jefferson tells of how Patsy "came and staid a week with Polly leading her from time to time to the convent until she became familiarized to it." And he adds, "She (Polly) is now estab-

lished in the convent perfectly happy, a universal favorite with all the young ladies and the mistresses."

Of Patsy herself, in the same letter, which was written to Mrs. Eppes, Mr. Jefferson remarks "Patsy enjoys good health. She has grown much the last year or two and will be very tall. She retains all her anxiety to get back to her country and her friends, particularly yourself. Her dispositions give me perfect satisfaction and her progress is well."

The letters that passed between Patsy and her father at this period are very interesting. They show what a happy comradeship existed between the two. She talks to him of her school life and lessons: he advises and comforts her in all her schoolgirl difficulties. And throughout their correspondence there breathes always an affection that was to both of them the chief blessing of life.

"Nobody in this world," he tells her, "can make me so happy or so miserable as you. To your sister and yourself I look to render the evening of my life serene and contented. Its morning has been clouded by loss after loss till I have nothing left but you. My expectations of you are high, yet not higher than you may attain. I do not doubt either your affections or your dispositions. Industry and resolution only are wanting. Be industrious, then, my dear child. Think nothing un-

surmountable by resolution and application and you will be all that I wish you to be."

And Patsy answers with a determination that shows how eager she was to be all that her father "wished her to be." "You say your expectations of me are high," she writes, "yet not higher than I can attain. Then be assured, my dear papa, that you shall be satisfied in that, as well as in anything else that lies in my power; for what I hold most precious is your satisfaction, indeed I should be miserable without it."

With this thought always in mind, that she must fulfil her father's hopes of her, Patsy gave her attention to her studies. She reported her progress in them to her father with a frankness and artlessness that proved her to be a child as well as an ambitious little woman. "I have begun a beautiful tune with Baltastre," she wrote, "done a very pretty landscape with Pariseau — a little man playing on a violin — and begun another beautiful landscape."

Her Latin seems to have been her one stumbling-block. "I go on slowly with my Tite Live (Livy)," she confessed; "it being in such ancient Italian that I cannot read without my master and very little with him even;" and again, still struggling with her Livy, she wrote, "Titus Livius puts me out of my wits. I cannot read a word by myself, and I read of it very seldom with my master."

Her father could not endure to have her fail in

the accomplishment of anything. He besought her to get the better of her Latin and argued with her in his usual logical and persuasive fashion. "I do not like your saying that you are unable to read the ancient print of your Livy but with the aid of your master," he declared. "We are always equal to what we undertake with resolution. It is a part of the American character to surmount every difficulty by resolution and contrivance. In Europe there are shops for every want; its inhabitants, therefore, have no idea that their wants can be supplied otherwise. Remote from all other aid *we* are obliged to invent and to execute; to find means within ourselves and not to lean on others. Consider, therefore, the conquering of your Livy as an exercise in the habit of surmounting difficulties, a habit which will be very necessary to you in the country where you are to live."

It was in this way, never hesitating to give the why and wherefore of a case when it was needed, that Jefferson directed his daughter in the pursuits and the conduct of her life. "The object most interesting to me for the residue of my life," he told her, "will be to see you developing daily those principles of virtue and goodness which will make you valuable to others and happy in yourself, and acquiring those talents and that degree of science which will guard you at all times against *ennui*, the most dangerous poison of life. A mind always employed is always happy. This is the

true secret, the grand receipt for felicity. Be good and industrious and you will be what I most love in the world."

Such words as these, not disagreeable "preachy" words, but wise, kind, fatherly words, are constantly appearing in Jefferson's letters to his daughter, and as we read them we do not wonder that Patsy considered them the chief incentive to success amid the trials and difficulties of schoolgirl life. They used always to fill her with fresh courage and determination. "I am not so industrious as you or I would wish," she would answer, "but I hope that in taking pains I very soon shall be. I have already begun to study more. I am learning a very pretty thing now (on the harpsichord). I have drawn several little flowers all alone that the master even has not seen. I shall take up my Livy, as you desire it. I shall begin it again as I have lost the thread of the history."

Yet, in spite of good intentions and brave efforts, Patsy did not conquer all things. She was too human not to fail occasionally. Though she won an easy victory over all her other studies, Livy remained a most invincible adversary. "I have learnt several new pieces on the harpsichord," she wrote, "drawn five landscapes and three flowers, and hope to have done something more by the time you come. I go on pretty well with my history. But as for Tite Live I have begun it three or four times and go on so slowly with it that I believe I

never shall finish it. It was in vain that I took courage; it serves to little good in a thing almost impossible. I read a little of it with my master who tells me almost all the words and, in fine, it makes me lose my time."

The period was drawing near when Livy, and with him all the other study books, were to be discarded and laid upon the shelf. Patsy's last year at the convent arrived. She became an important, privileged person. She dined at the Abbess' table, she helped to entertain the guests of the convent, and she received instruction in all the fine points of etiquette which she would need when, a year later, a well informed and accomplished débutante, she was to enter the gay society of Paris.

Yet even while Patsy was being prepared for the momentous step that was to carry her out of the quiet shadows of the convent into the brilliant light of the Parisian world, she was dreaming of a life very different from that which her father and friends were planning for her. She was a young girl, warm-hearted, impulsive, and impressionable. She loved the nuns who had been her guardians and friends for so many years and she thought that she would like to be as one of them, living always in an atmosphere of pure thoughts and self-sacrificing deeds. During her leisure moments she was often to be seen walking and talking with the nuns and with the Abbé Edgeworth de Fermont, he who at a later day was to accompany the unfortunate Louis

the Sixteenth, as his last confessor, to the guillotine. The Catholic religion as interpreted by these good people seemed to the young Protestant better and truer than her own, and one day, with the spirit of their words upon her, she wrote to her father, from whom she had no secret, telling the story of her change of faith and expressing the wish that she might be a nun.

Mr. Jefferson did not answer Patsy by letter. He acted upon the occasion with his usual sensibleness and tact. After waiting a day or two he drove to the convent, had a private interview with the Abbess, and then asked to see his daughters. When Patsy and Polly came into the room he greeted them with more than the usual warmth of affection, and told them that he had come to take them away from school. He was tired of living alone, he said, and he wanted his daughters at home with him.

So Patsy and Polly said good-by to the convent and drove away with their father. It is needless to state that Patsy did not refer to her letter. She had read her father's answer to it in his face. At his request she let herself be carried into the gay whirl of Parisian society, and her new religious convictions and her dreams of a rosary and a solitary cell were soon forgotten in the healthy girlish enjoyment of finery, balls, and beaux.

Patsy was sixteen when she entered the world of Paris, and was introduced into the brilliant court

of Louis the Sixteenth. In spite of her youth and her modest, retiring disposition, she was considered a remarkable young woman. She did credit to the excellent education which she had received. She was found to be a good linguist, an accomplished musician, and one well versed in matters literary and historical. She was not beautiful (and perhaps it is a relief to posterity to learn that she was not, after hearing of so many dames and daughters of a bygone day whose wondrous fairness is forever being told in story and rehearsed in song). She is reputed to have been "tall and stately," and to have had an interesting rather than a pretty face. It was not so much for harmony of form and feature, but it was for the charm of her conversation and manner, for the amiability of her disposition, and for the sweet unselfishness of her character that she was universally admired.

Hints of Miss Patsy's good times and of the interesting people with whom she met, when she was a débutante in the Paris world, have come down to us. We read of her pleasant acquaintance with the English ladies of Tufton, who sometimes acted as her chaperones, and with the duke of Dorset and his nieces; of her friendship with the gay and gallant Marquis de la Fayette, who never chanced to meet the daughter of Thomas Jefferson without pausing to exchange a few merry words with her; and of her enthusiastic admiration for Madame de Staël, whom she saw very often in society, and to

whose wonderful conversation she listened attentively from a respectful distance.

We are told that Patsy was allowed to go to three balls a week but never to a fourth, no matter how "tempting" that fourth might be; her father was not willing to have her sacrifice her health to the frivolities of the French capital; and we discover that upon one occasion she danced eight times with one of the Polignac family and upon another occasion was complimented on her steps by the Duke de Fronsac, afterwards to be known as Duke de Richelieu.

We learn that Patsy made the acquaintance of the celebrated Georgiana, duchess of Devonshire, and that at a certain dinner party, where she and the duchess were guests, the beautiful Georgiana smiled upon her in the height of her stature and exclaimed, "It gives me great pleasure, Miss Jefferson, to see any one as tall as myself."

At the time of Patsy's débutanteship the murmurings of the Revolution had already begun. She was in Paris when the king was brought from Versailles. The whole population of the city had turned out into the streets and such an uproar of excitement Patsy never before remembered to have heard. She and some of her young friends looked down upon the crowd from a broad window and watched the procession that was escorting the king to his captivity. As the king's coach was passing under their window Patsy and her companions rec-

ognized an acquaintance in one of the king's chamberlains, and the young chamberlain looked up and saluted the vision of fluttering handkerchiefs and smiling faces in the window above him.

The king's coach passed by and then came more cheering and renewed shouts. The noise, we are told, was like "the bellowing of a thousand bulls." It came nearer and nearer and was taken up by those around her, and Patsy at length distinguished the cry "La Fayette! La Fayette!" In a burst of enthusiasm she leaned far out of the window as a gentleman in a plain frock coat came riding carelessly by. The gentleman raised his eyes and met the eager gaze of Thomas Jefferson's "little girl" and with a friendly smile of recognition he lifted his hat to her as he passed on. Immediately Patsy's young friends crowded about her, expressing their envy of her, and Patsy herself declared that never before had she been so proud of a bow.

Upon another occasion in this period of revolutionary beginnings, just after the French officers had assumed the tricolored cockade, Patsy was at a party in one of the country residences near Paris. There were a number of French officers present and the talk even in the midst of dancing and flirtation turned upon liberty and democracy. We may imagine that Miss Patsy, who had inherited her father's broad ideas, had much to say on both these subjects. In the course of the conversation it was proposed that the officers should transfer

their cockades to the ladies. The suggestion met with universal approval. So the cockades were transferred and for the remainder of the evening the French tricolor shone resplendent on the ladies' pretty ball gowns. Patsy's tricolor was treasured by her always and its history was never told until, years after, it was discovered, lying among some other precious keepsakes, by one of Patsy's own daughters.

Patsy, of course, had numerous admirers among the French officers whom she met at balls and parties. It was hinted that several efforts had been made to keep her always on the French side of the Atlantic. But Patsy loved her home and her father and sister too dearly to think of resigning them for the sake of any gallant of King Louis' court, however charming. Moreover she knew that in her own country there was waiting for her some one infinitely superior to any one whom she might meet abroad.

Along with her many happy memories of the old days at Monticello Patsy retained a very vivid recollection of Tom Randolph. He was her second cousin and her playfellow as well. He had always been a big, strong, kind-hearted chap, and, during his numerous visits to the "little mountain," had won Patsy's heart by his skill in all things and his kindness towards herself. Cousin Tom, she had discovered, could do everything from riding her father's wildest colt to pronouncing the most diffi-

cult words in her own little primer. And, what she most admired in him, he was not a tease like other boys, but was very gallant and used often to take her for a ride with him through the woods and meadows about her home or draw his chair beside her of an evening after the candles were brought in and help her with her troublesome lessons.

Patsy had not seen her Cousin Tom since the days of their pleasant girl and boy friendship in old Virginia until, a short time after she left the convent, she and her father were surprised one evening to receive a call from a tall, athletic-looking young man who introduced himself to them as Thomas Randolph. He came to them fresh from his four years of study at Edinburgh University, where he had distinguished himself as a student of the first rank and a man of brilliant promise. He was about to return to America, he said, but he could not go without stopping to see his distinguished kinsman Thomas Jefferson and his old-time playfellow Patsy.

Mr. Randolph's stay in Paris was necessarily short, but in the few weeks that they enjoyed together Miss Patsy and he learned to know and like each other better than ever before. And perhaps it was Cousin Tom quite as much as Papa Jefferson who influenced Patsy to abandon all thoughts of a nunnery and remain in a selfish, naughty, but very happy world where she might choose as her vocation that of loving and being loved.

Cousin Tom had returned to America but Patsy still lingered in the midst of the gayeties of the French capital. She and her father and Polly, in spite of the interesting and exciting life which they led there, were longing for home, and it was with great joy that they received news of Jefferson's long-hoped-for leave of absence from Congress. Very soon after the receipt of this news, in the autumn of the year 1789, five years after that autumn which had found Patsy a lonely, homesick little girl in the Abbage Royale de Panthemont, they took an affectionate leave of their friends in Paris and set sail for America. After a fairly comfortable passage of thirty days they arrived safely and happily on the shores of their own country.

They landed in Norfolk, and the journey from Norfolk to Monticello was taken in easy stages, stopping at the houses of relatives and friends along the way, where they were warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained by those from whom they had so long been parted.

Mr. Jefferson's slaves had been notified of the family's approaching return and the day of the arrival was given to them as a holiday. They walked down the mountain to Shadwell, which was four miles distant, to meet their master and young "misses," and when at last they caught sight of the coach and four the air rang with their enthusiastic greeting. The horses were "unhitched," we are told, and the delighted crowd drew their master's

carriage up the mountain to the doorway of his home.

Great was the surprise and admiration of the devoted negroes when Patsy and Polly stepped out of the coach. The girls had left little children and had returned, Patsy in the dignity of her seventeen years and high stature, and Polly in her eleventh year, more beautiful and lovable than ever before. "God bless you's" and "Look at the chilluns" were the expressions on all sides, and "Ain't our Miss Patsy tall?" and "Our dear little Polly, bless her soul." It was a home-coming such as made the hearts of the young "misses" thrill more and more with love for old Virginia.

And yet, in spite of the delight that they all experienced at being once more in their own land, among their own people, and in the midst of their own beautiful hills and meadows, there was in their home-coming a certain feeling of loss and regret. Patsy had to confess that most of the people who lived in the vicinity of the "little mountain" were stupid and "poky," and that the life which many of her neighbors led was very primitive, almost "barbarous" in its extreme simplicity and its absence of all amusement and excitement. She missed the gay scenes and the brilliant company that she had enjoyed in Paris and the change from the metropolis of the world to the quiet uneventful life about her was at first very hard.

However, it was not ordained that Patsy was to

spend much time or thought in repining for lost benefits. During the months that followed her return, Mr. Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe, was a constant visitor at Monticello and on the 23d of February, 1790, Miss Patsy and her cousin Tom were married. Patsy became a wife and in the novelty and congeniality of a happy married life she was able to forget any longings that she may have cherished for a society and existence that had passed beyond her reach.

Patsy's days were full of sweet content. She was happy in her husband, a man, so Jefferson informs us, of "science, sense, virtue, and competence," with whom she read and studied and led an "ideal family life." She was happy in her father, whom she saw honored and beloved by his countrymen, raised from one high position to another until at last he stood in the forefront of a nation. She was happy in her sister, little Polly or Maria, as she came to be called, who grew up a timid, affectionate, and very beautiful woman with regular features and "glorious" auburn hair, and who married Jacky Eppes, the favorite cousin, for whom in her childhood she had grieved so piteously when the hateful ship bore her away.

One loves to read of Patsy as a wife and daughter and sister. She was so full of pride and love and devotion for those who were dear to her. But perhaps it is as a mother more than in any other relationship that the sweet unselfishness of her

character shines forth with most charm. Her home at Edgehill, the Randolph estate, from which in winter when the trees were bare, she could see the glimmer of the white columns of the portico at Monticello, was inhabited by a host of little people, twelve in all, five sons and seven daughters, of various dispositions and acquirements, but all equally interesting and lovable in their mother's eyes. There was Anne, the eldest, the fair-haired little darling, of whom in her babyhood her grandpa declared "even Socrates might ride on a stick with her without being ridiculous,"—she grew up a beautiful, much admired woman and married when she was quite young a Mr. Blankhead; there was Jefferson, the "heavy-seeming" small boy who became "the man of judgment," the "staff" of his grandfather's old age; and there was Ellen, the bright little scholar, who developed into an intelligent and delightful woman and married Mr. Coolidge of Boston; then there were Cornelia and Virginia and Mary, all dear little girls who made very attractive and cultivated women; and there was another daughter who did not live to grow up, and James Madison, the baby of the White House, named after the revered statesman friend of all the little Randolphs and their grandpapa; there was Benjamin, the practical and energetic, and Lewis, who became a brilliant lawyer, handsome, graceful, and winning, full of life and talents, a most charming member of the home circle; and lastly there were

the babies, Septima, so called because she was the seventh daughter, an unstudious, naughty, merry little child, and George, the brave sailor boy whose affection for his mother was the "passion" of his life.

With all her children Mrs. Randolph was "gentle but firm." She never spoke harshly to them, but the little Randolphs understood that when "Mamma" said a thing she meant it and that the only course for them was to do exactly as she said. Mrs. Randolph was the only instructor her daughters (with the exception of little Septima) ever had and few women of their time were better educated than the Misses Randolph. Every day she talked French with them and gave them her own broad views of history and literature. She taught all her children, both sons and daughters, to love music and recommended it to them "not so much as an accomplishment as a resource in solitude;" and perhaps the pleasantest picture we have of Patsy as a mother is that in which we see her seated at her harpsichord with her children all about her, playing and singing to them in the quiet twilight.

The most enjoyable times for Patsy and her children were the jolly vacation months when, with the coming of summer, President Jefferson retired from Washington and his affairs of state, and stopping at Edgehill, picked up the whole Randolph family and carried them all off with him to Monticello. There, on the summit of the little mountain,

with its broad sweeps of vision, and the wild freedom of its breezes, was an ideal playground. The lawns and terraces about the house became the children's racecourse, and great was the fun when grandpapa arranged the young folks all in a row, giving the smallest one "a good start" by several yards, and with a "one, two, three — go!" and a dropping of the white handkerchief, sent them all off on a run, and awarded the victor with a prize of three figs. The flowers became the children's playfellows. Their grandfather taught them to love and respect the pretty blossoms, never to handle them roughly, or to disturb them in their comfortable beds. And in order to impress the children with the dignity of their floral acquaintances, he gave the flowers real names, and very amusing it was to hear the little people calling out in great glee, "Come, Grandpa! Come, Marcus Aurelius has his head out of ground." "The Queen of the Amazons is coming up."

At Monticello the out-of-door world was certainly a joyous one, and so too was the world within doors. There the enjoyments were romps in the hall, and school in the splendid billiard room. But the best indoor times came on cool evenings, in the half hour of twilight before the candles were brought in, when the children all gathered with their mother and grandfather round the fire, and engaged in such games as "Cross Questions," and "I love my love with an O." It was pleasant,

too, though almost too quiet for the restless spirits later in the evening, when the candles arrived and grandfather retired to his book, and all the children followed his example and retired to their books; then often, in that hour of literary calm, grandfather would raise his eyes from his own book and look around on the little circle of readers and smile, and make some remark to mamma about her "studious sons and daughters."

It was a happy home life that was lived at Monticello. But, unfortunately, it was forever being interrupted and disturbed; there was company, more company, always company, at Monticello. Hospitable as Jefferson and his daughter both were, they could not help giving way to an occasional murmur over their interminable list of visitors. Mrs. Randolph complains of being "always in a crowd, taken from every pleasing duty to be worried with a multiplicity of disagreeable ones, which the entertaining of such crowds of company subjects one to;" and Jefferson declares that he "pants for that society where all is peace and harmony, where we love and are beloved by every object we see; to have that intercourse of soft affections crushed and suppressed by the eternal presence of strangers goes very hard indeed, and the harder as we see that the candle of life is burning out, so that the pleasures we lose are lost forever."

A great interruption to the domestic "peace and harmony" of the Monticello home life, even a

greater interruption than the eternal presence of visitors, was the public career of the head of the family. Jefferson's term of service to his country was a long one, and during most of it he lived away from home, alone, without the cheering society of his daughters and grandchildren. Family and household matters kept Mesdames Patsy and Polly away from their father in his public office. While he was at Philadelphia and Washington officiating first as Secretary of State, and later as President, he was obliged to call on outsiders to preside at his table and do the honors of his home. It was not until the winter of 1802–3 that the busy young housewives were able to make the long promised visit to the White House, and bring to the Presidential Mansion the genial homelike atmosphere that always hovered about Monticello.

From the obscurity of their Virginia homes the two sisters came and took by storm the capital of the nation. For the first time, since their girlhood days in Paris, and the court of Louis XVI., they became a part of the gay world. They went through the usual round of balls, parties, and dinners, and enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

In after years Mrs. Madison delighted to describe the impression made by these two daughters of President Jefferson upon the society of Washington. Mrs. Eppes, she said, captivated all by her loveliness and grace, and Mrs. Randolph by the charm of her manner and conversation drew about

her, wherever she went, a circle of interested and admiring listeners.

It was very pretty, too, so we are told, to see the adoration of each sister for the other. Each earnestly wished to be like the other. Polly would sigh for Patsy's brilliancy and Patsy would retort "Oh, Maria, if only I had your beauty." Polly believed that Patsy possessed all the learning and accomplishments that could be had, while Patsy thought that her little sister was the most beautiful woman in the world.

It is certainly a delight to read of the love of these sisters for each other. But the story of their love becomes almost pathetic when we reflect upon the premature death of the one and the bitter loss of the other. During the greater part of the last days together they were alone. Their husbands, members of Congress, were at Washington with their father. Patsy had taken Polly home with her and during the days that were "a period of great physical suffering to one and of the keenest mental anguish to the other," she was Polly's nurse and mother as well as sister. Then, as time went on and Polly grew no better, Jacky Eppes came hurrying home anxious and heavy hearted, her father followed, and it was with those that she loved first and last about her that sweet little Polly Jefferson Eppes faded out of existence. Her life had been like that of a fair and delicate flower born to an early death.

The loss of their dear Polly drew Patsy and her father more closely together than ever before. They became more and more necessary to each other's happiness and their continued separation from each other seemed to them almost unbearable. It was, therefore, with more than usual delight that they welcomed the time that brought Patsy on a second visit to the Presidential mansion. She came in the winter of 1805–6, and upon this occasion she brought her whole family with her, a family which at the time consisted of one son and six daughters. Her second son, James Madison, was born during this very visit and enjoyed the distinction of being the first child born at the White House.

During this winter spent at the President's home, Mrs. Randolph was very happy entertaining her father's distinguished guests and taking part in all the gayeties of the capital. She was everywhere admired. Many were the "encomiums" bestowed upon her. The Marquis de Yrujo who was then Spanish Ambassador at Washington declared that she was fitted to grace any court in Europe and John Randolph of Roanoke was so impressed with the beauty of her mind and character that years after, when her health was proposed at a gentleman's table in Virginia, at a time when "crusty John" himself was one of her father's bitterest political foes, he seconded the toast with the exclamation "Yes, gentlemen, let us drink to the noblest woman in Virginia."

Upon the occasion of this second visit to the White House, Mrs. Randolph's eldest daughter, Anne, was deemed old enough to appear at a ball in Washington. For the first time in her life the young lady dressed herself in "grande toilette" and well escorted and well chaperoned she went to the ball. Mrs. Randolph, who was very near sighted and who had never seen her daughter except in the simple childish costumes which she wore at home, was filled with admiration when a certain tall fair-haired girl entered the ballroom. "Who is that beautiful young woman?" she inquired of Mrs. Cutts, Mrs. Madison's sister, who was seated beside her. Mrs. Cutts answered with a laugh. "Heavens! woman," she exclaimed, "don't you know your own child?"

In the spring that followed this winter of manifold pleasures and excitements, Mrs. Randolph with her young family withdrew from Washington society and returned to the quiet home at Edgehill. For the rest of her life Mrs. Randolph was to live retired from the world, but busy with many duties and responsibilities. The mother of a large family, the mistress of a Virginia plantation, and with her husband's finances always in an embarrassed condition, she had much to occupy her time and thought. It is a charming domestic picture that which we have of Madam Patsy, she who had graced the finest and most aristocratic circles in the world, standing among her slaves like the

Greek matron of old among her handmaidens, portioning out the wool that was to be spun and made into cloth.

In a life which was one of almost Homeric simplicity, Mrs. Randolph's recreations were her books sent her by her father, her harpsichord, the constant companionship of the children, and occasional visits from friends or neighbors. Calling as we understand it did not exist for Mrs. Randolph. In her day and in her remote part of the world, company did not come for a few hours in the morning or afternoon. They came to spend the day. Moreover, they did not wait to be invited. Very often the first intimation which a hostess had that she was to have friends to dinner was the sight of a carriage full of guests driving up to the door about eleven or twelve o'clock in the morning. The feminine portion of the company always brought knitting and embroidery with them, and great was the clattering of needles and tongues as the latest births, marriages, and deaths were discussed, together with the condition of crops and the most recent happenings in the political world.

It was a joyous time for Mrs. Randolph and for all at Edgehill when at last the adored father and grandfather returned to them, not as President of the United States on a hurried visit to his home and family, but as a simple country gentleman who was never again to be deprived of that domestic "peace and harmony" for which he had

sighed so many years. When he came this time the removal to Monticello was permanent, and for the remainder of his life, Jefferson and his daughter and his daughter's family lived happily together on the summit of the little mountain, in the home that was so dear to them all.

Her father's death and the loss of this home — a loss that came because of the too generous hospitality that always existed there — broke Patsy's heart. The troubles that followed, her husband's death and the worries and vexations of poverty, found her resigned, almost unmoved. "There is a time in human suffering," she wrote pathetically in her note-book, "when succeeding sorrows are but like snow falling on an iceberg."

In spite of her broken heart, however, Patsy kept brave and cheerful. She even contemplated opening a school for the support of herself and family; but South Carolina and Louisiana proved her friends, and by the donation of twenty thousand dollars, saved her from the pain of ending her days in the drudgery of school-teaching.

Her children were her comforters. To them she wrote: "My life is a mere shadow as regards myself. In you alone I live and am attached to it. The useless pleasures which still strew my path with flowers — my love for plants and books — would be utterly heartless and dull, but for the happiness I derive from my affections; these make life still dear to me."

And it was in visiting among her children that Patsy's last days were passed. Many of them had married and gone far from the old home, so that she lived sometimes in Boston, sometimes in Washington, and sometimes at Edgehill. Perhaps it was at Edgehill, the home of her eldest son, Jefferson, that she was best contented. There she was nearest to Monticello. From her favorite window there, in the room that was always reserved for her, she could look up through a newly opened vista of trees and meadow land to Monticello, and in sight of the loved home live over again in memory the long season of happiness that had once been hers.

VI.

RACHEL JACKSON,

WIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON.

Born in Virginia in 1767.
Died at The Hermitage, Tenn., Dec. 23, 1828.

"Like many a woman with nothing remarkable about her, she had the enviable gift of making life sweet and reposing to all about her." — *Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont.*

It was in the year 1789 that a tall, red-haired, stern-featured young man made his appearance in the newly arisen settlement of Nashville, Tennessee. He arrived there on a "splendid" horse, in company with a party of emigrants from his boyhood home in the Carolina pine woods. His name, he said, was Andrew Jackson.

This Andrew Jackson, it was discovered, was a young man of many experiences. He had known what it was to be a bare-footed, bare-headed, ragged, hungry, tired little chap; he had learned what a struggle existence often is, and in his fierce, determined sort of fashion he had worked his way up from poverty to a certain respectability among his fellow-men. In the log-house country from which

he came he had served as saddler, school-teacher, store-keeper, and constable; he had studied law; he had, moreover, seen something of life in its worst aspects and, it must be confessed, had taken some part in the betting, racing, gaming, duelling, and tavern carousing that went on about him.

He had come to Nashville to seek his fortune. Shortly after he arrived in the young settlement he opened a law office there and started up quite a brisk business for himself. People were not slow to see that there was something in this Andrew Jackson. He was, to be sure, as his life had made him, a rough man. But beneath the rough exterior there was cleverness, perseverance, and a most vigorous energy.

When Mr. Jackson came to Nashville he went to live in a boarding-house that was kept by a Mrs. Donelson. Mrs. Donelson was a widow. Her husband, who had been a sturdy pioneer in the settlement of Nashville, had been killed, by Indians it was supposed. With Mrs. Donelson lived her married daughter, Mrs. Robards, and the society of this Mrs. Robards Jackson found to be the pleasantest feature in his boarding-house life.

Mrs. Robards was an interesting woman. She was of the regular pioneer type of woman, such as was often to be met with in the frontier towns of our country during the earliest days of the republic. Courageous, daring, full of life and spirits, she was universally liked as a merry story-teller, a

rollicking dancer, a daring horse-woman, and withal a most jolly and entertaining companion.

In her girlhood days, before she had made her unfortunate marriage with the intensely jealous and disagreeable Mr. Robards, Mrs. Robards was known as the "sprightly Rachel Donelson." A gypsy-like girl, black-eyed, black-haired, she had been a great favorite among the little band of settlers that had gone westward from Virginia to found a new home in the beautiful fertile valley of the Cumberland in "further" Tennessee.

Rachel was little more than a child when the emigration to Nashville occurred. Her father, Col. John Donelson, was a bold man, and it was he who led the expedition. The journey was made by water. A "considerable" fleet of flatboats carrying families and household goods embarked at Jonesboro in eastern Tennessee. They sailed down the Holston River to the Tennessee, down the Tennessee to the Ohio, up the Ohio to Cumberland, and up the Cumberland to a place called the Big Salt Lick. Above the Lick, on a cedar bluff that overlooked the river, they built themselves a little settlement of log cabins. And it was in the log cabin settlement, which eventually became the capital city of Tennessee, that Miss Rachel Donelson's girlhood days were passed.

The journey to the new home had been a hazardous one. The travellers were four months in going. They started in midwinter and were de-

layed by frosts and "falls of water." In the spring more boats joined them. Many were the adventures of the travellers. Boats were stranded or swung violently around bends in the river and dashed upon the rocks. Sometimes those who were sent foraging and hunting in the woods along the shore never returned. All about them were lurking creeping Indians who, hidden in the cliffs above the river, shot upon them in their boats, wounding and terrifying them.

In the midst of this perilous voyage there comes a vision of Rachel Donelson, an erect, courageous little figure standing at the helm of her father's "good boat" the "Adventure," while Captain Donelson himself took shots at the savages concealed in the rocky heights above. Rachel could guide a boat as well as any man, and an inspiring sight it was to see her, with arms bared to the elbow, her black hair blowing in the breeze, her black eyes ever alert and watchful, while she brought the ungainly craft safely past shoals and reefs and eddying tides. Her whole attitude at such a time was one of fearlessness and daring.

Charming she certainly was as a bold and able little captain. And she was equally charming when, in the moments of recreation, she frolicked through a merry, noisy, rollicking reel on the deck of her father's flatboat. With arms akimbo, head thrown back, eyes dancing, and lips parted

she set many a young man's heart to beating violently.

Of course Rachel was a belle among all the hardy young woodmen and planters who went out with Colonel Donelson to take possession of the fertile region around the Big Salt Lick. But it was not to one of those first Nashville settlers that Rachel gave her heart and hand. She married a Kentuckian, Mr. Lewis Robards, and left her father and her father's little settlement for a husband and a new home in Kentucky.

The story of Miss Rachel's marriage with Mr. Robards is not a happy one. It is that of a cruel husband and an early divorce. Rachel had never been troubled with grave doubts and fears. She was one of those simple, charitable, undiscerning natures that sees and fears no wrong. She left her home at the Big Salt Lick a gay, care-free, lighthearted girl. She returned sobered by a sad experience, but with the same genial temper and unfailing source of good spirits.

When young Andrew Jackson came to the Nashville settlement, Rachel and her mother were living on the spot that had been theirs since the day of their arrival in the beautiful valley of the Cumberland. The mother and daughter had not ceased to mourn their brave pioneer hero who had been found one day, lying face downward near the creek, with a bullet through his heart. They never knew who aimed the bullet. Rachel used to de-

clare she was sure no Indian did it; her father, she said, understood the ways of the red men too well to be caught by one of them.

The region in which Rachel lived was one of violence and bloodshed. The Indians were always lurking in some hiding-place to spring upon new victims. It was not safe for white folks to go about their business except with a guard. While some of the settlers planted, others watched; while some drew water from the spring, others stood with guns cocked ready to shoot; and when the girls went out into the fields about their homes to gather blackberries, they always travelled in company with a military escort.

Naturally, in the midst of such dangerous surroundings, it was comfortable to have near at hand so brave and chivalrous a protector as Andrew Jackson. "Sharp Knife" and "Long Arrow" — as Jackson came to be known among the Indians — was deemed a most formidable opponent by them, and the house where he was staying and where lived the Widow Donelson and her daughter Rachel was comparatively safe, as safe as any in the neighborhood, from the attacks of the red enemy.

It is not surprising that Andrew Jackson and Rachel Donelson, living in the same house as they did, subjected to so many common perils, and being so congenial in tastes and characteristics, should have grown to love each other. After a two-

years' acquaintance, in the year 1791 they were married. Their life together from their wedding day until the day of Mrs. Jackson's death is a delightful one to contemplate. It was full to overflowing with the sweets and happinesses of home.

First they lived in great prosperity at Hunter's Hill. In 1804 they removed to "The Hermitage," an unpretentious little block house that stood in the midst of flourishing cotton fields and corn fields, only a few miles from Nashville. And it is with The Hermitage that one associates all the pleasantest memories of Andrew Jackson and his wife.

The Hermitage was a house of only four rooms, but it held many people. Andrew Jackson and his wife were "the king and queen of hospitality." No one was ever turned away from their door. We read of times when each of the four rooms was filled with a whole family and when the piazza and other places of half shelter about the house were transformed into "bunks" for the young men and boys of the visiting party.

Entertainment was not difficult at The Hermitage. There the summer lasted for eight months and there was only one month of actual winter. The house was always open to the breezes and the sunshine rushed in at all the doors and windows. Housekeeping was very unceremonious, almost like a perpetual picnicing and camping out. Moreover, the inmates of The Hermitage did not really live

there. They only made a convenience of the house in times of rain and cold and illness. They lived out of doors, on horseback and in the fields and woods.

Nevertheless, in spite of its free and easy character, life at The Hermitage was a very busy affair. Mr. Jackson was a man of many occupations. He was a slave-owner and a farmer, a storekeeper, a lawyer, and a soldier. We may imagine that there was much for him to do and much also for his helpful wife to do. Mr. Jackson was often called away from home on matters pertaining to his various businesses. In his absences Mrs. Jackson took charge of all things at The Hermitage, and an excellent manager and mistress she made. Unlearned though she was in the lore of schools, she was very wise in knowledge of the woods, the field, the kitchen, and the dairy. She was famed far and wide for her cookery and housekeeping and for her open-handed hospitality.

Many are the delightful pictures of the Jackson home life that have come down to us. We read of the countless little people who visited at The Hermitage and who were all enthusiastic in their praises of "Aunt Rachel" and "Uncle Jackson," and of the jolly times they had in their society.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson had no children of their own — a "sore grief" it was said to have been to both of them; but they were godfather and godmother to a host of small relatives and neighbors

to whom The Hermitage was always a second home. One little boy there was who came to them as their own child and called them father and mother. He was the son of one of Mrs. Jackson's brothers and was legally adopted by the master and mistress of The Hermitage and given the name of Andrew Jackson. Of course the entrance of this little son into the Jackson home was a most important and joyful event.

Another nephew, known as Andrew Jackson Donelson, was a very frequent inhabitant of The Hermitage. He was a sturdy, brave little chap, a great favorite with Mr. Jackson and his wife. These two Andrews and all the other little Andrews and Rachels who came a-visiting made The Hermitage a very merry, happy sort of place. The beautiful grounds and splendid hallways at Mt. Vernon and Monticello never rang with heartier laughter than did The Hermitage in all its rude simplicity.

There was nothing at all grand or imposing about Andrew Jackson and his wife. It was their custom to sit of an evening beside their fireside, each of them smoking their long reed pipes and enjoying life in very primitive fashion. Yet, in spite of their lack of elegance and culture, their ways were those of "pleasantness and peace" and their intercourse with each other and with all who came within the cheery radius of their hearthside was of the gentlest and most courteous.

Jackson, who in the world of business, war, and politics was deemed the most belligerent of men, was very different in the genial atmosphere of the home circle. No one who had known him as the fierce fighter would have recognized him when seated by his fireside with the children about him, very often wedged three in a chair, the very picture of domestic placidity and content.

By the fireside, opposite him, his wife would sit. Short, stout, and jolly, with laughing black eyes, Mrs. Jackson always radiated an atmosphere of sunshine and good cheer. To the delight of her young guests and of her husband as well, she would relate with a true story-teller's ability the tale of the first Cumberland settlements, of her father's famous river voyage, of the dreadful Indian alarms, and the days when scarcely a week went by without some one being killed, and of the heroes of the wilderness whom she had known and admired. And sometimes, in the midst of her story-telling, she would break off to sing to them, ballads of the West, stirring ditties of danger and brave deeds.

Mrs. Jackson's life, the life of which she talked and sang, had been one of many hardships and adventures. Nor were her hardships and adventures yet over. On the nights when her husband was away from home, often in places and scenes of great peril, she would lie awake, her mind busy with anxieties and fears. But it was only to see

the General — Jackson had been made major-general by the National Government — return once more with the light of some new victory in his eyes, some conquest of the red man or of the European powers who were in vain contesting for the possession of the West.

From one of his victories Jackson came home to The Hermitage carrying in his arms a small bundle that proved to be a little Indian baby rescued from the field of battle. We read of how the boy was "cordially received" by Mrs. Jackson, and of how he grew up a finely formed, robust, and well-educated young Indian, given to wild freaks and fancies, the terror of certain timid little girls who used to visit at The Hermitage.

The story of the Indian boy shows us that it was not only the relatives and friends of Andrew Jackson and his wife who were so hospitably welcomed at The Hermitage. Even more than a rendezvous for those who had some claim upon the Jacksons' hospitality, their home was a refuge for the unfortunate and a tavern for the belated traveller. Indeed, the charm of the Jackson hospitality, it was said, lay in the fact that the poorest wayfarer was as courteously received as the President of the United States.

Outside of The Hermitage as well as inside, the Jacksons enjoyed life after their own fashion. Mr. Jackson was interested in horse racing and often took part with his famous horse Truxton in the

annual autumn contest. Of course, when the General and Truxton appeared, Mrs. Jackson was always present among the spectators.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were very fond of dancing. An amusing sight it was said to have been to behold them performing together in one of the vigorous old-fashioned reels of the frontier. They were in such decided contrast to each other, she so short and stout and he so tall and slender. Many an onlooker smiled at them. But the smiles did not disconcert the General and his wife. They went on "reeling" it together, unconscious of all else but their own pleasure in the dance.

The simple life in and about The Hermitage, free from all ceremonies and conventions, was exactly suited to Mrs. Jackson. She was charming in all its phases. But it was different when, as the wife of the hero of New Orleans, she went to visit the scene of her husband's triumphs. She could not feel at home among the elegant Creole ladies of the city and had to confess that she knew nothing of fine clothes and fine manners. Nevertheless, in spite of her lack of polish in appearance and behavior, the ladies were very attentive to her. They dressed her as became her in her high position and gathered about her on all occasions of state to do honor to the wife of their adored hero.

Of course the General himself was delighted to have his "bonny brown wife," as Mrs. Jackson was called, with him at headquarters. He was blind to

the difference between her and the elegant Creole ladies. He made it evident to all that he considered his wife "the dearest and most revered of human beings," and nothing pleased him so much as regard bestowed upon her.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson did not put on any airs. They were the same unaffected, unpretentious couple in the midst of the brilliant society of New Orleans as they had been among the rude surroundings of their frontier home. At the "grand ball" which was given in honor of the victorious hero, the hero and his wife went through their favorite reel together to the gratification and amusement of all onlookers. One who was present has left a vivid account of their performance: "After supper," reads the record, "we were treated to a most delicious *pas de deux* by the conqueror and his spouse. To see these two figures — the General, a long haggard man with limbs like a skeleton, and Madame la Generale, a short fat dumpling — bobbing opposite each other to the wild melody of 'Possum up de Gum Tree' and endeavoring to make a spring into the air was very remarkable and far more edifying a spectacle than any European ballet could possibly have furnished."

Mrs. Jackson brought little Andrew with her when she came to visit the General at headquarters. The child, like the mother, was a great comfort and joy to the fierce fighter. Indeed, we find it hard to recognize the fierce fighter in a certain charming

picture that the biographer has given us of Jackson at this period of his greatness.

"Little Andrew was a pet at quarters," we read. "The General could deny him nothing, and spent every leisure moment in playing with him, often holding him in his arms while he transacted business. One evening, a lady informs me, some companies of soldiers halted beneath the windows of the headquarters and the attending crowd began to cheer the General, and call for his appearance — a common occurrence in those days. The little boy, who was asleep in an adjoining room, was waked by the noise and began to cry. The General had risen from his chair and was going to the window to present himself to the clamoring crowd, when he heard the cry of the child. He paused in the middle of the room in doubt for a moment which call to first obey — the boy's or the citizens'. The doubt was soon solved, however. He ran to the bedside of his son, caught him in his arms, hushed his cries, and carried him (in his nightgown) to the window, where he bowed to the people, and at the same time amused the child with the scenes in the street."

It was rather more than five years later, after the period of Jackson's triumph at New Orleans, that the General was appointed governor of Florida, and he and Mrs. Jackson and little Andrew went to live in the region of fruit and flowers. Their house which had been prepared and furnished for

them was in Pensacola on Main street overlooking the bay.

Mrs. Jackson described the land to which they had come in a letter to her friends at home. "Pensacola is a perfect plain," she wrote, "the land nearly as white as flour, yet productive of fine peach-trees, oranges in abundance, grapes, figs, pomegranates, etc. Fine flowers growing spontaneously, for the people have neglected the gardens, expecting a change of government. The town is immediately on the bay. The most beautiful water prospect I ever saw; and from ten o'clock in the morning until ten at night we have the finest sea breeze. There is something in it so exhilarating, so pure, so wholesome, it enlivens the whole system. All the houses look in ruins, old as time. Many squares of the town appear grown over with the thickest shrubs, weeping willows, and the pride of China; all look neglected. The inhabitants all speak Spanish and French. Some speak four or five languages. Such a mixed multitude you, or any of us, never had an idea of. There are fewer white people than any other."

The land which Mrs. Jackson described so graphically and to which she had come a somewhat unwilling guest was a troubled land. General Jackson's occupation of it had not been easy. Florida was passing from Spanish to American rule, and there had been several stormy encounters with the Spanish officials, who sometimes required

rather violent means of persuasion to be made to yield.

Mrs. Jackson tells us that her husband's task had been an "arduous" one. He had been the fierce fighter throughout, obstinate and determined as he always was in war. We read from Mrs. Jackson's account that "when he was in camp, fourteen miles from Pensacola, he was very sick. I went to see him," she says, "to try and pursuade him to come to his home. But no. All his friends tried. He said that when he came in, it should be under his own standard. And he has done so."

From Mrs. Jackson's pen which, though it was occasionally a stumbling pen, was an interesting one, we have a picture of the final evacuation of Florida by the Spaniards and the formal taking possession of the country by the Americans, Jackson coming in "under his own standard" as he had vowed he would. From the balcony of her house on Main street, Mrs. Jackson narrates, she sat and watched the American troops, her brave husband at their head, march into the conquered city. They rode, she said, under the stars and stripes and were accompanied by a full band of music. They passed on to the government house, where the two generals (the Spanish and the American) met "in the manner prescribed." There his Catholic Majesty's flag was lowered, and the American hoisted high in air, not less than one hundred feet. There was no shout of joy or exultation upon the

occasion. The victorious people, we are told, sympathized with the vanquished. The hearts of the Americans went out to the Spaniards, who burst into tears, so it is related, when they saw their last hope depart, the keys of their archives delivered over, and lying at anchor in full view the vessels that were to carry them far away from the beloved land that had once been theirs.

Prominent on the staff of the incoming governor was his nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, of whom we have heard before. Donelson was a young man of soldierly ideas and tastes, and he much enjoyed the turbulent scenes into which the General carried him. He had recently attained the dignity of having graduated from West Point and of being dubbed lieutenant. Brave, merry, and giving promise of a brilliant military career, he was a source of daily satisfaction to his fighting uncle.

Young Donelson was very much in love with a certain pretty cousin of his — Emily, her name was. He had known her in their early childhood days at The Hermitage. He and she and a whole flock of children used to go from The Hermitage neighborhood to school together. "One spring morning," so the story goes, "as the whole bevy were on their way they came to a roaring little creek which only existed in wet weather, and there was much ado among them as to the girls getting across. After some consultation it was concluded that Andrew should wade and carry his pretty cousin, and this he

did. He long afterwards said that as he held the delicate little creature in his arms he realized that he was in love with her and determined to marry her some day." And marry his cousin Lieutenant Donelson did, and this only a short while after the Spanish evacuation of Florida. We can imagine what a delight his marriage was to the General and Mrs. Jackson, and how glad they were to have the young couple with them when, in later days, they went to live in Washington as United States Senator Andrew Jackson and wife.

Lieutenant Donelson, as we have seen, enjoyed the life in Florida, but it was not so with the other younger Andrew. That little gentleman, then a boy of twelve, less soldierly and more delicate and sensitive than his cousin, was homesick in the midst of the flowers and fruits of Pensacola for his log-cabin home in Tennessee. Indeed, he was so very unhappy in the new land that he was finally sent home and put under the care of his uncle John Donelson until the time when his father and mother could follow him and when they could all return together to the place that was so dear to them.

Mrs. Jackson was almost as homesick as little Andrew. "Believe me," she wrote to her friends at home, "this country has been greatly overrated. One acre of our fine Tennessee land is worth a thousand here." And again she declares, "Tell our friends I hope to see them again in our country, and know it is the best I ever saw." Her

thoughts were continually on her affairs at The Hermitage. We find Mr. Jackson sending such messages as this to their brother, Captain Donelson, a near neighbor: "Mrs. Jackson requests me to return her thanks for the pleasant and minute details you were pleased to give her of her chickens, ducks, and goslings. If old Hannah [a favorite servant of Mrs. Jackson's] should be able to report *as present* as many chickens on our return in November, say to her, her mistress will dub her a knight of the feather and give her a medal plume."

Mrs. Jackson was a very devout woman, and naturally the irreligious behavior of the people of Florida quite scandalized her. "Oh, how shall I make you sensible of what a heathen land I am in," she writes. "I feel as if I were in a vast howling wilderness far from my friends in the Lord, my home and country. Three Sabbaths I spent in this house before the country was in possession under American government. In all that time I was not an idle spectator; the Sabbath profanely kept; a great deal of noise and swearing in the streets; stores kept open; trade going on, I think, more than on any other day."

This state of affairs did not only scandalize Mrs. Jackson. It aroused her to take measures against it. When her husband came into power as governor of Florida, she used her influence to bring the country to a more circumspect and reverent conduct. It is recorded that Mrs. Rachel Jackson

desired and Governor Andrew Jackson ordained that the theatre and gaming houses be shut on Sundays, and that accordingly the theatres and gaming houses were shut on Sundays.

From Mrs. Jackson's letters it would appear that Mr. Jackson was as dissatisfied as herself and the boy with the life in Florida, and that he was as desirous as they to return to The Hermitage. "The General," writes the lady, "is as anxious to get home as I am;" and again, "The General, I think, is the most anxious man to get home I ever saw. He calls it a wild-goose chase, his coming here."

Mrs. Jackson's letters give a true picture of the General's state of mind. He was indeed "anxious to get home." His governorship in Florida was one of many toils and much fatigue and trouble. He was glad to give it up, finally, and to return to The Hermitage in company with his son Andrew and his beloved wife Rachel.

It was the General's desire and his intention too to remain a private citizen for the rest of his days. He was fifty-four and had fought a hard fight, and he considered himself retired from public life and entitled to the enjoyment of home comforts.

To his fond eyes The Hermitage, after his long absence from it, appeared more charming than ever. It was a different Hermitage from The Hermitage of his early married days. A more spacious, but still very simple and unpretentious building had taken the place of the old log-cabin home. The

new house was of brick, and its most conspicuous feature was its broad piazza shaded by plants and vines. About the house were groves of evergreen and an avenue of cedar, and a large garden where pebbled paths wound in and out among beds of Mrs. Jackson's favorite flowers.

Not far from the house stood the stables, a large one for Mr. Jackson's fiery steeds and a smaller one for the shelter of the huge family coach in which the General and his wife took their outings, and which had been a present from him to her in the early days of his greatness.

One of the most interesting buildings on the whole estate was the little brick church which Jackson had raised as a tribute to his wife. It was without steeple or portico or entry, and was in appearance very like a New England country school-house, but to Mrs. Jackson's devout soul it was as satisfying as a cathedral of sublimest proportions. She was never content when she was far from it, and her happiest moments were those when she was seated in its "sacred precincts," her husband by her side, experiencing the comfort and peace of its pure atmosphere.

The life within doors at The Hermitage was very much as it had always been. Still there were inward as well as outward changes. In place of the two small Andrews who used to share the General's chair, we find a boy in his teens and a young lieutenant. The young lieutenant was living with

the General as his private secretary and his little cousin Emily, whom this Andrew, in the days before he was lieutenant, had carried in his arms across a tempestuous stream, was now his wife, a beautiful young bride of sixteen. There were other young people at The Hermitage besides the two Andrews and Emily. There were nieces and nephews and neighbors, and they all talked and danced and made music for the General and his wife. In accomplishments and education these young people had gone far beyond their Aunt Rachel, but still they never tired of having her sing her songs and tell her stories, and they always listened to her with the same interest and pleasure as in the far-away days of their childhood.

Those good times with Aunt Rachel at The Hermitage were never forgotten. Many years after, when Mrs. Jackson herself had long been dead, one of those who had called her "Aunt Rachel" and who had enjoyed the charm of her genial, sunshiny personality wrote of her in affectionate remembrance. "I knew her well," he said. "A more exemplary woman in all the relations of life, wife, friend, neighbor, relative, mistress of slaves, never lived and never presented a more quiet, cheerful, and admirable management of her household. She had not education, but she had a heart, and a good one, and that was always leading her to do kind things in the kindest manner. She had the General's own warm heart, frank manners, and

hospitable temper; and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a home more attractive to visitors. She had the faculty — a rare one — of retaining names and titles in a throng of visitors, addressing each one appropriately and dispensing hospitality to all with a cordiality which enhanced its value. No bashful youth or plain old man, whose modesty sat them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention, any more than the titled gentlemen at her right and left. Young persons were her delight, and she always had her house filled with them, — clever young women and clever young men, — all calling her affectionately 'Aunt Rachel.'"

The happy days which saw Aunt Rachel mistress of The Hermitage were drawing to an end. In the year 1824 Jackson was elected United States Senator. He said good-by to The Hermitage and private life to become a public character once more, and in the fall of the year set out in company with his wife and a few of their young relatives for Washington. The journey was performed in the huge family coach which was said to have been about the size of a mail coach of olden times. Those were the days of slow travelling, and it took the Jacksons twenty-seven days to reach their destination.

Mrs. Jackson wrote, in interesting characteristic fashion, of the journey and of the city to which she had come. Her letters show that her head had not

been turned by the grandeur of her new life. She was the same unaffected, sensible, devout little woman as at The Hermitage. "The present moment," she says, "is the first I can call my own since my arrival in this great city. Our journey indeed was fatiguing. We were twenty-seven days on the road, but no accident happened to us. We are boarding in the same house with the nation's guest, La Fayette. I am delighted with him. All the attentions, all the parties he goes to, never appear to have any effect on him. In fact, he is an extraordinary man. When we first came to this house the General said he would go and pay the Marquis the first visit. Both having the same desire and at the same time, they met on the entry of the stairs. It was truly interesting. At Charlestown General Jackson saw him on the field of battle, the General a boy of twelve, the Marquis twenty-three. The Marquis wears a wig, and is a little inclined to corpulency. He is very healthy, eats hearty, goes to every party, and that is every night. To tell you of this city, I would not do justice to the subject. The extravagance is in dressing and running to parties; but I must say they regard the Sabbath and attend preaching, for there are churches of every denomination and able ministers of the gospel. We have been here two Sabbaths. The General and myself were both days at church. Mr. Baker is the pastor of the church we go to. He is a fine man, a plain good preacher.

We were waited on by two of Mr. Balche's elders, inviting us to take a pew in his church in Georgetown, but previous to that I had an invitation to the other. General Cole, Mary, Emily, and Andrew went to the Episcopal church. Oh, my dear friend, how shall I get through this bustle! There are not less than from fifty to one hundred persons calling in a day."

From General Jackson's election as United States Senator it was but a step to the presidency. During the period of his Senatorship the mighty game was played which was to make him chief magistrate of the land. Mrs. Jackson did not approve of her husband's running for president. She wished success for him only because he wished it for himself. She herself had no desire for a high position. Her good sense as a woman perhaps even more than her religious opinions taught her the emptiness of fame and glory. She besought Mr. Jackson not to be dazzled or deluded by his popularity. And one Sunday morning, when he and she chanced to be at home and were on their way to the little brick church at The Hermitage, she urged him to "renounce the world," as she expressed it in the vernacular of the Presbyterian faith, to join the church and partake of the communion with her. Her husband answered her, "My dear, if I were to do that now, it would be said, all over the country, that I had done it for political effect. My enemies would all say so. I can-

not do it *now*, but I promise you that when once more I am clear of politics I will join the church."

Jackson kept his promise, and years afterwards he related the incident of his promise, with tears in his eyes, as he and an old friend stood together under the tall trees that shaded the church his wife had loved so dearly.

From the time of Jackson's nomination his victory was assured. It is almost impossible to defeat a military hero. He was fêted whenever and wherever an occasion offered. His nickname was "Old Hickory," and hickory poles were set up in his honor all over the country.

But there are always two sides to an election, and Jackson was made to taste the bitterness of malice and slander as well as the sweets of glory. Jackson could endure the malice and slander that was aimed at himself, but what was directed against his wife he could not endure. He raged and fumed at the insults that were dealt her with the fiery wrath of an old soldier.

Mrs. Jackson herself was grieved and appalled at the cruel things that were said of her. She had lived all her life among people who had known and loved her, in the happy retirement of Southern country life. When into the peace and harmony of her existence there broke as fierce a volley of stings and taunts as ever issued from a political campaign, she was powerless to resist. "Am I that thing?" she cried with Desdemona.

When the news of her husband's election reached her at The Hermitage, she received it quietly. "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake I'm glad," she said. "For my own part, I never wished it."

The ladies of Tennessee, who were all proud and fond of Mrs. Jackson, were preparing to send her to the White House as the first lady of the land with the most elegant wardrobe that could be fashioned; and the people of the neighborhood were planning an elaborate banquet in honor of the president-elect. But on the evening before the fête, worn out with the excitement and pain of the contest through which she had been passing, the mistress of The Hermitage died. The White House was never to be graced with the sweet, reposing presence of "Aunt Rachel."

Mrs. Jackson was glad to die, she said; the General would miss her, but if she had lived she might be in the way of his new life. It was thus that she reconciled herself to leaving him.

Andrew Jackson proceeded to his place at the head of the nation, a lonely, broken-hearted man. The memory of the wrong that had been done his wife was always present in his mind. Years after, when he came to die, he still remembered. The clergyman bent over him and asked the last questions. "Yes," said the old General, and I think the world loves him the better for his answer, "I am ready; I ask forgiveness; and I forgive all — all except those who slandered my Rachel to death."

VII.

DOROTHY HANCOCK,

WIFE OF JOHN HANCOCK.

Born in Boston in 1751.
Died in Boston about 1832.

"Four-score years did not rob her of her native dignity." — *Abram Brown.*

In the brave days of old a certain illustrious Roman purchased some few acres of territory in the neighborhood of Rome at the very moment when Hannibal, confident of success, was besieging the imperial city. That Roman, history has determined, was a patriot. He put such trust in his country that he dared to buy of it when it was on the very brink of captivity.

The annals of our own land show us just such another patriot as he of Roman days. On the 28th of August, in the year 1775, when the American colonies were as much convulsed as Rome when Hannibal was at its gates, one of our foremost liberty men, we read, a Bostonian of fortune and of high estate, had the audacity, though his country was in dire peril and a price was put upon his

head, to marry a certain winsome, coquettish, perverse young lady love of his, whom we have learned to know and reverence by the sweet name of Dorothy Quincy.

It must have been that Dolly's lover, the Bostonian of fortune and of high estate, John Hancock by name, had less confidence in Dolly and all her whims and humors than in the American colonies; and so he dared neglect his country for his sweetheart. Certainly the American colonies were surer things than Dolly, and certainly the American colonies never led any man at their head a more bewildering dance than Dolly led her lover. Indeed, so unsure a thing was Dolly, and so bewildering a dance did she lead her lover that, as she herself used to declare years after, she might never have been Mrs. Hancock had it not been for Mr. Hancock's managing aunt, Madame Hancock.

Madame Hancock was Dorothy's watchful friend. In the days when the young republic was scarcely dreamed of, and while the citizens of Boston were still living in calm and undisputed possession of their homes, there had been considerable visiting between the Quincy house on Summer street and the Hancock mansion on Beacon street opposite the Common. Madame Hancock adored her nephew, and as soon as she discovered his infatuation for the charming little Miss Dorothy Quincy, she made it the business of her life to bring these two young people together.

This business of life, however, Madame found to be difficult. Dolly proved herself a rebel in something more than the patriotic sense of the word. She had numerous beaux, some of them equally attractive in her eyes with "rosy John," as her lover of florid complexion was oftentimes called. In fact, she rather turned up her nose at Mr. Hancock. She thought him prosy and pompous and conceited and rather too old for her. She almost wished that she had not been worried into a reluctant "Yes" by him and his designing aunt, and she was constantly upsetting the plans of the Hancocks, and turning all their counsels to naught.

Such was the condition of things in that period of grave doubts and fears just preceding the battle of Lexington. Boston was a place of British occupation, and refugees from the city had betaken themselves to various parts of the outlying districts. The parsonage at Lexington sheltered an interesting group of people on that memorable evening of the 19th of April. There were the pastor, Jonas Clark, and his wife, cousins of the Hancocks; there was Madame Hancock, sad over the critical state of American affairs; there were John Hancock and Samuel Adams, both proclaimed arch traitors by the British government, and threatened with the punishment of death; and finally there was Dorothy.

In the dim candle-light that flickered and wavered across her face, Mistress Dorothy looked serious and

less perverse than usual. She knew that John Hancock was at the Parsonage, running the risk of capture, just because he wished to be near her. His devotion could not but touch her heart a little. Moreover, his danger made her realize his worth. She reflected that though he was prosy he was kind, though he was pompous he was genial, and though he was conceited he was level-headed and was accounted a great man by the people of Massachusetts. For the first time in the history of her courtship, she received her lover's caresses without petulance and returned his ardent glances with something very like love in her eyes.

They talked until late into the night. Then the candles were snuffed out, the shutters were closed, the embers were left smouldering on the hearth, and the inmates of the Parsonage were about to retire for the night, when at twelve "by the village clock" Paul Revere galloped into Lexington. The news that Revere brought set everything astir. "The bells of Lexington, by Hancock's orders," we are told, "began to ring the alarm. The minutemen flocked to the rendezvous at Buckman's tavern, and John Hancock, determined to join the farmers in their armed protest, spent the most of the night in cleaning his gun and sword, and getting ready for the fight which he felt certain would come with the dawn."

We may imagine Mistress Dorothy's excitement and alarm at this trying time. Yet, whatever her

excitement and alarm, she behaved as was consistent with her usual calmness and reserve, and quite as a patriot maiden should. She helped to polish up the gun and sword; she put on a smiling face; and she whispered words of comfort and cheer in her lover's ear.

It was not destined, however, that Dorothy was to see her lover die a soldier's death on the battlefield beneath her window. Hancock was not numbered among those who fired the first shot of the Revolution. His friends came to him and urged him not to take part in the encounter. "You are too important a person just now," they said, "to risk death or capture." His associate, Sam Adams, clapped him on the shoulder, declaring: "This is not our business. We belong to the Cabinet."

So Hancock allowed himself to be persuaded to leave Lexington before the fight began. He slipped away just as the redcoats were arriving, and he stood upon a hillock and looked down upon the battlefield, side by side with Sam Adams, when that "Father of the Revolution" exclaimed so enthusiastically, "What a glorious morning for America!"

Meanwhile Dorothy was standing at her chamber window, catching glimpses of the fight. Bullets whizzed past the house, and one lodged in the barn near by. Two of the wounded men were brought into the parsonage, and Dorothy helped in the bandaging and nursing. All the naughty, teasing

light, which Hancock knew only too well, had left her face, and her expression was one of serious concern for the great work which the guns of Lexington had just begun.

After the British left Lexington and marched on towards Concord, Dolly and Madame Hancock received a letter from Mr. Hancock, informing them that he and Mr. Adams were at Woburn, stopping at the home of the Rev. Mr. Jones. Mr. Hancock requested the ladies to drive over and join him at the Woburn parsonage, and he asked them to bring with them "the fine salmon" that had been ordered for dinner that day. The little things of life, you see, were as much considered then as now. He spoke truly who said that to-day's dinner is more important than yesterday's revolution. Hancock could not lose his relish for "fine salmon" just because the "embattled farmers" had fired "the shot heard round the world."

In accordance with Mr. Hancock's request, Dolly and Madame Hancock and the salmon took the carriage and drove over to the Woburn parsonage. Dolly arrived there in a perverse mood. Perhaps it was her lover's rather peremptory summons, perhaps it was her own feeling of reaction after the danger that was just gone through, or perhaps it was the salmon that had been deemed so very important — at any rate it was something that made her receive Mr. Hancock's greeting distantly and coldly.

When he and she were alone together, she took occasion to inform him. "I 'm going to return to my father's house in Boston to-morrow."

Her lover thought that the time had come for him to assert his authority. "No, Dolly," he said, "you shall not return so long as there is a British bayonet left in the city."

Mistress Dorothy was a small, slight woman, but in that moment of revolt she seemed to rise in her dignity and indignation far above the tall gentleman who was to be her future lord. "Recollect, Mr. Hancock," she remarked in cutting tones, "I am not under your control *yet*. I *shall* go to my father to-morrow, no matter what *you* say."

She who had been so kind and devoted a little sweetheart earlier in the day had become more provoking and wilful than ever. John Hancock sighed, wondering at the inexplicable ways of woman, and Mistress Dorothy went on her way triumphant.

Her way, however, did not carry her to Boston as she had said it would. Madame Hancock brought feminine eloquence and feminine tact to bear upon the subject, and Dorothy was induced to go with her to Fairfield, Conn., where the two ladies became the guests of Mr. Thaddeus Burr, the uncle of Aaron Burr.

Aaron was at Fairfield at the time of Dolly's visit there and for several months he and she were members of the same household. Dolly was naturally rather attracted to Aaron Burr, his handsome

appearance, his charming manners, and his pretty fortune. Aaron, on his part, was very much taken with the bewitching Mistress Dorothy Quincy. Indeed, had it not been for the vigilant aunt, Mr. John Hancock might have lost his bride. Madame Hancock was alert and wary. She interrupted all *tête-a-têtes* and surprised all secret meetings in lovers' lanes and corners. She was everywhere that Dolly was and her talk was always of John and of John's goodness.

Perhaps, considering the circumstances, it is not surprising that Mistress Dorothy grew a little weary of John and John's goodness, and that she neglected to answer all the young man's pleading letters. Nevertheless, when we read the pleading letters, it must be confessed that our sympathies are rather more with the abused lover than with the coquettish fair one who was enjoying herself so blissfully in the absence of her betrothed.

"My dear Dolly," writes John, in the midst of the worries and cares of his position as president of the Continental Congress, "I am almost prevailed on to think that my letters to you are not read, for I cannot obtain a reply. I have asked a million questions, and not an answer to one. I begged you to let me know what things my aunt wanted, and you; but not one word in answer. I really take it extreme unkind. Pray, my dear, use not so much ceremony and reservedness; why can't you use freedom in writing? Be not afraid of me; I

want long letters. I am glad the little things I sent you were agreeable. Why did you not write me of the top of the umbrella? I am so sorry it was spoiled, but I will send you another by my express, which will go in a few days. Do write your father I should be glad to hear from him, and I beg, my Dear Dolly, you will write me often, and long letters. I will forgive the past if you will mend in future. Do ask my aunt to make up and send me a Watch String, and do you make up another and send me; I wear them out fast. I want some little thing of your doing. Remember me to all Friends with you as if named. I am called on and must obey. I have sent you by Dr. Church in a paper box directed to you the following things for your acceptance, and which I insist you wear. If you do not, I shall think the Donor is the objection.

2 pair white silk } stockings which I think
4 pair white thread } will fit you.
1 pair Black Satin } shoes, the other shall be
1 pair Black Calem Co. } sent when done.
1 very pretty light hat
1 neat airy Summer Cloak (I asked Doctor Church).
2 caps.
1 Fann.

"I wish these may please you, I shall be gratified if they do. Pray write me, I will attend to all your commands. Adieu, my dear Girl, and believe me to be with great Esteem and Affection, Yours without Reserve, John Hancock."

One wonders if Mistress Dorothy was moved to repentance by this sad and touching reproof. It is to be hoped that she was, and that she sent her anxious lover a sweet little note of thanks for the white stockings and all the other apparel which he had been pleased to bestow upon her. Moreover it is to be hoped that, in the letter which she sent to him, Mistress Dorothy enclosed the longed-for "watch string." That "watch string," we know, would have cheered and sustained the weary president of Congress through countless trials and hardships. Little worries are sometimes heavier than big ones. The thought that his dear Dolly was forgetting him, that she neglected to answer his letters, that the umbrella which he sent her was broken, and other similar trifles troubled John Hancock more than the mental strain under which he labored and the anxiety which he felt about the welfare of his country.

It is not known whether or not Mistress Dorothy sent the "watch string," nor is it determined just what she said in answer to her lover's pleading letters. But certain it is that Mr. Hancock's courtship took a happy turn, and that on the 28th of August of that same memorable year of 1775 he and his "dear Dolly" were married.

Hancock came all the way from Philadelphia and his duties as president there to the distant town of Fairfield, Conn., to carry off his lady love. The wedding was a gay one and the festivities were

kept up all the night. Early the following morning the president and his bride set out in their coach and four, attended by their guard and outriders, for their Philadelphia home.

For two years, while Hancock remained president of Congress, they lived at Philadelphia. She who had been so perverse and coquettish a young sweetheart proved an excellent helpmeet. It was Mistress Dorothy who saw that her husband's dignity was supported in a style that befitted his office. It was Mistress Dorothy who acted as his private secretary and confidential clerk. She neatly trimmed off the rough edges of the paper money issued by the Congress as continental currency and signed by John Hancock as president, and she put the packages carefully in place in the saddlebags in which they were borne by swift riders to different parts of the country to meet the bills of the government, and pay the wages of the continental troops.

Yet in spite of Dolly's helpfulness and care, she seems to have occasioned a few small clouds on the domestic horizon of her lord. We find the president of Congress deserted and alone for a certain period of time in March of the year 1777. His wife, with their little daughter, Lydia, was away in Baltimore, and he was unhappy and awaiting her homecoming rather impatiently. The president, it would appear, though accounted a great man by the people of his day, was very human and

quite like other men in his inability to look after himself and his household. His helplessness and his dependence upon his Dolly are certainly amusing. His letters to her present a vivid picture of his sufferings in her absence, and introduce us with delightful intimacy into the domestic privacy of the Hancock home.

"My dear, dear Dolly," he writes, "I lead a doleful, lonesome life. On Saturday I sat down to Dinner at the little table with Folger, on a piece of Roast Beef with Potatoes. We drank your health and all our Baltimore friends. Last night Miss Lucy came to see me, and this morning while I was at Breakfast on Tea with a pewter teaspoon, Mrs. Yard came in. She could not stay to Breakfast with me. I spend my evenings at home, snuff my candles with a pair of scissors, which Lucy seeing sent me a pair of snuffers, and seeing me dip the gravy out of the Dish with my pewter teaspoon, she sent me a large silver spoon and two silver tea-spoons — so that I am now quite rich. I shall make out as well as I can, but I assure you, my Dear Soul, I long to have you here, and I know you will be as expeditious as you can. When I part from you again it must be an extraordinary occasion. However unsettled things may be, I could not help sending for you, as I cannot live in this way. May every blessing of an Indulgent providence attend you. I most sincerely wish you a good journey and hope I shall soon, very soon,

have the happiness of seeing you. With the utmost affection and Love, My Dear Dolly, I am yours forever, John Hancock. Mrs. Washington got here on Saturday. I went to see her, she told me she Drank tea with you."

Again, on the following night, in the same mournful strain, the president of Congress addresses the mistress of his heart and home. "My Dearest Dolly:" he says, "No Congress to-day and I have been as busily employed as you can conceive, quite lonesome and in a domestic situation that ought to be relieved as speedily as possible. This Relief depends upon yourself and the greater Despatch you make and the sooner you arrive here, the more speedy will be my relief. I despatched Harry, McClosky, and Dennis this morning with Horses and a Waggon as winged Messengers to bring you along. God grant you a speedy and safe Journey to me. If in the prosecution of your Journey you can avoid lodging at the head of the Elk, I wish you would, it is not so good as the other houses. I wish you to make your journey as agreeable as possible. Am I not to have another letter from you? Surely I must. I shall send off Mr. Rush or Tailor to-morrow or next day to meet you. I wish I could do better for you, but we must Ruff it. I am so harassed with applications and have been sending off expresses to call all the Members here, that I have as much as I can turn my hands to. I don't get

down to dinner. I write, catch a bite, and then at it again. Here Jo comes in with a plate of minced Veal, that I must stop. I shall take the plate in one hand, the knife in the other, without cloth or any comfort and eat a little and then to writing, for I have not Room on the Table to put a plate. I am up to the eyes in papers. Adieu for the present. Supper is over. No Relish, nor shall I have till I have you here. I shall expect you on Tuesday evening. I shall have Fires made and everything ready for your reception, tho' I don't mean to hurry you beyond measure. Do as you like. Don't fatigue yourself in Travelling too fast. The Opinion of some seems to be that the Troops will leave New York, where bound none yet know; one thing I know that they can't at present come here. Perhaps they are going to Boston or up North River. Time will discover. Never fear, we shall get the day finally with the smiles of heaven. Do take precious care of our dear little Lydia. Adieu. I long to see You. Take care of yourself. I am, my Dear Girl, Yours most affectionately, John Hancock. Do let Harry buy and bring 1 or 2 Bushells of Parsnips. Bring all the wine, none to be got here."

Thus writes the president of Congress, ever ruminating on his Dolly, her absence from him, and his desolation when deprived of her society. His letters, in general, tell the story of Mistress Dorothy's importance in her home and of her hus-

band's devoted love for her. They occasionally give glimpses, too, of Mistress Dorothy's character as a wife. It would appear, from some of these letters, that the young woman had brought a suggestion of those provoking qualities that had been hers as a sweetheart into her relations with her husband. To speak frankly, one would have to admit that Dolly was up to her old tricks. She treated her lover married as she had treated him single, and he who was so prompt and lengthy in his epistolary duties towards herself was forced, now and then, to give way to plaints and pleadings over her lack of reciprocity in letter-writing. "Not a line from you," was his protesting cry. "Not a single word have I heard, which you may know affects me not a little. I must submit and will only say that I expected oftener to have been the object of your attention." As one reads his lament, one wonders at Dolly's heartlessness in so wounding the feelings of her lord.

And yet, there are generally two sides to every matrimonial difference. Certainly Mr. Hancock's tone was a little querulous at times, and no doubt it annoyed Mistress Dorothy. Moreover, Mr. Hancock still retained, as a married man, all that pomposity that had so aggravated his "dear Dolly" in her maiden days. Mistress Dorothy probably took this pomposity of his into account in all her relations with him, and decided that a little ignoring did him good and made him a humbler husband.

In spite of the clouds that occasionally arose to dim their domestic horizon, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock were for the most part a happy couple. Their home in Boston, the old Hancock mansion, to which they retired so soon as Mr. Hancock's duties as president of the Congress expired, was the scene of many joyous occasions. There John Hancock and his wife kept open house, entertaining in a most royal fashion, and many were the guests who learned to bless the generous housewifery and hospitality of charming Mistress Dorothy.

Indeed, so very generous was Mistress Dorothy in her housewifery and hospitality, that her poor cook was quite worn out with all the breakfast, dinner, and supper getting. At least three fat turkeys, we are told, had to be killed each night for the guests of the following day, and a hundred and fifty of this feathered kind had to be locked up in the big coach house at night, and turned out in the day time to feed in the pasture where now we see the Boston State House with its gilded dome.

It was not only the cook who was overtaxed by the entertainment of so much company. The mistress of the house, even more than the cook, was sometimes put to "her wits' end," so it has been recorded, to keep up with her husband's abounding welcome. But, as we have seen, Dorothy Hancock was a calm, self-possessed, and capable young woman. She proved herself equal to all emergencies.

One day in the year 1778, John Hancock invited the Count d'Estaing and thirty of his officers to breakfast with him next day. The count accepted the invitation with great pleasure and then, in all courtesy, enlarged upon it. He read Mr. Hancock's meaning to be that he and all his officers and his midshipmen as well were included in the invitation. So early next morning the breakfast guests, the count, the officers, and the midshipmen came streaming up from the wharf, taking their way in the direction of the Hancock mansion. "The whole Common," so Mistress Dorothy declared years after when she was narrating the story, "was bedizened with lace." As soon as he saw the Frenchmen advancing in such throngs, Mr. Hancock sent a hasty message to his wife, telling of the "enlargement" of the invitation and begging her to prepare breakfast for one hundred and twenty more than the bidden number.

History does not relate what Mistress Dorothy said. It only relates what she did. She evidently made up her mind to maintain her husband's reputation and her own as to their ability to keep "open house." Even while the guests were in sight she sent her servants flying hither and thither, to make ready for the great breakfast party. Some were set to spreading twelve pounds of butter on generous slices of the Hancock bread. Others were sent out on foraging expeditions to neighbors' houses for cake. A messenger was despatched to

the guard on the Common presenting Mrs. Hancock's compliments and bidding him order his men to milk all the cows grazing on the Common and send the milk to Mrs. Hancock at once. The garden was stripped of its flowers and the orchard of its fruit, and the breakfast for two hundred guests was ready.

Just as the count and his retinue mounted the stone steps that led to the Hancock mansion, Mistress Dorothy appeared in the doorway of her reception room. She looked very calm and unruffled, dressed in an exquisite gown of India muslin, with delicate lavender trimmings. There was the light of victory in her eyes. She was able to receive her guests with the usual cordiality and charm.

It is on record that the guests enjoyed Mistress Dorothy's hasty home-made banquet to the full. One Frenchman, it is said, showed his appreciation by drinking seventeen cups of tea — Mistress Dorothy herself counted them. The midshipmen, it appears, were a trifle unruly. They made raids on the cake, and captured it from the servants who were carrying it through the hall. But Mistress Dorothy put them to rout. She rose in her dignity and rescued the cake and, hiding it in napkin-covered baskets, superintended its safe conduct into the dining-room, where it was served as dessert at the breakfast.

Mistress Dorothy certainly showed herself, in the

management of her breakfast party, a very capable young woman. And she was as clever as she was capable. She did not forget the trick that the count had played on her, and when the time came she had her revenge. The count, who was very grateful for the hospitality that she had shown him, desired to make some return. So he invited Mistress Dorothy to come and visit his fleet, and to bring her friends with her. The young Boston dame accepted the invitation smilingly. The day for the count's "party" arrived, and she appeared at the wharf in company with five hundred "friends." Of course the count was as cool as Mistress Dorothy had been, and quite equal to the joke. The five hundred guests were transported to the fleet, and a very jolly day was spent among the French officers in dancing and tea drinking, and the sending off of fireworks, and universal merry-making. The general verdict was that "Dolly" and the count were even.

In the days that followed the entertainment of the French fleet, Mistress Dorothy had cause, more than ever before, to keep open house. America soon became a republic and Massachusetts was made "a free and independent State" with a constitution and a governor. Then it was John Hancock, the revered citizen of Massachusetts, the "wealthiest rebel" in the State, who was chosen its first governor. For ten years John Hancock served as governor of Massachusetts, and he died in 1793,

Governor Hancock still. To the end his hospitality was boundless, and Mistress Dorothy was kept very busy with her duties as "the governor's lady." We may be sure she filled her high position well, and entertained her many guests with characteristic dignity, ability, and ease.

In their fine old colonial mansion, a house that was still standing on Beacon street far into the memory of the Boston of to-day, Governor Hancock and his wife lived in a grandeur of style that was quite dazzling to the simple townsfolk of their own day. The house itself was deemed "a most imposing edifice" by the people of the young republic. It was of stone, and charmed all with its dormer windows, its overhanging balcony, and its high steps and balustrades. About the house were pretty flower beds bordered with box, and also numerous mulberry trees and fruit trees. The house was furnished with considerable taste and elegance. Most of the furniture, wall papers, and draperies had been imported from England. The great hall of wood, sixty feet in length, was hung with pictures of game and hunting scenes, and the walls of the reception room and parlor showed many a handsome portrait and rare little prints and etchings. But it was in the dining-room that the Hancock magnificence reached its climax. Even the best furnished dining-table of the day, we are told, would not surpass Hancock's when glistening with four elaborate silver chafing dishes, four silver butter boats, as-

paragus tongs, and six heavy silver candlesticks with snuffers and tray to match. The six dozen pewter plates, marked with the family crest, the pride of the governor, were always kept at the highest point of brightness. So, too, were the silver tankards, and the silver knives and forks and spoons. The Hancock table-linen, it has been reported, was "the most genteel in the country." And the viands were in keeping with the table ware. The Hancock dinners of venison and of cod-fish, so tradition narrates, were famed far and wide.

Indeed, such was the splendor and luxury of the governor's way of living, that some people nicknamed him "King Hancock." They told of how he appeared on public occasions "with all the panoply and state of an oriental prince," and of how he was attended by "four servants dressed in superb livery, mounted on fine horses richly caparisoned, and escorted by fifty horsemen with drawn sabres, the one half of whom preceded and the other half followed his carriage."

The carriage in which the governor is said to have ridden in the royal manner described was a most splendid affair for those days. Its appointments had all been carefully ordered from London. As it rolled through the narrow streets of Boston, carrying John Hancock and Mistress Dorothy to some one of their numerous social functions, the citizens always turned to admire. They were proud to

think that their governor and his lady could ride in such magnificence.

Of course all the grandeur that appeared in the Hancock way of living showed also in their mode of dress. We read of the crimson velvet coat and vest in which the master of the house was attired, of his white silk embroidered waistcoat, and of his silk stockings and handkerchiefs imported from London. The mistress of the house, we are told, did not wear the crimson velvet of her husband's choosing, only because she thought the color and material inappropriate for her slight figure. She preferred white muslin, and is reported to have paid six dollars a yard for a piece of India muslin before it was cut from the loom. We may well believe that nothing was deemed too fine for the babies, Lydia and John. Their christening robes came all the way from London, and were of embroidered India muslin, with elaborate trimmings of thread lace.

Accounts such as these of John Hancock's fine clothes and handsome equipages and luxurious home naturally suggest that possibly John Hancock had not lost any of his former pomposity amid all this magnificence. And, as a matter of fact, he had not. Not even Mistress Dorothy, with all her independent airs and graces, could entirely subdue her husband's pride in his own dignity and importance. It was the president, George Washington, who finally taught the much-needed lesson, and

made John Hancock realize that John Hancock was not quite the great man that he thought he was.

In the fall of the year 1789, when Hancock was in office, Washington in the course of his tour through the Northern States, paid a visit to Boston. He came as president of the United States, and all Boston turned out to welcome him — all Boston, with the exception of Governor Hancock.

For the first time in his life John Hancock was found wanting in hospitality. While the rest of Boston was paying its respects to George Washington, he remained at home waiting for George Washington to pay his respects to him. Of course it is needless to state that he waited in vain for George Washington.

It was a question of dignity. Hancock was a believer in States rights. He held that Massachusetts was a sovereign State, and that he, the governor of Massachusetts, was as important a person as the president of the United States. It was Washington's duty, he said, to pay the first call. But Washington was a Federalist. He maintained that the Union was paramount, and that the president was elevated by his office above the governor of the State. It was Hancock's duty, he said, to pay the first call.

In this little matter of difference between the president and the governor, the citizens of Boston, Federalists and anti-Federalists alike, sided with

Washington. They were exasperated at what they deemed Hancock's lack of courtesy. Hancock speedily saw that he was in the wrong. He took council with Mistress Dorothy. Then his pomposity was laid aside, and he went forth and "made his manners" to the president, alleging as an excuse for his apparent want of hospitality an attack of the gout. Gout is a most unpleasant thing, but it has its advantages. So thought Mistress Dorothy.

The president received the governor cordially, and returned his call very promptly. When George Washington arrived at the Hancock mansion, we may be sure that Mistress Dorothy was there to receive him, arrayed in her prettiest gown and her brightest smiles. She did the honors of the governor's house, we are told, with the utmost graciousness and ease. Washington's customary reserve and reticence quite vanished under the charm of her conversation and manner. He was, so Mistress Dorothy declares, "very sociable and pleasant during the whole visit." As for Mistress Dorothy herself, she of course was very happy in the society of her distinguished guest, and in the realization that peace was restored between her husband and the president. Whatever may have been Mistress Dorothy's perverse and teasing ways, she certainly was a peacemaker at heart.

In the year 1793 John Hancock died. Mistress Dorothy found herself a widow. Both her children

had died before, and Mrs. Hancock felt herself to be very much alone in the world. She had a sympathizer, however, in her husband's old and trusted friend, James Scott. Her sympathizer grew into the lover, and in the year 1796 Mistress Dorothy Hancock became Mistress Dorothy Scott. Mistress Dorothy survived her second husband many years.

In her last days, when she was known as Madame Scott, she delighted all with her bright conversation and interesting reminiscences. She was hospitable to the end. She always laid an extra plate at table for any one who might call. "I often ran into Aunt Dorothy's from school at noon intermission," wrote one of Mistress Dorothy's young friends, "where the extra plate was at my service and the venerable lady ready to greet me with a smile."

Perhaps the pleasantest happening for Mistress Dorothy in her last days was the call that she received from the aged Marquis de la Fayette. They who had known each other as the boy general and the Boston belle of Revolutionary days met, an old man and an old woman. The sight of each other brought back old times to them very vividly, and those who witnessed their interview said they talked together as if only a summer had passed since their acquaintance of the long ago.

It is with the light of that long ago about her that we like best to leave Mistress Dorothy. In

the days of the Revolution and of that earliest period of the young republic she stands forth, a sweet and charming figure, as much loved for the dignity and grace with which she did the honors of the governor's mansion as for that provoking coquetry of hers that so bewildered and bewitched a certain very historic John.

VIII.

EMILY MARSHALL,

FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS "THE BEAUTIFUL EMILY MARSHALL."

Born in Cambridge in 1807.
Died in Boston in 1836.

"She stood before us a reversion to that faultless type of structure which artists have imagined in the past, and to that ideal loveliness of feminine disposition which poets have placed in the mythical golden age." — *Josiah Quincy*

THERE have been other gardens of Eden than that primeval one. Our first mother was not the only Eve who walked embowered amid paradisiacal trees and shrubs and flowers. In the teens of our last century as beautiful a little Eve as ever set the world to loving and adoring had her own little garden of Eden. Hers was a Boston Eden. It grew and flourished about her father's house on Brattle street.

This beautiful little Eve of a century ago had but to peep over the wall of her Eden and there on the other side was a city. The city that she saw was a great city in her eyes, but very small and

primitive it would have seemed to us of this later day. Then Pemberton hill was still a park, the Common a pasture washed on the south and west by the tidal Charles, Bowdoin square a verdant mall, and on Summer street, that avenue of graceful elms and pleasant dwelling-houses, might still be heard, occasionally, the tinkling music of cow-bells.

Yet however small and primitive it may appear, viewed in the light of our own generation, the city on the other side of the wall was a wonderful place to the beautiful little Eve who dwelt in the heart of it. And her own little garden of Eden was not the least wonderful thing about it. The garden was not named without reason. It was a place of luxuriant growth, and of a joyous, sunshiny atmosphere. The children whose playground it was, the beautiful little Eve and her brothers and sisters, had given it its name, because in their young fancies it seemed a paradise like that of which their Bible stories told them. They liked to think that a bit of that primeval Eden had fallen and taken root at their father's doorstep.

The one to whom this garden of Eden really belonged, the children's father, was Josiah Marshall, a Boston merchant in the China trade. He was a man well known in the business world about him, and everywhere respected for his energy, ability, and active kindness. Mrs. Marshall, the children's mother, was a woman of pleasing manners and of

great personal beauty. Altogether the Marshall home was a most attractive home, quite like a story-book home. The children, all of them, reflected in some measure the father's wisdom and the mother's grace of person. But the golden inheritance of charms and virtues fell upon her who has been called the Eve of her little Eden, and who is best known as "the beautiful Emily Marshall."

The beautiful Emily Marshall was born on an ancient estate in Cambridge, but early in her career the family moved to the Brattle-street house and its adjacent Eden. The Brattle-street house was known as the White House. It was built upon a terrace with steps leading down to the square. It was a picturesque old mansion and had held several distinguished tenants, among them John Adams in the days of his young barristership. This Brattle-street house was Emily's first remembered home.

Traditions of the beautiful Emily Marshall's childhood are few, but those few are significant in their suggestiveness. Emily's extraordinary fairness, it is said, manifested itself at an early age. People would stop her on the street when she was out promenading with her small sister and their beloved nurse "Lely." "What a lovely child!" they would exclaim enthusiastically. "What is your name, my little beauty?" We can imagine the child's wide-eyed surprise and unaffected modesty under this injudicious talk and questioning.

When Emily Marshall first went to school she attended "Ma'am English's" school. It was there she learned her alphabet, and it was there that Russell Sturgis, afterwards a partner of the Barings, the great London bankers, first made her acquaintance. He who, as a little boy, had known her, a little girl, wrote, on the receipt of a photograph of her portrait, forty years after her death, "I remember perfectly the portrait, and the time when it was painted. No painter could ever give the brilliant expression that always lighted her beautiful face; the portrait is as good, therefore, as any one could make it."

After leaving Madam English's Emily went to Dr. Parke's school on Mount Vernon street. Dr. Parke's was considered the best girls' school in Boston. There Emily numbered Margaret Fuller among her schoolmates. Margaret, who was so clever and precocious, but whose pretty hands were her one claim to comeliness, is said to have regarded Emily very much as the brilliant but unbeautiful Madame de Staël regarded her lovely friend, Madame Récamier. Margaret's eyes used to follow Emily about admiringly, a little enviously, and one day she confessed to Emily's sister that she would willingly exchange all her mental powers for Emily's beauty and attractiveness.

At school Emily excelled in drawing and embroidery. She had a decided taste for music, and her musical instruction was continued until the

time of her marriage, and was conducted by Mr. Matthieu, Mademoiselle Berthieu, and Mr. Osmelli. From Dr. Parke's Emily went to Madame Canda's French school on Chestnut street, and there she received the finishing touches in the way of education.

It was during Emily's school days, while she was still a young girl, thirteen or fourteen years of age, that William Foster Otis, son of Harrison Gray Otis, first saw her and loved her. She was hurrying home from school, her school books on her arm, and the light of something more than learning shining in the soft hazel of her eyes. She could not know that the earnest gaze of the young man who passed her was the beginning of a love that was to last a lifetime. She turned from it with sweet unconsciousness, and busied herself with thoughts of nearer consequence.

At length Emily's school days came to an end. She entered the social world. Of the period of her debutanteship there are many records. The beautiful Emily Marshall comes down to us upon the pages of old-time letters and memoirs with a halo of reverent love and homage about her head.

The story of Emily's life, of her beauty, of her attractive personality, and of her sweet, unselfish character reads like a charming poem. It is impossible to approach her in friendly, intimate fashion. She seems something remote, a heroine of romance or of fable, and we enter her pres-

ence as we would that of some mythical queen or enchanted princess, with feelings of admiring, wondering awe. Gray-haired men, men who were her lovers three-quarters of a century ago, have written and spoken of her. They have enshrined her and, till their deaths, have served her memory with a loyal and chivalrous devotion. We may behold her through their eyes.

Emily Marshall comes floating down to us across the years, those three-score and more, escorted by her hosts of reverent, adoring lovers, with an atmosphere of delightful, picturesque simplicity about her — the atmosphere of Boston in the early twenties of the last century. When Emily Marshall was a girl, Boston was a little settlement of old-time friends and acquaintances. Its society was made up of families who had lived together for generations. An English traveller who visited the city at that time described it as a place where all the people called each other by their Christian names. Then the Boston dinner hour was four o'clock. Balls began at eight and closed at twelve, and the fair ones who attended them went gowned in diaphanous fabrics, — tarletons, muslins, and gauzes. Silks, satins, and velvets were too elaborate for the women of that primitive day. They wore slippers made with paper soles and without heels, and it generally happened that they danced out a pair in an evening. The literature of the period came from England and consisted of the stories

of Jane Austen, Francis Burney, and Maria Edgeworth, sometimes Scott, and always Shakspere. The great day for Bostonians was Harvard Commencement Day. It was a state holiday and "the flower of Massachusetts womanhood," we are told, "turned out to do honor to the occasion." On that memorable day, we may be sure, Emily Marshall was crowned queen of love and beauty in the worshipful heart of many a young student.

Painter and sculptor have failed to present this queen of love and beauty as she really was. No art could do her justice. Portrait and bust were finished "in despair" and were given to the world as "failures." The expression, the chief charm, was always missing. Even the poet, the friend, the lover could not call that back to life. "The unspeakable grace, the light of the eye, the expression of her face," wrote one who knew her well, "they come back to me as I think of her, but I cannot convey them to others. It was the light in the porcelain vase. You could draw the outline of the vase, but when the light was quenched it would be known no more."

She is described as having been "above the medium height." Her eyes were hazel, a dark hazel, whose color deepened and intensified with each changing thought and feeling. Her hair was brown, of that indescribable shade that flashes gold in the sunlight. Her grace, we are told, was something not acquired. "A creature of such

absolute natural perfection," said one of her admirers, a judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, "was physically unable to make an ungraceful movement."

None of all Emily's adorers bestowed more eloquent praise upon her than did the gallant Josiah Quincy, one of the numerous Josiah Quincys who were of the Mayoralty of Boston, son of the great Josiah Quincy. He saw her for the first time walking across the Dover-street bridge, the Bridge of Sighs, it was called, a favorite promenade of lovers. She was with a gentleman celebrated as "Beau" Watson. Josiah Quincy had no eyes for "Beau." He only beheld the woman of radiant loveliness. He went home to dream of her and to write couplets about her, apostrophizing her as the Goddess of Beauty. That, of course, was all in the enthusiasm of youth. It was after the lapse of more than three-score years that he wrote, "Centuries are likely to come and go before society will again gaze spell-bound upon a woman so richly endowed with beauty as was Miss Emily Marshall. I well know the peril which lies in superlatives, — they were made for the use of very young persons, — but in speaking of this gracious lady, even the cooling influences of more than half a century do not enable me to avoid them. She was simply perfect in face and figure, and perfectly charming in manner."

Mr. William Amory used to declare that during

his youth he was the most distinguished man in Boston because he was not in love with Emily Marshall. Perhaps William Amory was right. It is almost impossible to find one among the prominent Boston men of Emily Marshall's day who has not left some confession of his love behind him.

About the time of Emily's debutanteship, the family moved to Franklin place. Immediately Franklin place became the favorite promenade for the young men of Boston. They used to walk past the Marshall house once or twice a day, it is said, with the hope of getting a glimpse of Emily at her window. The church of which Emily was a member, the Franklin-street church, was very well attended. Emily, it must be confessed, was as much the attraction there as Dr. Malcolm, the minister. Even the non-church-going William Lloyd Garrison was drawn into the congregation for the sake, he frankly admitted, of beholding "the lovely face of Emily Marshall."

Nathaniel Parker Willis, one of our best-known writers of that early day, was an intimate friend in the Marshall family. He tells us that when as a young man he mounted the steps of their house and thought of the beautiful girl into whose presence he was going, his feelings were those of one about to enter an enchanted sphere. His tribute to her has come down to us among his published verse in the form of a pretty acrostic:

"Elegance floats about thee like a dress
Melting the airy motion of thy form
Into one swaying grace, and loveliness
Like a rich tint that makes a picture warm
Is lurking in the chestnut of thy tress,
Enriching it as moonlight after storm
Mingles dark shadows into gentleness.
A beauty that bewilders like a spell
Reigns in thine eyes' dear hazel, and thy brow
So pure in veined transparency, doth tell
How spiritually beautiful art thou, —
A temple where angelic love might dwell,
Life in thy presence were a thing to keep
Like a gay dreamer clinging in his sleep."

Many were the songs which Emily's loveliness inspired. Of these the poet Percival's sonnet, an acrostic like Willis', is perhaps the best known:

"Earth holds no fairer, lovelier than thou,
Maid of the laughing lip and frolic eye;
Innocence sits upon thy open brow,
Like a pure spirit in its native sky.
If ever beauty stole the heart away
Enchantress, it would fly to meet thy smile,
Moments would seem by thee a summer's day,
And all around thee an Elysian isle.
Roses are nothing to thy maiden blush
Sent o'er thy cheek's soft ivory; and night
Has naught so dazzling in its world of light
As the dark rays that from thy lashes gush.
Love lurks among thy silken curls, and lies
Like a keen archer, in thy kindling eyes."

Among those who have given testimony of the loveliness of Emily Marshall was James Freeman

Clarke. It was he who said that "he had often been perplexed by the accounts of the great personal power of Mary Queen of Scots, that he had never been able to comprehend how the mere beauty of a woman could so control the destinies of individuals and nations, causing men gladly to accept death at the price of a glance of the eye, or a touch of the hand." Emily Marshall, he declared, had made him realize this power. Her face had revealed it to him in all its wonderful possibilities.

Appreciation of Emily Marshall's remarkable beauty was not restricted to her own social class or set. The little street boys followed her as they had followed Madame Récamier. A workman once failed to go home to his dinner because she had passed him in the morning and he was waiting beyond his lunch hour in the hope that she might return the same way that she had gone. He would rather see her any day, he said, than eat his dinner.

Indeed, admiration of Emily Marshall was universal. Her native city offered her the same homage that it offered its other equally distinguished representative, Daniel Webster. One evening Daniel Webster, a newly elected Senator, entered the old Federal-street Theatre in Boston, and was received with loud applause. A few moments later Emily Marshall appeared in the box, and the audience rose to welcome her with cheers as enthusi-

astic as those which had ushered in the famous orator.

Her fame spread far beyond the confines of her own city and state. Whenever she went on a journey there was always an expectant throng assembled at the various stopping-places, awaiting the arrival of the coach, eager for a glimpse of the beautiful passenger. During her summerings in Saratoga, a crowd lingered about the hotel where she was staying to watch her goings-out and comings-in. She was never allowed to pass unnoticed. Upon the occasion of a visit to New York, she is said to have walked attended by "ten escorts," and "sixty gentlemen," it is reported, left their cards for her. And it is a Philadelphia tradition that when she came to the Quaker city the girls were let out of school before the closing hour, in order that they might behold the celebrated American beauty. Such are the tales told of the wonderful fairness of Emily Marshall. One might believe them fabulous if one did not know that they were true.

Tales of the "divine" Emily's modesty and sweetness of character are as numerous as those of her wonderful fairness. One would think that all the flattery and adulation which she received might have turned her head. But perhaps divinities, real flesh and blood divinities, are above all such foolishness. At any rate, Emily was. She retained her native simplicity and natural, unas-

suming manners. The sister who was her roommate for many years said that she was never able to detect a look or action of hers that betrayed personal vanity.

"Oh, Emily," exclaimed the sister one evening, in a burst of admiration, as Emily appeared before her attired in her ball gown, "do you realize how beautiful you are?"

"Yes," answered Emily, and we can imagine the gentle dignity with which she spoke, "I know that I am beautiful, but I do not understand why people should act so unwisely about it."

Emily was always "bright and cheerful," we are told, when she was dressing for her balls and parties. She never allowed the "excitement of the toilet" to make her flustered or impatient. "I have fancied," said her sister, "that the tranquil mood in which she went to her carriage had something to do with the sincere smile with which she could meet old and young in society."

A charming picture of Emily dressed for the ball has come down to us from the hand of one of the youngest of the Marshall family. It was the children's delight to behold their elder sister in evening costume. "On this particular evening," the writer tells us, "we were more than usually impatient and M—— and I, in a fever of expectation, kept running to her door when her maid was dressing her and asking to be let in. At last, wearied with our attempts to get in, she said, 'Now, girls,

if you will only stay in the nursery till quarter before nine you may then come in and look at me to your hearts' content.' This satisfied us, and oh, how we did enjoy looking at her! It was like looking at a lovely picture. I can see her at this moment just as she looked then, her eyes very bright, her face animated and smiling, showing her perfect teeth. She wore a white lawn dress with low neck and short sleeves and no jewelry."

Emily's sisters, you see, were as much her admirers as was the rest of the world. Indeed it is impossible to find one voice that spoke of this wonderful woman that did not speak to praise her. Her loveliness of character even more than her loveliness of form and face charmed every one. "She carried happiness with her," some one said of her, "and was constantly watchful for opportunities to benefit others." And it was a woman who awarded her this beautiful tribute: "Say that no envious thought could have been possible in her presence; that her sunny ways were fascinating to all alike; that she was as kind and attentive to the stupid and the tedious as if they were talented and of social prominence."

The very perfection of this beautiful girl is what makes her seem so remote, so far removed from us commonplace folks. She is almost unreal in her faultlessness. And when we hear of her playing at archery in the green fields about her home, we imagine her as we might imagine the goddess

Diana, bending her bow with something more than human grace and skill. Or when, in the narrative of N. P. Willis, we read of her sporting and frolicking at Niagara we picture her as a water sprite, an Undine of the cataract, gliding in airy, fairylike fashion through the rainbow mists of the Falls.

Yet the sweet seriousness of her character makes us realize how much the superior she was of heathen goddess or water sprite. She had what they had not, a sense of spiritual things. A charming anecdote that has survived shows us the religious element in her character in all its deep sincerity. She was with a party of young people, men and girls, one evening, and they were talking solemnly and earnestly together as young people occasionally do. They were telling their different aspirations and enthusiasms. Emily had not yet confessed hers and her friends turned to her exclaiming, "Well, Emily, what have you to say? What is your pet enthusiasm?"

Emily hesitated a moment before replying; she was quite ready with her answer, but she did not know just how it might sound in words. She was not one of those who rejoice in making pretensions to virtue and piety. Her sense of spiritual things was of the sort that is not lightly or easily expressed. When she spoke it was with a smile that revealed her inward beauty. "If I have an enthusiasm," she said simply, "it is for religion."

There was a young man in the company, he

who had loved her ever since the day that he had first seen her, on her way home from school, when she was a little girl in her earliest teens. He wrote down the answer with its time and place. The little memorandum has survived, a yellow slip of paper, telling the story of a love that was not founded on the sand.

Emily carried her religion into her daily life. The power that she held by reason of her marvellous beauty she exercised for the good of all about her. The story has been told, as illustrative of her sweet influence, of a young man who was led by her to give up the habit of excessive wine drinking. He was an intimate friend of hers and she had known of his fault for a long time. Of course she was very much concerned about it and longed to help him, but she hesitated to speak, realizing the danger of talking with a friend about his fault. At length, however, her desire to benefit him overcame all her scruples, and she spoke. The young man was at first very angry. He answered her "passionately," it is said, and "flung" himself out of the house. But his "better nature," we are told, triumphed, and he returned to beg her pardon for his rudeness, to thank her for her interest in him, and to make a promise that he never broke. Emily's brave words had accomplished their end.

Thus we behold the beautiful Emily Marshall playing the part of good angel as gracefully as that

of water sprite or goddess or queen of hearts. There appears to have been no limit to her versatility, and the time was approaching when she was to fill still a different rôle, one that has been deemed by some the most interesting of all rôles, — that of a bride. It was a time that proclaimed William Foster Otis the most fortunate man in Boston.

Emily Marshall was married in May of the year 1831. Her wedding was very simple and pretty, quite like any other Boston wedding of that early day. The ceremony was performed in the blue and yellow drawing-room of the Franklin-street house.

The bridegroom's sister, with all of a woman's love of detail, has described the great event: "There were fifty guests at the wedding," she writes, "an enormous crowd at the visit [reception] which kept us until half-past ten from supper. The bride looked very lovely, and was modest and unaffected. Her dress was a white crêp lisse, with a rich vine of silver embroidery at the top of the deep hem. The neck and sleeves were trimmed with three rows of elegant blond lace, very wide. Gloves embroidered with silver, stockings ditto. Her dark brown hair dressed plain in front, high bows, with a few orange blossoms, and a rich blond lace scarf, tastefully arranged on her head, one end hanging front over her left shoulder, the other hanging behind over her right. No ornament of any kind, either on her neck or ears, not even a buckle. I never saw her look so beautiful. Every

one was remarking on her beauty as they passed in and out of the room. Mrs. Marshall [the bride's mother] looked extremely handsome. William [the bridegroom] looked quite as handsome as the bride and seemed highly delighted. The bride and groom went to their house [70 Beacon street] about one o'clock [in the morning]. The groomsmen serenaded them until the birds sang as loud as their instruments."

The story of Emily Marshall's married life — those five brief years — reads like the closing stanza of a beautiful poem. The much flattered, much courted, universally admired society girl settled down contentedly to the quiet happiness of home life. She avoided social engagements as much as possible, and devoted herself to her husband and her children. The intense womanliness of her character made her an ideal wife and mother.

Her death came all too soon for those who knew and loved her. Yet for those of us to whom she has become a beautiful tradition, there is a certain fitness in her early death. It makes her seem more than ever a being of a romantic and enchanted world. It gives to her beauty the divine spark, so that we think of it as of a thing fadeless and imperishable, a beauty such as radiated from the goddesses of old.

Her husband, who had loved her ever since the day long ago, when she flashed across his vision, a shy and modest little school girl, honored her with the

loyalty of a lifetime. His happiness was in remembering the past.

A glimpse is given us into the closing stanza of Emily Marshall's life. This glimpse shows us the young husband walking in his garden and looking up at the window where his beautiful wife was sitting with their two little daughters. The picture that he saw in the window filled the young husband with such infinite joy that he was almost afraid. He was like one in an enchanted world, dreading lest something might come to break the spell of his great happiness.

Thus it is with an atmosphere of poetry and mystery about her that Emily Marshall comes and goes. We watch her depart and, as she floats back across the years, those three-score and more, fading gradually away like some sweet dream, we feel that we may have been entertaining a wonderful being, some spirit or angel, unawares. She goes, leaving behind her an impression as delicate and fine as the fragrance that survives a rare and beautiful flower.

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